

THE
NINETEEN TRAGEDIES
AND
FRAGMENTS
OF
EURIPIDES,

TRANSLATED
By MICHAEL WODHULL, Esq;

VOL. II.

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THE

NINETEEN TRAGEDIES

AND

THE RAGMONT

OF

THE RAGMONT



R. MICHAEL WOODILL

VOL. II

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p.	for	read
16 note, catch-word	in	and
18 note, l. 11	<i>δευελίηαι</i>	<i>δευελίηαι</i>
24 note, l. 7	Pelopides	Pelopidas
26 note, l. 3	<i>τηχισσας</i>	<i>τηχισσας</i>
40 v. 27	Moreover	Moreover
53 note, l. 13	Pholæ	Pholœc
59 note, l. 16	animos	animas
65 note (2)	Sycros	Scyros
70 note, l. 34	Partroclus	Patroclus
99 v. 29	Sympleyades	Symplegades
100 v. 29	for the	for lo the
109 v. 29.	t' imbrue	to imbrue
115 note, l. 13	Backet	Bachet
132 note, l. 3	Ænius	Oeneus
144 v. 10	Eteoclus	Eteocles
179 v. 12	carrer	career
234 note, l. 2	Iphidamus	Iphidamas
252 v. 21	Tantalaus	Tantalus
281 v. 12	of Diana	to Diana
283 v. 4	a instant	an instant
295 v. 30	admist	amidst
297 v. 21	columns	columns'
299 v. 17	irrpearable	irreparable

ALCESTIS.

Εβελησασα μονη υπερ τη αυτης αιδρος αποθανειν, οντων αυτω Πατρες τε
και μητρος· και τουτ' εργασαμενη το εργον, ητω καλον εδοξεν εργασασθαι
ου μονον ανθρωποις αλλα και θεοις, ως ιξ Αδω την ψυχην εκεινης ανειναι.

PLATO.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

APOLLO.

DEATH.

CHORUS *of the Old Men of Pheræa.*

Female Attendant of ALCESTIS.

ALCESTIS.

A SERVANT.

ADMETUS.

EUMELUS.

HERCULES.

PHERES.

SCENE, *the Vestibule of Admetus' Palace in Pheræa, a City of Theffaly.*

A L C E S T I S.

APOLLO.

HOUSE of Admetus, underneath thy roof,
 I, tho' a God, have been reduc'd to share
 The servile board: the cause of this was Jove,
 Who my lov'd offspring Æsculapius flew,
 Transpiercing with a Thunderbolt his breast:
 Enrag'd at this atrocious deed, I smote
 The Cyclops, curst artificers, who forg'd
 The flames which Heaven's vindictive Father wields;
 And therefore did the God in penal wrath
 Make me an abject hireling to a lord
 Of human race: for when I reach'd this land
 A stranger's herds I fed, and to this hour
 These mansions have preserv'd, because myself
 Am holy, and a fit asylum [1] found
 In the abode of Pheres' holy son,
 Whom I have rescued from immediate death,
 By overreaching the relentless Fates;
 For those stern Goddesses to me have given
 A promise that Admetus shall escape
 Th'impending stroke, if in his stead the shades
 Receive some other victim. Having tried

[1] Εὐρυχᾶνον nactus eram, is the reading restor'd by Dr. Musgrave from all the Parisian manuscripts and the edition of Lascaris: in Aldus, Barnes, Dr. Morell, and the other editions, it stands εὐρυχᾶνῃ erat; οὐτος; is consequently there understood as spoken of the house.

And canvass'd every friend; his hoary fire,
 The aged mother too, that gave him birth:
 None but his Wife he found, who on such terms
 Consented to redeem him from the grave,
 Now in the palace, by her servants arms
 Sustain'd, she lingers at her latest gasp:
 For it is destin'd that this very day
 She shall expire, and quit the realms of light,
 But lest pollution, while I yet remain
 Under this roof, o'ertake me, thro' constraint
 I these lov'd walls abandon; for that Priest
 Of souls departed, Death, e'en now I see
 Approaching; her to Pluto's realms beneath
 Will he conduct; he in due season comes,
 Watching the hour assign'd for her decease.

[2] DEATH, APOLLO.

D E A T H.

Ha! why art thou, O Phœbus, at these gates?
 What errand brings thee hither? thou repeat'st
 Thy past injustice, when thou aim'st to rob
 Of their due honours the infernal Gods:
 For thee sufficient was it not to bar
 Admetus' destiny, by treacherous arts
 The Fates deceiving? but a second time
 Now hast thou arm'd that hand, the quiver stor'd

[2] The Aldus edition, those printed at Basil, Henry Stephens's *Tragediæ Selectæ* which bear the date of 1567, and a 4to. with the Greek only of this single play, Paris ap. Libert, 1613, and the Latin versions of Camillus and Melancthon, give this personage the name of Charon: but in the first edition of the *Medea*, *Hippolitus*, *Alcestis* and *Andromache*, by Lascaris, which bears no date, but is said to have been printed at Florence before the close of the fifteenth century, the Scholiasts, Canterus, Barnes and the modern editors, he is call'd Death, as in the close of the preceding speech. Servius, in his notes on Virgil, says, that *Mercury* is here introduced: for thus stands the passage in the edition I have consulted of Virgil, printed by Robert Stephens in 1532, though in that of La Cérda it is altered: but Juno, in Virgil, sends Iris to cut the hair of the expiring Dido; which office this personage (whoever he be) assumes to himself in the close of the dialogue before us.

With

With pointed shafts still wielding, in behalf
Of Pelias' daughter, tho' she hath engag'd
That to redeem her Lord, she in his stead
Will yield up her own life.

A P O L L O.

Be of good cheer,
For I am just, and reason is my guide.

D E A T H.

If thou art just, what means that hostile bow?

A P O L L O.

This weapon I am ever wont to bear.

D E A T H.

That thou with lawless might this house may'st aid.

A P O L L O.

My friend's distress hangs heavy on my soul.

D E A T H.

Would'st thou bereave me of this second victim?

A P O L L O.

From you the first I did not take away
By violence.

D E A T H.

How dwells he then on earth,
Not in the realms beneath?

A P O L L O.

He for his Wife,
Whom to demand you come, hath been exchange'd.

D E A T H.

Her to the nether world I will convey.

A P O L L O.

O take her, and depart; for much I fear
I cannot move you—

D E A T H.

To slay him who ought
To perish? I for this am come prepar'd.

A P O L L O.

No: but to smite the tardy.

D E A T H.

I perceive

Thy drift.

A P O L L O.

And may Alcestis hence attain
Mature old age?

D E A T H.

This cannot be allow'd:
Thou know'st I too am gratified by homage.

A P O L L O.

More than one single life you must not take.

D E A T H.

When die the young, my glories are increas'd.

A P O L L O.

But in mature old age if she expire,
She will be buried sumptuously.

D E A T H.

The law

Thou hast propos'd, O Phœbus, tends to serve
The rich, and them alone.

A P O L L O.

What mean these words?

Are you grown wise? I knew not this before.

D E A T H.

They who had any wealth might buy me off
Till they grew old.

A P O L L O.

Will you not therefore grant,
At my request, this favour?

D E A T H.

By no means:

Thou know'st my usage.

A P O L L O.

Hostile to mankind,

And

A L C E S T I S.

7

And by the Gods abhorr'd.

D E A T H.

Thou canst not hope
To compass each exorbitant desire.

A P O L L O.

With all this fierceness, soon shall you grow mild ;
A man of such distinguish'd prowess comes
To Pheres' mansion, by Eurystheus sent,
From Thracia's frozen regions, to convey
Those furious coursers harness'd to the car
Of Diomedes : in Admetus' house
With hospitable kindness entertain'd,
He from your grasp will forcibly redeem
This generous woman ; and no thanks from me
Shall you obtain, yet grant what I request,
And still remain an object of my hate.

D E A T H.

Much hast thou spoken, yet by many words
Thy purpose shalt not gain : to Pluto's realms
This woman must descend, I now to her
Am hastening, the initiatory rites
With this uplifted falchion to perform :
For they whose hair is sever'd by its blade
Are sacred to the Gods of Hell beneath. *Exeunt.*

C H O R U S.

S E M I C H O R U S I.

What means this general silence at the gate ?
And from within Admetus' royal house,
Why sounds no voice ?

S E M I C H O R U S II.

Is there no friend then near,
Who can inform us whether we must weep
For the decease of our illustrious Queen ?
Or doth Alcestis Pelias' daughter live,
And still behold the Sun ? by me, by all,
Esteem'd the best of Consorts to her Lord.

SEMICHORUS I.

Heard any one a groan? smite they their hands
Beneath yon princely roof, or issue forth
Such plaints as tho' the fatal hour were come?

SEMICHORUS II.

Not thus, nor is there station'd at the gate
A single servant.

SEMICHORUS I.

'Midst these swelling waves
Of misery, come, O Pæan, to our aid.

SEMICHORUS II.

If she were dead, they would not have observ'd
So long a silence, neither can the corse,
Unseen by us, be from the palace borne.

SEMICHORUS I.

Whence learn'st thou this? I venture not to speak
With equal confidence. These sanguine hopes
What can suggest?

SEMICHORUS II.

How could Admetus lodge
By stealth, and unattended, in the grave
A wife so justly dear? [3] before the gates
Of the deceas'd, as custom hath ordain'd,
With waters from the limpid fountain drawn,

[3] In most of the editions I have seen, the first Semichorus here begin their reply; but Lascaris makes no such distinction, and this rather seems to me a conclusion to the two preceding lines, and to come from the same speaker. Kuster thinks this passage of Euripides, of which he gives a citation in his note on the Ecclesiastusæ of Aristophanes, ver. 1025, was the source whence the latter derived

Υδατος τε καταβη τὸ τραχὺν πρὸς τῆς θυγάς.

He proceeds to observe, that it was the custom antiently to place before the doors of the house in which any one lay dead, an earthen vessel filled with water, that they who went out might be purified by sprinkling themselves with it: this he farther illustrates by a quotation from Julius Pollux, l. 8. segm. 65; in the residue of this dialogue I have followed the arrangement of Lascaris' and Dr. Mulgrave's editions.

I see

I see no laver fill'd, no tresses shorn
Are on the threshold scatter'd, as when tears
Stream for the dead, nor doth the blooming choir
Of virgins utter their shrill plaints.

SEMICHORUS I.

This day

Was by the Fates ordain'd——

SEMICHORUS I.

What means my friend?

SEMICHORUS II.

For her descent to the abodes beneath.

SEMICHORUS II.

You by these words my inmost vitals pierce.

CHORUS.

When the good suffer, they who from their youth
Have been reputed virtuous ought to grieve.

O D E.

I.

What tho' the bark to distant lands
Unfurl a prosperous sail,
Not [4] Ammon's fane on Afric's parcing sands,
Not Lycia's oracles avail

[4] "The temple of Ammon, or Jupiter Hammon, was in the
"deserts of Libya; Quintus Curtius gives a copious account of it,
"in his history of Alexander the Great, l. 4. c. 7. where he notices
"the barrenness of those sands, and gives an excellent description
"of the oracle and its situation: but what is said of those parts be-
"ing destitute of water, must be understood of the regions through
"which it was necessary to travel: for the spot itself where the
"temple stood, abounded with mountains, trees, and fruits. In regard
"to Apollo's Lycian oracles, the following account of them is to be
"met with in the commentaries on Virgil *Ænid.* l. 4. v. 143. and
"345. they were delivered in the six winter months in the city of
"Patara built near the mouth of the Xanthus, where that river
"empties itself into the Mediterranean sea: in the summer, Virgil
"says, the God visited his maternal Delos; where we are to ob-
"serve, that Diana occupied Dicté, in Crete, and Apollo Lycia,
"and that they surrendered up Delos, where they were born, to
"their mother Latona." BARNES.

To free her spirit from the realms of night :
 Stern Fate draws near, and meditates the blow,
 E'en where Heaven's altars flame with holier light
 Each divine response hath ceas'd,
 No longer now to any Priest
 Desponding can I go.

II.

Liv'd Æsculapius Pæan's son,
 On whom his fire bestow'd
 The healing art, Alcestis might be won
 From sullen Pluto's loath'd abode,
 Those gates of darkness : for he rais'd the dead,
 Brandish'd by Jove from yonder starry cope
 Till winged light'ning smote the Sage's head.
 But 'midst youth's bloom her life must end :
 Its short duration to extend
 How can I form a hope ?
 Nought hath our royal master left untried :
 Abundant victims on each altar bleed :
 Yet for these ills no cure is to be found.

ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

But from the house a servant weeping comes !
 What fresh event may I expect to hear ?
 If aught befall our rulers, to lament
 Is sure excusable : yet would I know
 Whether Alcestis breathe, or be no more.

ATTENDANT.

Both living you may call her and yet dead,

CHORUS,

How can the self-same person be at once
 Living and dead ?

ATTENDANT.

Stretch'd on a couch she lies
 Just at her utmost gasp.

CHORUS.

My wretched Lord,

Virtuous

Virtuous thyself, of what a virtuous wife
Art thou depriv'd!

ATTENDANT.

He knew not of the stroke
Before he felt it.

CHORUS.

Is there no hope left
Of saving her?

ATTENDANT.

The fatal hour impends.

CHORUS.

How is each decent preparation manag'd?

ATTENDANT.

The ornaments in which her lord intends
To bury her, are ready.

CHORUS.

Be our Queen
Assur'd, that she shall die renown'd, the best
Of women, whom the sun's broad eye surveys.

ATTENDANT.

Who dares to slander such unrivall'd worth?
Could aught have been done more by the most perfect
Of her whole sex? what method is there left
By which the matron for her lord can shew
Stronger regard than choos'ing in his stead
To suffer death? This fact hath been made known
Thro' our whole city. With amazement hear
In her apartment how she was employ'd.
When she perceiv'd the fatal morn was come,
She with the waters of the limpid rill
Lav'd her fair limbs, and from the sculptur'd chest
Of fragrant cedar each habiliment
Assorting, with a modest grace attir'd
Her person, and devoutly as she stood
Before her Lares in these terms implor'd
The aid of Vesta: "O thou awful Queen,

" For on a journey to the realms beneath
 " I now am bound ; to thee with my last voice
 " These orphan children to protect, I sue ;
 " With a lov'd Bride in Hymen's bonds unite
 " My Son, and on this tender Maid bestow
 " A noble Husband : nor, like her who bore them,
 " Suffer my hapless progeny t'expire
 " Thus immaturely : but by every bliss
 " Accompanied, in their paternal land
 " Permit them to fill up the lengthen'd measure
 " Of a delicious life." To all the altars
 Within Admetus' palace then she came,
 Deck'd them with garlands, offer'd up her vows
 And from the branches of the myrtle stripp'd
 Their foliage ; yet meanwhile nor wept, nor groan'd,
 Nor did the evil which was close at hand
 Change the complexion of her blooming cheeks,
 Till she at length into the chamber burst,
 Fell on her couch, then stream'd the plenteous tear,
 And she exclaim'd ; " Thou inauspicious bed,
 " On which the favour'd youth, for whom I die,
 " Unbound my virgin zone, farewell, no hate
 " To thee I bear, because thou hast destroy'd
 " Me singly : for I perish through a dread
 " Thee and my dearest Husband to betray :
 " But thou by a new Bride, tho' not more chaste,
 " Happier perchance than me, shalt be possess'd !"

Thus lay she, and oft kiss'd it till the couch
 Was wholly with her gushing tears bedew'd ;
 Then satiated with weeping, started up,
 And oft from her apartment issued forth,
 Yet ever and anon did she return,
 And throw herself upon the wonted couch.
 Meantime the children on their Mother's robe
 Hung weeping, but she rais'd them in her arms
 As now aware of her impending death,
 And kiss'd them oft, while thro' the palace wept,
Pitying

Pitying their Mistress, the whole menial train;
 With courtesy she held forth her right hand
 To each, nor was there any one so mean
 Whom she accosted not, or to whose words
 She in her turn vouchsaf'd not to reply.
 Such are the evils of Admetus' house,
 By dying he had perish'd only once,
 But now, from death escaping, is involv'd
 In sorrows such as time can ne'er efface.

C H O R U S.

Well may Admetus utter loudest groans
 For such calamity, if adverse Fate
 Ordain that he his virtuous Wife shall lose.

A T T E N D A N T.

Shedding abundant tears, his arms he folds
 Around his dearest Consort, and entreats
 That she will not forsake him; but he sues
 For what's impossible to be obtain'd;
 With sickness withering she decays, her hands
 Hang down a wretched load: yet scarce retaining
 The breath of life, she wishes to behold
 The radiant sun, whose beams, whose cheering orb
 For the last time shall greet her longing eyes.
 But I will go and tell her you are here.
 Small is the number of the menial train
 Who to their lords so firmly are attach'd
 As to support them with unwearied zeal
 When visited with anguish: but to those
 I serve, you long have prov'd a steadfast friend.

C H O R U S.

O Jove, what method is there to escape
 These woes, and loose the bonds of adverse fortune
 In which our honor'd rulers are involv'd?
 Lo some one issues from the gate! my hair,
 Say, shall I cut, and in a sable vest
 These limbs array?

A T T E N-

ATTENDANT (*returning*).

Too plain, my friends, too plain
 Is the event we fear'd : but let us pray
 To Heaven, for in the Gods is vested power
 That knows no bounds. Devise, O royal Pæan,
 Some scheme by which Admetus may escape
 His sorrows, and thy healing aid bestow,
 Bestow as heretofore : for thy device
 Erst sav'd our Lord, now, from the snares of death,
 Thine, be it thine, to set his Consort free,
 And baffle Pluto thirsting for her gore.

Exit Attendant.

CHORUS.

Thou Son, alas, thou miserable Son
 Of Pheres, what a very wretch art thou
 Now from those arms thy virtuous Wife is torn!
 Sufficient cause hast thou to slay thyself,
 More than sufficient cause, alas! to twine
 The gliding noose for thy devoted neck:
 For on this very day must thou behold
 The death of her who with no common love
 Thy bosom fir'd. But she without the gate
 E'en now comes forth, attended by her Lord.
 Groan, O thou region of Pherea, groan,
 Thine anguish with a clamorous voice express
 For her, that best of women, who departs
 Wasted with sickness to the world beneath
 Where Pluto reigns. I never will affirm
 That wedlock with it brings more joys than griefs,
 Contemplating the past, and now a witness
 To these the present fortunes of our Lord,
 Whose being will hereafter scarce deserve
 The name of life, his matchless Consort lost.

ALCESTIS, ADMETUS, EUMELUS, CHORUS.

ALCESTIS.

O Sun, O thou resplendent light of day,

And

And ye O fleecy clouds with swift career
Whirl'd thro' the heavens!

A D M E T U S.

Our sufferings they behold,
Altho' we have committed 'gainst the Gods
No sin, for which thou might'st deserve to die.

A L C E S T I S.

Thou too, O Earth, ye roofs of stately domes,
And gay apartments which in bridal pomp
My native land lolcos erst array'd.

A D M E T U S.

Unhappy woman, from thy couch arise,
Forsake me not; but to the Powers supreme
Sue for their pity.

A L C E S T I S.

Furnish'd with two oars
I view the boat, and him who ferries o'er
The silent dead; his hand the lengthen'd pole
Sustains: by Charon am I summon'd hence,
He cries; "What mean these fond delays? rouse, rouse,
"Thou stay'st behind when all things else are ready."
Thus eagerly he hastens my career.

A D M E T U S.

The voyage which thou speak'st of is to me
Most bitter. Ah, how grievous are our woes!

A L C E S T I S.

He leads me (see'st thou?) to yon hall of death:
'Tis winged Pluto who with glaring eyes
Darts horror. What art thou about? release me.
Thro' what strange paths most wretched am I borne.

A D M E T U S.

By every friend, yet most of all, by me,
And these our offspring, partners in my grief,
Lamented.

A L C E S T I S.

Loose me, loose me, lay me down,

I have

I have no strength, grim Pluto is at hand,
And thickest night o'erspreads these eyes. My children,
Your Mother, O my children, is no more:
May ye with joy this radiant sun behold!

A D M E T U S.

Ah me! the words I hear are to my soul
More grievous far than death in any form.
Forfake me not, I by the Gods implore,
[5] And by our children, who of thee bereft
Will mourn their orphan state; but O resume
Thy spirits: for I, after thou art dead,
No longer can exist; on thee alone
Depends it, whether I yet live, or quit
This world; for thee I love and thee revere.

A L C E S T I S.

To thee, Admetus, I my last behests
(Thou see'st my situation) ere I die
Wish to unfold: thro' my esteem for thee,
On whom in my own stead I have conferr'd
The privilege of life, I now expire;
Yet in my option was it to have shunn'd
The stroke of death, and, from the noblest youths
Of Thessaly selecting a new husband,
Dwelt in this palace, blest with regal power:
But I, to hold my being on such terms
As being torn away from thee by fate,
And left with these poor orphans, have refus'd.
On me tho' bounteous [6] Hebe shower'd her gifts,
Fond

[5] The line *μὴ Πρὸς Παιδῶν ὡς ὀρφανεύς*, though omitted in the preceding editions, here claims a place from being restored by Dr. Musgrave on the concurrent authorities of three manuscripts and the interpretation of the scholiast.

[6] Though the reading of *Ἥε* will not, I presume, strike the reader as being exceptionable in any other respect than its apparent want of authenticity, the substitution of *Ἥε* in its room, is what I have followed on account of its being established by Dr. Musgrave from the concurrence of all the manuscripts
in

Fond pledges of delight, myself I spar'd not :
 But thee the very Father who begot,
 The Mother too that bore thee have betray'd,
 Mature in age, when they to save their Son,
 Might like heroic spirits have expir'd.
 For thou wert all they had, nor could the hope
 Of any farther issue, to replace
 Thy loss, still harbour in their aged breasts.
 Myself and thou might also hence have liv'd
 The residue of our allotted time,
 Nor would'st thou have bewail'd thy Consort's loss,
 Without maternal aid constrain'd to rear
 A brood of children. Yet are these events
 By one of the immortal gods dispos'd.
 I acquiesce : but let thy grateful soul
 A memory of this favor still retain.
 But I for no equivalent will ask,
 Nor could there be discover'd aught, than life,
 Of greater value : yet will thou confess
 That it is just (for, if thou think aright,
 The love thou bear'st these children equals mine)
 In thee to make our race the future lords
 Of these abodes, in which I now am Queen.
 Nor subject to the step-dame's harsh controul
 Our progeny, lest such a woman, sway'd
 By principles less virtuous, should attempt
 Against our offspring, thro' an envious rage,
 Some deed of violence. Beware, my lord,
 And act not thus, to thee I humbly sue :
 For when the step-dame, an inveterate foe
 To the first race, succeeds, she like the viper

and the Lascaris' edition: he interprets it of the Goddess Hebe, whose gifts children may with propriety be called. The Doctor has, however, in his supplement, altered his way of thinking, and given a note of no inconsiderable length in defence of *Hæc*: but facts are by far more forcible than mere opinions, and the former happily never undergo any change, while the latter are perpetually fluctuating.

Is merciless. As for the boy, he finds
 A fortress to protect him, in his fire,
 With whom he oft the mutual converse holds:
 But, O my Daughter, by what means canst thou
 Be nurtur'd as illustrious virgins ought?
 May not thy Sire be coupled to a Bride
 Who, tainting with disgrace thy spotless name,
 E'en in the bloom of youth, thy nuptial joys
 Will frustrate? for no Mother shall preside
 O'er thy espousals, nor midst child-birth's pangs
 When the maternal tenderness exerts
 Its utmost force, support thy drooping soul.
 For I must die, nor is this ill postpon'd
 E'en till to-morrow, nor the [7] moon's third day:

[7] It appears from this passage to have been customary among the Greeks for Creditors to allow some farther space for payment of their debts beyond the expiration of the contract: from whence "the days of grace," in relation to bills of exchange and drafts, probably derived their origin. The following passage in the Clouds of Aristophanes shews, that at Athens, in the time of Euripides, the interest of money was paid at the return of the moon.

Στρ. Εἰ μή κεῖ' ἀνέλλοι σελήνη μηδ' αὖ
 Οὐκ ἂν γ' ἀποδοῖν τῆς τοκῆς.

Σωκρ. Τίη τι δὴ;

Στρ. Οὐτὴ καὶ αὖ μὴ γ' ἀξίον δίνειται.

"STREPSIADES. If the Moon

"No where appear'd, no longer rising shone

"Upon the earth, then I too might retire

"Nor longer be oblig'd to pay for *Int'rest*."

"SOCRATES. As how?

"STREPSIADES. Because the payment of all *Int'rest*

"Is stipulated by the Moon's return." WHITE.

Thus we find by Salmasius, in his treatise de Fœnore Trapezitico, that the *centesima usura* among the antient Romans was one *per cent.* monthly. So difficult, however, is it for the commonly received text to find any exemption from the assaulis of modern criticism, that Dr. Musgrave has not only objected to the word *μηκος* as seeing no reason for Euripides making use of it, but proposed *κηκος* in its stead, and even gone so far as to new-model his Latin version suitably to that conjecture, for which he appears to have no authority whatever.

But in a moment, with the silent dead
 Shall I be number'd. Fare ye well, take comfort :
 Thou O, my Husband, hast sufficient cause
 To boast thou didst possess the best of Wives,
 Ye, too my Children, glory that ye sprung
 From such a Mother.

C H O R U S.

Courage : I for him
 Dread not to answer, that he will perform
 These thy requests, unless he lose his reason.

A D M E T U S.

They shall be executed, yes they shall :
 Harbor no groundless fears, for thou thro' life
 Hast been, and in the grave shall still remain,
 My only Consort ; no Thessalian nymph
 Shall in thy stead by the endearing name
 Of Husband e'er accost me, tho' she spring
 From an illustrious Father, and transcend
 All other women in her graceful form.
 Of Children I already have enough,
 And pray the Gods that them I may enjoy,
 Since all enjoyment I of thee have lost !
 Nor shall my mourning to the usual space
 Of one short year be limited, but last
 Long as my life endures ; e'en her who bore me
 I loathe, and to my Father am a foe ;
 For they in empty words, and not in deeds,
 Have been my friends : but thou, by yielding up
 What mortals hold most dear, hast sav'd my life.
 Have not I cause sufficient for these groans,
 When of a Wife like thee I am bereft ?
 Henceforth, I from the banquet will abstain,
 From social converse o'er the flowing bowl.
 These brows no wreath shall crown, th' enlivening song
 No longer echo thro' my vaulted roofs,
 For I will never more attempt to touch
 The sounding lyre, nor to the Libyan flute

Raise the symphonious warblings of my voice ;
 All the delights of life with thee are fled.
 But, by the hand of skilful artists form'd,
 Thy image shall be plac'd upon my couch,
 That over thy resemblance while I bow,
 With eager arms infold it, on thy name
 Still calling, I my Wife may seem to clasp,
 Tho' I in fact possess thee not : cold joys
 I deem are these, yet thus may I alleviate
 The burden which hangs heavy on my soul.
 By visiting my dreams thou wilt delight me,
 For it is grateful to see those we love
 At any hour, e'en in the midnight gloom.
 Had I the tongue and the melodious strains
 Of Orpheus, could I, softening by my song
 Or Ceres' Daughter or her haughty Lord,
 Redeem thee from the dreary shades beneath,
 I thither would descend, nor should the Hound
 Of Pluto, nor the ferryman of ghosts,
 Unwearied Charon, who still plies the oar,
 Prevent me, till I to the realms of light,
 A living Consort, thee again had borne :
 But wait thou there till the appointed time
 Of my departure, and a house prepare,
 For thou with me for ever shalt reside.
 In the same cedar chest which shall contain
 Thy body, I these servants will direct
 Mine side by side to place : for e'en in death
 From thee I would not part, since thou alone
 To me hast faithful prov'd.

C H O R U S.

I, like a friend
 Who for his friend is interested, will share
 Your griefs, for she deserves to be lamented.

A L C E S T I S.

Ye, O my Children, must, no doubt, have heard
 Your Sire professing he will never take

A second Wife to tyrannise o'er you,
Nor to my memory offer such an insult.

A D M E T U S.

This promise I repeat, and will perform.

A L C E S T E S.

On such condition, at my hands receive
Our Children.

A D M E T U S.

These dear pledges I accept,
By that dear hand entrusted to my care.

A L C E S T I S.

Be thou to them a Mother in my stead.

A D M E T U S.

This sad behest, when thou art torn away,
It greatly doth import me to fulfill.

A L C E S T I S.

I, O my Children, to the shades descend
When my life most was needed.

A D M E T U S.

What resource,
Alas, have I, when thus of thee bereft?

A L C E S T I S.

Time will assuage thy sorrows : but the dead
Sink into nothing.

A D M E T U S.

Take me, by the Gods,
Take, I entreat thee, to the realms beneath.

A L C E S T I S.

Sufficient is it that I die to save thee.

A D M E T U S.

Of what a virtuous Wife, O ruthless Fate,
Art thou depriving me !

A L C E S T I S.

Thick darkness hangs
Upon these eyelids with a leaden weight.

A D M E T U S.

I utterly am lost, if thou should'st leave me.

A L C E S T I S.

Well may'st thou call me now a thing of nought,
As ceasing to exist.

A D M E T U S.

Look up, nor quit

Thy children.

A L C E S T I S.

'Tis not with my own consent,
But I to them must bid a long adieu.

A D M E T U S.

Cast but one look upon them, one kind look.

A L C E S T I S.

To very nothing now am I reduc'd.

A D M E T U S.

What mean'st thou? wilt thou leave me thus?

A L C E S T I S.

Farewell!

[*She dies.*]

A D M E T U S.

Wretch that I am! I perish.

C H O R U S.

There she died;

The Consort of Admetus is no more.

E U M E L U S.

I.

Woe is me! my Mother's gone
Down to the banks of Acheron;
For her, th' auspicious orb of day
No more its radiance shall display:
Her life to fate hath she resign'd,
And me an orphan leaves behind.
The lustre of those eyes behold
Extinguish'd, those hands unnerv'd and cold.
O Mother, listen to my prayer
Nor let these vows be lost in air;

Thy

Thy tender son, 'tis I that speak
Imprinting kisses on thy cheek.

A D M E T U S.

On her thou call'st who neither hears thy voice
Nor sees thy tears: both I and you, my Children,
Are smitten by the ponderous arm of Fate.

E U M E L U S.

II.

Of maternal care bereft,
I, O my Sire, in youth am left:
O how severe, how past all cure
Are the afflictions I endure!
You, O my Sister, also bear
In this calamity a share.
My Father, thou in vain, in vain,
The best of Consorts didst obtain,
Nor to the goal of age hast led,
For she is prematurely dead:
And, O my dearest Mother, all
This ruin'd house partakes thy fall.

C H O R U S.

These are misfortunes which we must support
With firmness, O Admetus: for 'mong men
You are not first, nor yet shall you be last,
To lose a virtuous Consort; be assur'd
That death's a debt exacted from us all.

A D M E T U S.

Of this am I aware, nor hither took
Such ill a sudden flight; with anguish long
Its coming I foresaw, but (since the corse
Must be with due solemnity borne forth)
Fixt on the spot where now ye stand, commence
In your alternate notes a choral strain
To Pluto, that inexorable God.
Let all my subjects, the Thessalian race,
Their tresses shorn and clad in sable vest,
Honor with public grief this matchless Dame:

C 4

And

And ye who either harness to the car,
 Or mount the rapid courser, with sharp steel
 Cut [8] off their flowing manes: for twelve whole moons
 Let neither flute nor lyre's harmonious sound
 Be thro' the city heard, for no one else
 To me more dear, or by superior worth
 Claiming my gratitude, can I inter:
 From me the greatest honor she deserves,
 For she alone hath in my stead expir'd.

Exeunt Admetus and Eumelus.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

Daughter of Pelias, doom'd by fate to dwell
 In Pluto's loath'd abode, that vale
 Where the sun darts no cheering beams, all hail!
 Inform the swarthy God of Hell,
 And that old Ferryman who plies the oar,
 Maintaining ever at the leaky helm
 His station, and to Orcus' realm
 Conveys the dead; on Acheron's bleak shore
 He now hath landed her who did her sex excell.

I. 2.

For thee shall oft the votaries of the Muse
 To plaintive sounds attune the lyre,
 Long shall thy praises fill the vocal choir,
 When Sparta's vernal moon renews,
 As in meridian lustre thro' the skies
 It glides, that feast [9] from Carnus which its name
 Derives,

[8] " Herodotus relates that the Persians upon hearing of the
 " slaughter of Mafistius shorn themselves and their horses and beasts
 " of burden: the same Author in another place mentions this be-
 " ing done by Mardonius himself, the general of Xerxes's troops,
 " when under affliction. It is also mentioned by Plutarch that Alex-
 " ander the Great had his horses shorn at the funeral solemnity of
 " Hephæstion, and the Thebans on the death of Pelopides. See
 " Kirchmannus on the Funerals of the Romans, l. II. c. 14."

BARNES.

[9] The accounts of Carnus which we meet with in Pausanias
 are,

Derives, and as a tribute to thy fame
 Shall clouds of incense at blest Athens smoke;
 Thy death, a noble theme, each future Bard shall
 choose.

II. 1.

Would I had power thee from the shades to save,
 And to the solar light restore,
 To guide the bark again with Charon's oar
 Across Cocytus' muddy wave.
 O best of women, in thy Husband's stead
 Hast thou, and thou alone, endur'd to die,
 On thee may the turf lightly lie;
 If a new Wife partake Admetus' bed,
 Mine and thy Children's hate shall tend him to the grave.

are, that he was the son of Jupiter and Europa; for his education he was indebted to Latona and Apollo, from whom he received the gift of divination: Carnus being slain, Hippotes the murderer fled; but Apollo wreaked his vengeance by sending a pestilential disorder into the camp of the Dorians, who instituted solemn expiatory rites, in which they paid joint homage to the Prophet and the God, who thence received the appellation of Carnean Apollo; the Carnus of the Lacedæmonians he considers as a different person, and says that divine honors were performed to him in the house of Crius the Seer, while the Achæans were yet in possession of Sparta. Apollodorus supplies some defects in the above history, and according to him, Carnus (the name indeed is not mentioned in the text, he being only called a Prophet), having appeared to the Heracidae when they sailed from the haven of Naupactus in Ætolia under the command of Temenus the son of Aristodemus, and foretold to them future events, which we must infer to have been of a very unacceptable nature, they considered him as a magician, and Hippotes the great grandson of Hercules ran him through with a lance. Not long after this event, Lacedæmon, with the rest of the Peloponnesus, became subject to the Heracidae. The festival here mentioned was annually celebrated with games which lasted nine successive days in the month of April, and according to Athenæus was first instituted in Sparta so late as the twenty-sixth Olympiad. From the combined testimony of these authors, though not perfectly according with each other, it results that the institution of the Carneian feasts must have been much later than the times of Hercules and Admetus, and that therefore it is not without an obvious degree of impropriety that mention is made of them in this Ode.

II.

II. 2.

Mother nor aged Father would descend,
 On his behalf, the dreary tomb,
 Their Son to rescue from th' infernal gloom,
 Hence their grey hairs doth shame attend.
 But while thy cheeks with vernal roses glow,
 For thy young Lord thou quitt'st this blest domain.
 If such a Consort I obtain
 (These portions life full rarely doth bestow)
 Our days from sorrow free together shall we spend.

HERCULES, CHORUS.

HERCULES.

Tribes of Pheræa, Strangers, shall I find
 Admetus in the palace?

CHORUS.

Pheres' son
 Is here within, O Hercules. But say
 What errand brings you to Theffalia's land,
 Or why you visit these Pheræan walls?

HERCULES.

I, by Eurystheus the [10] Tirynthian king
 Enjoin'd, a certain labor must perform.

[10] The city of Tirynthia appears to have been not far distant from Argos, with whose troops those it furnished for the Trojan war, are united by Homer, who calls it *Τεχαιοσσαν*, or "strongly fortified." It became an independent state under Prætus, who, being driven from Argos by his brother Acrisius, was assisted by the Cyclops in erecting bulwarks and a citadel for its defence. In this account Strabo, Apollodorus, and Pausanias, all accord. The latter of these writers mentions the demolition of Tirynthia by the Argives, and speaks of its ruins as consisting of stones of a most enormous size; but in Pliny's time there seems to have been no traces of its situation remaining, for he represents it as known only by tradition. There is room to infer that Tirynthia stood either on the sea coast or the banks of the Inachus, which is the only river of any consequence we meet with in that part of the Peloponnesus, from Stephanus Byzantinus saying it was called *Ἀλιεῖς*, Halies, from the multitude of fishermen who inhabited it, till it received the name of Tirynthe from the sister of Amphiryon.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

But whither would you go, and in what realm
Are you prepar'd to wander?

HERCULES.

The four steeds
Of Thracian Diomedes I must win.

CHORUS.

How can you execute this bold emprise?
Are you a stranger to that Tyrant's might?

HERCULES.

I am a stranger: the Bistonian land
These feet have never enter'd,

CHORUS.

You those coursers
Without a combat cannot tame.

HERCULES.

From labors,
Whate'er they are, yet cannot I recoil.

CHORUS.

You either will return when you have slain
Their master, or a breathless corse there lie.

HERCULES.

Nor am I now to run my first career.

CHORUS.

What will you gain if you their Lord subdue?

HERCULES.

Those captive steeds to the Tirynthian King
I mean to drive.

CHORUS.

Within their mouths to fix
The galling bit, were not an easy task.

HERCULES.

Unless they from their nostrils breathe forth fire.

CHORUS.

But with rapacious jaws on human flesh
They prey,

HERCULES.

HERCULES.

Such food as this, to beasts who haunt
The mountains, not to horses, doth belong.

CHORUS.

Sprinkled with gore their mangers will you view.

HERCULES.

As for the man by whom they have been nourish'd,
What Father doth he boast of?

CHORUS.

Mars: and reigns
O'er Thrace distinguish'd by its golden shields.

HERCULES.

The labor too thou speak'st of, have the Fates
Ordain'd; them ever have I found severe,
And to the pinnacle of high renown
Urging my steps. I sure am doom'd to war
With all the valiant progeny of Mars,
[11] Lycaon first, then Cygnus, and advance
To this my third encounter with those steeds
And with their Lord. But none shall ever see
Alcmena's offspring tremble at the might
Of any foe.

CHORUS.

Behold Admetus' self,
King of this land, forth from his palace comes.

ADMETUS, HERCULES, CHORUS.

ADMETUS.

Hail, Son of Jove, from noble Perseus sprung.

HERCULES.

Joy to thee too, Admetus, O thou ruler
Of the Thessalians!

ADMETUS.

Would to Heaven—! I know
Your kind intentions.

[11] The Lycaon killed by Hercules was a son of Neleus and brother to Nestor. He had Neptune and not Mars for his grandfather.

HERCULES.

HERCULES.

Whence by tresses shorn
Art thou distinguish'd in such mournful guise?

ADMETUS.

This day I must inter a corse.

HERCULES.

Heaven ward
The mischief from thy children!

ADMETUS.

Those I had
Are living in the palace.

HERCULES.

But thy Sire,
Mature in years, perhaps is now no more.

ADMETUS.

He and my Mother, O Alcides, live.

HERCULES.

Is then thy Wife, thy lov'd Alcestis, dead?

ADMETUS.

Of her I in a twofold strain may speak.

HERCULES.

By this thy language would'st thou mark her out
As dead or living?

ADMETUS.

She at once both is,
And is no more : this grieves my soul.

HERCULES.

Thou speak'st
Obscurely, and I know not what thou mean'st.

ADMETUS.

To her impending fate are you a stranger?

HERCULES.

I know she promis'd in thy stead to die.

ADMETUS.

How then is she yet living, if engag'd
By such a compact?

HERCULES.

HERCULES.

Weep not for thy Wife
Before the time, but stay still she expire.

ADMETUS.

Whoever breathes his last may be term'd dead,
And to be dead is to exist no more.

HERCULES.

Yet hold we that to be or not to be
Is different.

ADMETUS.

Thus, O Hercules, you judge;
But I think otherwise.

HERCULES.

What cause hast thou
For tears, or who of those thou lov'st is dead?

ADMETUS.

A woman: we just now have been conversing
About a woman.

HERCULES.

Was that [12] woman born
In foreign regions, or to thee allied
By ties of blood?

[12] Both of these alternatives might have been answered by Admetus in the affirmative. Alceſtis, born at Iolchos in Theſſaly, was nearly related to him before their marriage, for Admetus and she deſcended from the ſame grandmother. Salmoneus (one of the ſons of Æolus), who was puniſhed for his impiety by Jupiter with thunderbolts, left a daughter named Tyro; ſhe married Cretheus her father's brother, by whom ſhe had three ſons, Elſon, Amychaon, and Pheres, the father of Admetus, to whom Pelias the father of Alceſtis was brother by the mother's ſide, Tyro having borne him and Neleus father of Neſtor to the God Neptune before her marriage. Apollodorus, Pausanias, and Diodorus Siculus, all concur in acquitting Alceſtis of having been concerned with her ſiſters in the death of their father, whoſe being killed and cut in pieces by them, is more than once mentioned in the Medea of our Author: they were induced by that Sorceress to commit the deteſtable parricide, from an expectation that they could render him young again by boiling his limbs in a caldron.

ADMETUS.

ADMETUS.

She, in a foreign land
Tho' born, yet was a necessary inmate
Of these abodes.

HERCULES.

How lost she then her life
Beneath thy roofs?

ADMETUS.

Her Father being dead,
The orphan here was train'd.

HERCULES.

I could have wish'd
To find Admetus by no sorrow vext.

ADMETUS.

With what design have you compos'd this speech?

HERCULES.

Hence to the social hearth of other hosts
Will I proceed.

ADMETUS.

You must not: may the Gods,
My noble friend, avert so great a curse!

HERCULES.

To the afflicted, if a stranger comes
He gives fresh trouble.

ADMETUS.

As for the deceas'd,
To nature their last tribute they have paid:
But enter these abodes.

HERCULES.

Beneath the roof
Of those who mourn, to banquet were unseemly.

ADMETUS.

There are detach'd apartments for our guests;
To these we will conduct you.

HERCULES.

Suffer me

Hence

Hence to depart, and I with grateful soul
The kindness will retain.

A D M E T U S.

You must not go
To any other mansion. Lead the way,
Open those chambers most remote from view,
And them who in such office are employ'd
Bid furnish plenteous viands: close the doors
Which separate those apartments; for unseemly
Is it that they who feast should hear our groans,
Or strangers be made sad. *Exit Hercules.*

C H O R U S.

What means my Lord?
By such severe calamity oppress'd
Can you find heart, Admetus, to receive
This visitant? have you your reason lost?

A D M E T U S.

If from my hearth and city I had driven,
On his arrival, an illustrious guest,
Would'st thou such conduct rather have applauded?
I know thou could'st not: for my adverse fate
Still undiminish'd would have then remain'd,
While I was breaking through the sacred laws
Of hospitality, and to the load
Of this my present woe, another woe
Would have been added, and this house have gain'd
The title of unfriendly to its guest:
In him too the most generous host I find
Whene'er I tread the parching Argive soil.

C H O R U S.

Why then do you conceal the present woe,
When such a friend as he of whom you speak
Arrives just at the crisis?

A D M E T U S.

On no terms
Would he the house have enter'd, had he known
Aught of my ills: there are to whom I fear

That

That I in acting thus shall seem unwise,
Nor worthy of their praise : but my abodes
Have never yet known how, or to repell
Or treat the stranger with unseemly scorn.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. 1.

Health to Pheræa's hospitable dome :
Fair Liberality here fix'd her seat,
Apollo deign'd to make these walls his home ;
Th' immortal Pythian Bard, in this retreat
Content to feed the flock, attun'd his lyre ;
Each winding valley rung,
As to the sportive herds he sung
Notes in each breast awakening soft desire.

I. 2.

Innoxious did the spotted lynxes rove
In social bands, delighted with his strain,
And tawny lions from Othrya's grove
Descending, wanton'd o'er the vernal plain ;
Soon as thy harp, O Phœbus, gave the sound,
The fawn, with nimble leap
High bounding o'er the pine-clad steep,
In the brisk notes exulting danc'd around.

II. 1.

Hence with unnumber'd sheep the pasture teems,
Adown yon slope the yellow harvest bends,
Where Bæbia's lake receives translucent streams,
And o'er the West a prospect wide extends,
Molossian realms appear Admetus' own ;
Close to th' Ægean wave,
Whose dangerous coast the sailors brave,
Steep Pelion bows in homage to his throne.

II. 2.

But now, the tear just starting from his eye,
He op'd those portals to receive the guest,
Though green in death his dearest Consort lie ;
For shame still actuates each ingenuous breast.

VOL. II.

D

The

The truest wisdom is an honest heart.

With confidence I feel

This maxim all my sorrows heal ;

“ Heaven to the good each blessing shall impart.”

A D M E T U S.

O ye Phœæans, whom your duteous zeal
Assembles here, already rais'd on high,
My servants bear the corse on to the spot
Of its interment, and the kindled pyre.
But on your part, as custom hath ordain'd,
Accost in plaintive notes your breathless Queen,
Who journeys to that land whence none return.

C H O R U S.

Your Father I behold with aged step
Advancing : in their hands, to deck your Wife,
Rich presents for the dead his followers bring.

PHERES, ADMETUS, CHORUS.

P H E R E S.

In your afflictions, O my Son, I come
To sympathise; for no man can deny
Your having lost the best and most discreet
Of all her sex: yet such distress, though hard
To bear, we must endure. O take these robes,
And to the ground her lov'd remains consign,
For each funereal honour is the due
Of her who dying from the grave redeem'd
My dearest Son, nor suffer'd me, forlorn
And childless, to consume the dregs of life
In hopeless sorrow. Thus to her whole sex,
By this one generous action, hath she made
Her life a pattern of heroic worth.
Thou who didst save my Son, and from the dust
Raise us in our fallen state, farewell [13]: may bliss

[13] “ Here Euripides acknowledges the immortality of the soul:
“ for thus doth St. Isidore of Pelusium quote this passage. L. 4.
“ Epist. 125. But how hath Euripides, whom ye deem wise,
“ said, *Καὶ Ἀδὲ δέ μοις ἐν σοὶ γίνομαι.*” Barnes.

In Pluto's mansions wait thee. I pronounce
Such nuptials advantageous to mankind,
Else were it best to shun the bridal yoke.

A D M E T U S.

Uncall'd by me, on this funereal rite
Hast thou intruded; I thy presence hold
No mark of friendship: in the costly robes
Thou bring'st, my Wife shall never be array'd:
Nor at her burial need we aught of thine.
There was a proper season for thy griefs,
When thou beheld'st me on the verge of death.
Wilt thou, who could'st ignobly stand aloof
Though far advanc'd into the vale of years,
And leave a blooming victim to expire,
Wail o'er her corse? no real Father thou,
Nor she, the source whence I deriv'd my birth,
Who hath assum'd a Mother's honour'd name:
Sprung from some servile blood, no doubt, by stealth
I at the bosom of thy Wife was plac'd.
Soon as thou cam'st to so severe a test,
Hast thou shewn what thou art, nor can I think
That I am truly thine, for if I am,
Thou all mankind in cowardice exceed'st.
When thou wert grown thus old, and hadst attain'd
This lengthen'd period of thy life, nor will
Nor courage hadst thou, in thy Son's behalf
To lay it down, altho' ye meanly left
This foreign Dame, whom henceforth I in stead
Of Mother and of Father shall revere,
To perish by th' untimely stroke of Fate.
Dying to save thy offspring, an exploit
Worthy of lasting fame hadst thou perform'd,
For short was the remainder of the space
Thou hadst to live: and hence, till nature close
The evening of our days, had we enjoy'd
A state of blest existence, nor depriv'd
Of this lov'd Wife, my sorrows had I wail'd.
And sure the utmost share of happiness
Which mortals can attain to, hath been thine;

In youth a regal sceptre fill'd thy hand,
 And I, thy Son, was heir to these domains,
 Thou, therefore, hadst not any ground for fear,
 Lest, by expiring childless, thou this house
 Should'st to a stranger's wasteful rapine leave.
 Thou canst not urge, that thou didst yield me up
 To death, because I slighted thy old age;
 For I to thee have ever been most dutious;
 And thus is filial tenderness repaid
 By thee and by my Mother. Go, beget
 New Sons to nourish thy decrepid years,
 Adorn thy grave with due funereal pomp,
 And stretch forth thy remains: for by these hands
 Thou ne'er shalt be interr'd. Untimely fate,
 Far as on thee depended, was my lot.
 But if I view the light, by having found
 Another kind deliverer, I, his Son,
 Gladly pronounce myself; in drooping age
 Him will I nourish. With unmeaning prayers
 Do aged men court Death, when they complain
 That they are old, and that life's space is long:
 But, if pale Death draw near, their wishes change,
 And they the weight of years no longer feel.

CHORUS.

Cease your contention: for the present ill
 More than suffices. O impetuous Youth,
 Forbear to irritate your Father's soul.

PHERES.

What arrogance of speech is this, my Son?
 Think you these taunts wreak'd on some Lydian slave
 Or purchas'd Phrygian? are you not appriz'd
 That I, with native freedom blest, was born
 In Thessaly, of a Thessalian Sire?
 Having assail'd me with contemptuous words,
 Such as by youthful rashness are inspir'd,
 Not thus shall you escape. I to a lord
 Who these domains shall rule, in you gave birth

And

And nurture, as in duty I was bound,
But not for you to cast my life away.
For I from my progenitors receiv'd
No law enjoining Fathers to expire
In their Sons' stead, nor is such usage known
Among the Grecian states. You for yourself,
Wretched or blest, were born: but all that's due
To you from me already you possess;
For you bear rule o'er many, and these fields
These spacious fields which erst I from my Sire
Inherited, to you will I bequeath.
How have I wrong'd, of what do I deprive you?
Nor die to rescue me, nor in your stead
Will I expire. Do you survey the light
With joy, and think you not your Father feels
The same delight? a tedious length of time,
I deem, we sojourn in the realms beneath:
But life, though short, is sweet: you to prolong
Its space have struggled, lost to virtuous shame,
And, having slain Alcestis, still exist
Beyond that period which the Fates ordain'd.
Me with a want of courage then you charge,
Vile dastard, and outdone e'en by this Woman
Who died for you, O most egregious youth.
But you this scheme have craftily invented,
That you may never die, on each new Wife,
If as your substitute, you can prevail
Still to become a sacrifice. Your friends
Meantime with foul reproaches you insult,
Because they will not, through spontaneous zeal,
Act that heroic generous part you dread
E'en to attempt. Be silent, and reflect,
That if you love to live, that love's as strong
In other breasts: but with injurious taunts
If me you vex, you in return shall hear
Nor few nor yet fictitious crimes alleg'd
Against yourself.

C H O R U S.

Too many bitter words
Have on both sides been utter'd. But desist,
Thou hoary Father, nor revile thy Son.

A D M E T U S.

With freedom speak as I do; but if truth
Seem grievous, when its harsher sounds thou hear'st,
Me, without cause, thou should'st not thus offend.

P H E R E S.

Dying for you, I sure had greatly err'd.

A D M E T U S.

Is it the same whether a man expire
In youthful prime, or bow'd by palsied age?

P H E R E S.

To mortals one short life alone belongs.

A D M E T U S.

O may thy years outnumber those of Jove!

P H E R E S.

Mean you to breathe forth curses 'gainst your Parents,
By whom you are not wrong'd?

A D M E T U S.

Because I see
Long life is what thou doat'st on.

P H E R E S.

In your stead
Is not this corse to its interment borne?

A D M E T U S.

Hence more conspicuous is thy abject soul,
Thou worst of dastards.

P H E R E S.

I had no concern
In her decease, you cannot say I had.

A D M E T U S.

Of me may'st thou hereafter stand in need.

P H E R E S.

Multiply wives, that others may expire
On your behalf.

A D M E-

A D M E T U S.

This covers thee with shame;
Thou didst refuse to die.

P H E R E S.

These radiant beams
Which the [14] God scatters, we all hold most dear.

A D M E T U S.

Thy abject soul, on man reflects disgrace.

P H E R E S.

Would you not laugh at bearing forth the corse
Of me your aged father?

A D M E T U S.

Thy decease,
Come when it will, must ever be inglorious.

P H E R E S.

Your censures in the grave I shall not heed.

A D M E T U S,

Alas! alas! how is old age devoid
Of modesty?

P H E R E S.

Alcestis, I allow,
Was not immodest; but you found her mad.

A D M E T U S.

Depart, and let me bury her remains.

P H E R E S.

I go: do you, who are her murderer, see
To the funereal rites: for on your head,
No doubt, her injur'd kindred will inflict
Dire vengeance. If Acastus be a man,
He will requite you for his sister's blood.

[14] "That is to say, Phœbus, who when spoken of as the Sun
"is frequently mark'd out in antient writers, without any other dis-
"tinction, as "*the God*" by way of eminence: thus Dei annus "the
"year of the God" in Censorinus: and in Homer, you read of the
"island of the Sun,

"Θες εις αμνημονα νησον ικομεθ'. Odyss. L. 12. v. 261.

"We arriv'd at the celebrated island of the God." Dr. MORELL.

A D M E T U S.

Thou, with thy execrable wife, avaunt,
 And, destitute of children, tho' your son
 Be living, both grow old as ye deserve:
 For ye shall never enter the same doors
 Where I reside: be gone. If any law
 Allow'd my sending heralds to forbid
 Thee from approaching thy paternal hearth,
 Such interdict I surely had pronounc'd. [*Exit Pheres.*
 But I my present sorrow must endure.
 Let us then haste, and to the blazing pyre
 Consign the corse,

C H O R U S.

Unhappy, generous, brave,
 Most excellent of all thy sex, farewell.
 Thee may those guardians of the realms beneath
 Hermes and Pluto, courteously receive:
 For in those drear abodes, if honor wait
 On virtue, thou an ample share wilt find,
 And take thy seat beside the Stygian Queen.
Exeunt Admetus and Chorus.

S E R V A N T.

To many strangers, and from various lands,
 On their arrival at Admetus' house,
 I well remember serving up the feast,
 But never till this hour have introduc'd
 So profligate a guest, who, though he saw
 Our master sad, advancing dar'd to pass
 The threshold, and without discretion took
 Whate'er our hospitality to him
 Presented, tho' appriz'd of our distress.
 Moreover, were there aught we did not bring
 He call'd for it: a goblet in his hands
 With ivy wreath'd, uplifting, quaff'd the juice
 Of the black grape unmingled, till his veins
 Were heated with the flames of wine, and bound
 The sprays of verdant myrtle on his brow,

Filling

Filling the palace with a clamorous howl
 Of dissonance : while twofold sounds were heard ;
 Regardless of Admetus' woes he sung,
 And for our Mistress wail'd the menial train,
 But to the stranger did not shew our eyes
 Swimming with tears, for such injunction gave
 Admetus. I e'en now perhaps bestow
 This kind reception on some subtle thief,
 Some robber : tho' our Mistress is borne forth
 In slow funereal pomp, nor did I follow
 The body, nor with lifted hands bewail
 Her loss, who was to me and every servant
 A mother : for she rescued us from ills
 Unnumber'd, soothing oft her angry Lord.
 Have I not cause sufficient to abhor
 The guest, on our affliction who intrudes ?

HERCULES, SERVANT.

HERCULES.

Ho ! wherefore is thy aspect thus severe,
 Thus thoughtful ? a good servant it behoves
 The stranger at his entrance to receive,
 Not with a louring brow but courteous soul.
 Yet in the presence of thy master's friend,
 With that dejected visage, and that frown,
 Art thou thus anxious for a foreign loss ?
 Come hither, learn of me to be more wise.
 Art thou acquainted well with the affairs
 Of mortals, know'st thou what their nature is ?
 Not thus I wist : for whence canst thou have gain'd
 Such information ? therefore hear my voice.
 Death is a debt which all mankind must pay ;
 Not one among the human race foreknows
 Whether he till to-morrow's sun arise
 Shall yet be living : for in secret paths
 Which we discern not, which the baffled craft
 Of mortals cannot trace, doth Fortune tread.

The doctrines I would teach thee, then, are these;
 Divert thyself, the foaming goblet quaff,
 Esteem to-day thine own, but all beyond
 Subject to Fortune; gratefully revere
 Venus, that loveliest of the Powers above,
 For she's a Goddess affable and mild.
 But casting off those other cares, observe
 My counsels, if thou deem I speak aright,
 As, that thou dost, I doubt not: from thy soul
 Immoderate sorrow banishing, partake
 The cheering draught with me, and o'er these ill
 Victorious, form'd with interwoven flowers
 Put on a wreath: for I am well assur'd
 That the brisk motion of the mantling bowl,
 The gloom dispelling which o'er shades thy brow,
 And opening thy contracted heart, the bark,
 Will, thro' the tempest, to its haven bring.
 We, being men, ought therefore to adopt
 Such notions as with human nature suit.
 For, if they ask my judgement, ill deserves
 The life of sages solemn and austere
 To be call'd life, but one continued scene
 Of misery rather.

SERVANT.

This full well we know:
 But to our present fortunes are the banquet
 And laughter ill adapted.

HERCULES.

The deceas'd
 Was of another nation: curb thy grief;
 For still the rulers of this mansion live.

SERVANT.

How! live they? you are uninform'd, it seems,
 Of the calamities this house endures.

HERCULES.

Them, if thy lord deceiv'd me not, I know.

SER-

SERVANT.

He pays too strict attention to the rites
Of hospitality.

HERCULES.

From such good chee
Was I, because a foreigner, lay dead,
Bound to debar myself?

SERVANT.

To these abodes
She closely, yes, too closely was ally'd.

HERCULES.

Hath some calamity befall'n my friend,
Of which he told me not?

SERVANT.

In peace depart:
Our lord's misfortunes interest us alone.

HERCULES.

This speech begins not with a foreign woe,

SERVANT.

If of that nature, I had not repin'd,
Seeing your banquet.

HERCULES.

Hath not then my host
Injur'd me horribly?

SERVANT.

You hither came
When we no fit reception could afford,
For we are plung'd in sorrow: tresses shorn,
And sable-tinctur'd garments you behold.

HERCULES.

But who is the deceas'd? hath he then lost
One of his children, or his aged Sire?

SERVANT.

Admetus' Wife, O stranger, is no more.

HER.

HERCULES.

What say'st thou? why did ye, when such mischance
Had just befallen, admit me as a guest?

SERVANT.

Because he from these mansions could not bear
Churlishly to repell you.

HERCULES.

Wretched man,
Of what a virtuous Confort art thou rest!

SERVANT.

Not she alone by fate is torn away,
With her we perish all.

HERCULES.

I did observe
His weeping eyes, shorn head, and looks that spoke
Severe affliction: yet on me he wrought,
Pretending that he carried to the tomb
An alien's corse. I, with reluctance, pass'd
The threshold, and the foaming goblet drain'd
In the abodes of my unhappy host,
Regal'd myself, and cover'd o'er these brows
With garlands: but the fault on thee I charge,
Neglecting to inform me what great ill
Oppress'd this house. But where hath he interr'd
The body? Whither shall I go to find
Her sepulture?

SERVANT.

Close by the road which leads
Strait to [15] Larissa, you without the suburbs
Her monumental marble will behold.

[15] There were two cities of the name of Larissa in Thessaly, situated on the opposite sides of Phœræa, and it does not appear which of them is here meant; the one in the midland part of the country, on the banks of the river Peneus, was founded by Acrisius; the other, called by Strabo and Livy *χερμαστη*, an account of its being built upon hanging ground, was adjacent to the bay of Malea.

HER-

H E R C U L E S.

Now, O my heart, inur'd to many toils,
 And thou, my enterprizing soul, give proof
 How great a Son in me Tirynthia's fair
 Alcmena, Daughter of Eleftryon, bore
 To Jove. For I this woman newly dead
 Must save, and by establishing afresh
 In these abodes, his dearest Wife, repay
 Admetus' kindness: therefore will I go
 In quest of Death, king of the shades, who flits
 On sable wings, him I expect to find
 As at the tomb he quaffs the victim's gore.
 If rushing forth from ambush, by surprize
 Him with these vigorous arms I can infold,
 No power shall from captivity redeem,
 Till he this Woman loose, the struggling God.
 But, if I fail of seizing on this prey,
 And he attend not at the hillock drench'd
 With blood, I to that murky realm beneath
 Which the Sun never visits, the abode
 Of Proserpine and Pluto, will descend,
 And my petition urge, with a firm trust
 That to this upper world I shall convey,
 And place again, Alcestis, in the arms
 Of that kind host, who opening wide his doors
 Receiv'd me for a guest, nor drove away,
 Tho' deeply smitten by such grievous woe,
 Which with a noble spirit he conceal'd,
 Revering me. By what Thessalian chief
 Are hospitable deeds like these surpass'd,
 Or by what fam'd inhabitant of Greece?
 This generous friend shall therefore never say
 He on a worthless man his bounty shower'd. [*Exeunt.*]

A D M E T U S, C H O R U S.

A D M E T U S.

These widow'd mansions, loathing, I approach,
 And with affliction view them. But, ah me!

Ah,

Ah, whither shall I go, where stop, what speak,
 Or what suppress, how end this hated life?
 Me in an evil hour my Mother bore.
 Happy, thrice happy, I esteem the dead,
 Them do I love, in their abodes would dwell.
 Joyless I view the sun, on earth I tread
 A wretch forlorn: such hostage torn away
 Death in my stead on Pluto hath bestow'd.

CHORUS.

Advance a little farther, and retire
 Within the palace.

ADMETUS.

Ah!

CHORUS.

What you endure
 Deserves these plaints.

ADMETUS.

Woe! woe!

CHORUS.

Full well aware
 Am I that the severest griefs assail you.

ADMETUS.

Alas! alas!

CHORUS.

To the deceas'd, your plaints
 Are of no service.

ADMETUS.

Wretched, wretched me!

CHORUS.

That you must never more behold the face
 Of that lov'd Confort is a grief indeed.

ADMETUS.

[16] Ye waken the remembrance of those pangs

[16] "This hath a reference to the two immediately preceding speeches of the Chorus. Thus is it related in Diogenes Laertius of Solon, that when one said to him, "the weeping for your deceased son will be of no avail to you:" he replied, "this is the very reason why I weep, because my lamentations are of no avail." BARNES.

Which

Which harrow up my soul. What greater ill
 Can be by man experienc'd than the loss
 Of such a faithful Comfort? Would to Heaven
 That I the nuptial state had never known,
 Nor dwelt with her beneath these roofs! Th' unwedded
 And childless, far more happy I esteem.
 The griefs which on our own account we feel
 Are burdens which with ease may be sustain'd:
 But the severe diseases which assail
 Our progeny, and wedlock's genial bed
 When risted by relentless Death, are sighs
 Intolerable to those who might have liv'd
 Childless and strangers to the bridal yoke.

CHORUS.

Too strong to be resisted, cruel Fate
 Invades us.

ADMETUS.

Ah!

CHORUS.

You set not any bound
 To your afflictions.

ADMETUS.

Woe is me!

CHORUS.

Their load
 Indeed is grievous; yet—

ADMETUS.

Wretch that I am!

CHORUS.

Endure them: nor are you the first whose loss—

ADMETUS.

Alas! alas!

CHORUS.

Hath been the Wife he lov'd:
 For evil Fortune in a thousand shapes
 Harraßes the devoted race of man.

VOL. II.

D 8

ADME.

A D M E T U S.

O tedious sorrows, when the loss of friends
 Who sleep beneath earth's surface, we bewail.
 Why didst thou hinder me from plunging down
 Into the sepulchre, and with that best
 Of women lying there a breathless corse?
 Instead of one, had Pluto then possess'd
 Two souls, distinguish'd by their mutual faith,
 Across the Stygian lake together borne.

C H O R U S.

I.

There was a kinsman erst of mine
 Beneath whose roof his only Son,
 Deserving of a father's tears,
 To nature the last tribute paid:
 Yet with much calmness he endur'd
 This evil, tho' no child remain'd;
 His hair already was grown grey,
 And he himself with headlong speed
 Advancing into life's decline.

A D M E T U S.

Thou aspect of those mansions, ah! how chang'd!
 How shall I enter them, how bear to dwell
 With Fortune, that inconstant! for the difference
 Between my past and present state's immense.
 Erst amid blazing torches of the pine
 From Pelion hewn, and hymeneal songs
 In festive pomp I enter'd these abodes
 Clasping the hand of my dear Bride; our friends
 Join'd the procession, and in choral strains
 Term'd the deceas'd and me supremely blest,
 Because we both were noble, and deriv'd
 Our birth on either side from a long line
 Of ancestry renown'd for virtuous deeds,
 A pair well match'd: but now the voice of woe
 Harsh, dissonant, and such as Hymen loathes,
 And sable vests instead of snowy robes,
 Usher my steps to a deserted bed.

CHO-

CHORUS.

II.

'Midst prosperous fortunes sudden came
 This ill on you, who ne'er before
 Had known the chastening of distress.
 Yet is your life preserv'd from fate :
 Your Wife, expiring, leaves behind
 Her much-lov'd lord. Can this seem strange? .
 Full many are there from whose arms
 Death hath already torn away
 The Consort whom they held most dear.

A D M E T U S.

My friends, altho' it seem not thus, I hold
 The fate of the deceas'd more blest than mine :
 For sorrow will on her have no effect
 Hereafter, and with glory is she freed
 From many toils : but I, who have no right
 To live beyond the bounds allow'd by fate,
 Must practise a new lesson thro' constraint,
 And drag a life of bitterness : for how
 Can I endure to enter these abodes?
 Whom shall I speak to, by what gentle voice
 Accosted, cross the threshold with delight,
 Or whither turn? The solitary scene
 Within, will overcome me, when I see
 A widow'd couch of my lov'd Wife depriv'd,
 The vacant chair, on which she sat, and floors
 Cover'd with dust ; while groveling round my knees
 Their Mother's death our helpless children wail,
 And servants groan for such a mistress lost.
 These are the sorrows I at home shall find :
 Abroad, the brides of gay Thessalian lords,
 And female choirs will [17] ridicule my grief:

[17] For the reading of *γέλως* which I have followed, the edition of Lascaris and a Florentine manuscript, mentioned by Dr. Musgrave, are my authorities; it usually stands *ελως* agitabunt; but *ελως* enecabunt is the reading preferred by Heath and Musgrave in their notes, and the construction made use of in the Latin versions of Camillus and Buchanan.

For I shall not be able to endure
 The sight of my deceas'd Alcestis' friends.
 Then will my foes exclaim, "Observe that wretch
 "O'erwhelm'd with infamy, who still lives on,
 "Who wanted resolution to meet death,
 "And, like a coward, yielding up his Wife,
 "Escap'd the grave: yet after this vile deed
 "Fancies himself a man, and hates his Parents,
 "Although he hath refus'd to die." Such shame
 I to my woes shall add. Why, O my friends,
 Should I then wish to lengthen out a life
 By foul reproach and misery thus assail'd?

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. 1.

Fir'd by my genius with sublimer views,
 In Learning's stores I found delight;
 Yet nought avail'd th' enchantments of the Muse
 Against Necessity's superior might:
 Such spells as guard mankind from that abhorr'd disease,
 In vain from Thracia's magic tablets sought,
 By Orpheus' self remain untaught,
 Nor can we number these
 'Mongst antidotes which Pæan deign'd t' impart,
 When Æsculapius' sons acquir'd the healing art.

I. 2.

The temple of Necessity alone
 Admits no votary, ever clos'd,
 No image of that Goddess e'er was known,
 Still is she deaf though victims are expos'd.
 With that unwonted horror glaring in thy mien
 O come not now: for Jove by means of thee
 Doth execute the strict decree
 Which he hath pass'd: dread Queen,
 With nervous arm thou knapp'st the massive steel,
 Nor can thy harden'd soul shame's gentler influence feel.

II. 1.

Thee, O Admetus, hath this Goddess caught,
 Bound with inevitable chains;
 Yet O despair not: for tears never wrought
 Such wonders as again to earth's domains
 Conducting the deceas'd from yon infernal shore.
 They whom th' immortal Powers by stealth begot,
 In the cold grave are doom'd to rot
 When life's short day is o'er.
 Belov'd while present, and in death still dear,
 Thy matchless Wife this house for ever shall revere.

II. 2.

That in the tomb like those of humbler fame
 She sleeps unconscious, let none say:
 Such homage as the Gods from mortals claim
 To her each grateful traveller shall pay,
 Digressing from his road, and these bold thoughts, express
 In no faint language, utter o'er her grave;
 "She who expir'd her Lord to save,
 "Resides among the blest.
 "Hail, awful Goddess, and this realm befriend."
 To her their pious vows shall thus the skies ascend.
 But, O Admetus, fam'd Alcmena's Son
 Seems to direct his steps to your abode.

HERCULES *leading a Woman veiled,*
 ADMETUS, CHORUS.

HERCULES.

Our thoughts, with manly freedom to a friend,
 Should we express, nor harbouring in the soul
 Bitter reproofs, a cautious silence keep.
 But when I in the midst of thy distress
 Came hither, my attachment was, I deem'd,
 Worthy of being tried: thou never said'st
 That she, who breathless in the palace lay,
 Was thy Alcestis; but with courteous zeal,
 Receiving me thy guest, didst seem concern'd
 For nought beyond a stranger's loss. I wore

A chaplet, and libations to the Gods
 Pour'd forth beneath thy inauspicious roof.
 This treatment, therefore, I with justice blame;
 Yet wish not to embitter thy distress.
 The real motives now will I relate
 Which bring me back again to these abodes.
 To thy protection I entrust this Dame,
 With the proud steeds of Thrace till I return
 Victorious, having slain Bistonia's King:
 But if I'm unsuccessful, (O ye Gods,
 Avert that omen! speed the bold emprise!)
 Her in thy house I for a servant give.
 She by a multitude of toils at first
 Came into my possession: for I found
 Rich donors, to the champions who propos'd
 Such terms of public conflict as demanded
 The most heroic efforts. Her, the palm
 Of conquest, I obtained, and bore away.
 For to each victor light of foot, were given
 Fleet coursers: they who with severer might
 The cestus pois'd, or wrestled, won large herds
 Of oxen; this fair [18] Damsel, to augment

The

[18] In their arrangement of prizes at the games, and their mode of mingling female captives with other rewards, both Homer and Virgil have treated the Sex with full as great a want of respect as Euripides may be thought to have done, in saying that "The Woman was added to the Oxen."

Immediately before the commencement of the funereal games in honor of his friend Patroclus, Achilles brings forth prizes from the ships, and harangues them in the following manner, which is somewhat improved by his translator,

λεβητας τε, τριποδας τε,

Ιππες θ', ημιονες τε, βοων τ' ιφθιμα καρηνα,

Ηδε γυναικας ευζωνες, πολιον τε σιδηροι.

"A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,

"Vases and tripods for the fun'ral games,

"Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames."

POPE.

To the wrestlers he proposes,

Τω μιν νικησαντι, μεγαν τριποδ' επιβριβητην,

Τον δε δωδεκαβοιον ενι σφισι τιον Αχαις·

And

The prize was added, and in me it sure
 Would argue a base spirit to neglect
 The glorious present Fortune hath bestow'd.
 But I already have premis'd her claim
 To thy attention, nor obtain'd by stealth
 But honorable prowess hither bring.
 My conduct haply thou at length wilt praise.

A D M E T U S.

Not from contempt for you, or any want
 Of due respect to her, did I conceal
 My Consort's hapless fate, but grief to grief
 Would have been added, with impetuous step
 Had you retreated hence to the abodes
 Of some fresh host: for me was it enough,

Ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθεὶς γυναῖκα' εἰς μέσσον εἴηκε·
 Πολλὰ δ' ἐπίστατο ἔργα· τῶν δὲ ἑτεσσαράβοιον.

"A massy tripod for the victor lies,
 "Of twice six oxen its reputed price,
 "And next, the losers spirits to restore,
 "A female captive valued but at four."

POPE.

In Virgil's ship race, after the victor and the two who came
 next in succession, had received an embroidered robe, a coat of mail,
 silver cups to drink out of, and brazen cauldrons: on Sergestus'
 reaching the shore, last of all,

Æneas promisso munere donat,

*Olli serva datur, operum haud ignara Minervæ,
 Cressa genus Pholæ, geminique sub ubere nati.*

"The *promis'd* present to the chief he gave;
 "Pholoe theauteous female Cretan slave,
 "In works of art superior to the rest,
 "And proud of two fair infants at the breast."

PITT.

The bestowing any prize on Sergestus, who shattered his bark
 against a rock, and did not reach the port till after the distribution,
 may indeed be considered as an act of *generosity* in Æneas, but the
 term *promisso* munere shews, that before the race began, the com-
 petitors were informed what prizes they should receive, according
 to their coming in, first, second, third, or fourth, as in the foot
 race, which in Virgil immediately succeeds that of the galleys, and
 that of the chariots in Homer. This sufficiently obviates, on the
 one hand La Cerda's quibble of *homini imbelli datam in præmium*
fœminam; and, on the other, the idea of Catrou in regard to Serges-
 tus being rather better rewarded than his adversary who had gained
 the start of him in the race, to comfort him in his misfortune.

Those woes I now am suffering, to bewail.
But I entreat you, O my noble Friend,
If possible, consign the captive Dame
To some Theſſalian lord, who ne'er endur'd
Such ills as I have done : for in Pheræa
Full many a courteous hoſt would ope his doors
To great Alcides. O remind me not
Of my calamities: I, in this houſe,
Cannot behold her, yet abſtain from tears.
On me whoſe ſorrows are already great
Forbear to heap new ſorrows ; for the load
Which I endure already, may ſuffice,
Amid theſe manſions where ſhall I train up
This Nymph, whoſe dreſs beſpeaks her tender years?
Within the men's apartments ſhall ſhe dwell?
But how if with gay youths ſhe here conſeſe,
Will ſhe a ſpotleſs purity retain?
Our headſtrong paſſions, in the bloom of life,
O Hercules, it is no eaſy taſk
To conquer: for your ſake I exerciſe
This forethought. Shall I rear her in the chambers
Of the deceas'd? but in Alceſtis' bed
How can I place her? The reproach I fear
Is twofold; leſt ſome citizen condemn
My falſhood to my generous benefactreſs,
And ruſhing into this new Conſort's arms:
Great is th' attention too that I ſhould pay
To the deceas'd Alceſtis, who deſerves
From me much reverence. Whatſoe'er thou art,
O Woman, know, thy form, thy graceful mien,
Reſemble thoſe of my departed Wife.
Ah me! remove, I by the Gods conjure you,
Remove that dangerous object from my ſight,
Nor heap yet more deſtruction on the wretch
Who is deſtroy'd already. For methinks
In viewing her, I view my Wife: this heart
Is ſeiz'd with ſtrong emotions; from theſe eyes
Fountains

Fountains of tears gush forth: O wretched me,
How do I taste the bitterness of grief!

CHORUS.

Indeed I cannot term thy fortunes blest:
But thou, O Man, whoe'er thou art, must learn
With patience to endure what Heaven decrees.

HERCULES.

Had I sufficient power to bring thy Wife
From those infernal mansions to the realms
Of day, such boon on thee I would confer.

ADMETUS.

Your will I know: but how can you effect
Such generous purpose? to this upper world
The dead can ne'er return.

HERCULES.

All bounds exceed not,
But under grief bear up with equal soul.

ADMETUS.

Others may comfort him, with greater ease
Than the poor sufferer can his fate sustain.

HERCULES.

But what could it avail, if thou thy groans
For ever should'st indulge?

ADMETUS.

Of this I too
Am well aware, but strong desire impells me.

HERCULES.

Love for the dead produces nought but tears.

ADMETUS.

Beyond what I am able to express
Her loss hath made me wretched.

HERCULES.

Thou hast lost
(Who can deny it?) a most virtuous Wife.

ADMETUS.

Life hath for me no longer any charms.

HERCULES.

Time will affuage the smart : but now thy ills
Are recent.

ADMETUS.

What you speak of Time is true,
If you by Time intend the hour of death.

HERCULES.

Th' attractions of a lovely Bride will cause
Thy griefs to cease.

ADMETUS.

Be silent. What strange words
Are these ? from you I ne'er could have expected—

HERCULES.

What ! art thou then determin'd not to wed,
But lead a widower's solitary life ?

ADMETUS.

No woman shall hereafter share my couch.

HERCULES.

Think'st thou that this can profit the deceas'd ?

ADMETUS.

Where'er she be, my reverence she deserves.

HERCULES.

I in her praises join. But sure thou act'st
An Idiot's part.

ADMETUS.

You never shall accost
Me by the name of Bridegroom.

HERCULES.

I applaud
Thy conjugal fidelity.

ADMETUS.

May Death
O'ertake me, tho' no longer she exist,
If I to her prove false !

HER-

HERCULES.

Into thy house
Now take this noble Damsel.

ADMETUS.

I, by Jove
Your Sire, entreat you, wave such strange request.

HERCULES.

If thou comply not, thou wilt greatly err.

ADMETUS.

But, if I yield, remorse will gnaw my heart.

HERCULES.

Submit: perhaps thou wilt have done a kindness
Most opportune.

ADMETUS.

Would you had never gain'd
This prize!

HERCULES.

To thee my triumphs appertain;
For with thy friend thou shar'st the victor's meed.

ADMETUS.

Most nobly have you spoken: but dismiss
The woman.

HERCULES.

If she must, she shall depart:
But whether this be necessary, first
Consider well.

ADMETUS.

It must be so, if you
Will not be angry with me.

HERCULES.

Well I know
The cause which in my breast excites this zeal.

ADMETUS.

Enjoy the triumph which you now obtain,
Though I your conduct cannot but dislike.

HER.

HERCULES.

Hereafter shalt thou praise me ; only yield.

ADMETUS *to the* CHORUS.

Attend her to the palace, if my doors
Must needs admit her.

HERCULES.

To thy servants' care

I will not trust her.

ADMETUS.

If you list, yourself
To her apartment lead the captive Dame.

HERCULES.

Into thy hands this pledge will I consign.

ADMETUS.

I will not introduce her : but this house
She with my leave may enter.

HERCULES.

Her to thee

Have I entrusted, and to thee alone.

ADMETUS.

Against my will you urge me to proceed.

HERCULES.

With courage take the stranger by her hand.

ADMETUS.

Horrors I feel, as if I were ordain'd
To grasp the newly sever'd Gorgon's head.

HERCULES.

Say, do'st thou hold her ?

ADMETUS.

Yes, I hold her fast.

HERCULES, *taking off the Veil.*

With care preserve her, and in future times
Thou wilt proclaim that he who sprung from Jove
Hath been a noble guest. Observe her face,
If it resemble thy departed Wife :
Blest as thou art, no longer grieve.

A D M E T U S.

A D M E T U S.

Ye Gods!

What shall I say? a miracle like this
Was most unhop'd for. But do I indeed
Behold my Wife? or would some fraudulent God
Surprize my senses with ideal joy?

H E R C U L E S.

Not thus: in her thou view'st thy real Wife.

A D M E T U S.

Look to it, lest this be some spectre sent
From the infernal regions.

H E R C U L E S.

For thy guest,

Thou no vile [19] Sorcerer hast in me receiv'd.

A D M E T U S.

[19] In the original the term which I have rendered Sorcerer is *ψυχαγωγος*, the literal interpretation of which is "one who calls forth the souls of the dead." Barnes, Dr. Morell, and Dr. Musgrave, all concur in translating it *præstigiator*. The Scholiast speaks of Thessaly as renowned for these impostors, and refers us to Plutarch, who has much on the subject particularly in his treatise "on those who are at length overtaken by Divine vengeance," in the folio edition, Paris, 1624, V. II. p. 555, and 560; in the latter of these passages he says that "when the Spartans were ordered by the oracle to appease the soul of Paulanias, Sorcerers sent for from Italy, having offered sacrifice, removed the Apparition from the temple." So it seems the *honor* of producing these personages was not confined to any one particular country, and that they undertook to *lay* as well as *raise* Ghosts conformably to the example of Mercury,

Tum virgam capit: hac animos ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit.

Virgil *Æn.* L. 4. v. 242.

But first he grasps within his awful hand,
The mark of sov'reign power, his magick wand:
With this he draws the Ghosts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves.

DRYDEN.

Aristophanes, who seizes every occasion of turning into ridicule the wisdom and virtues of Socrates, says of him in his Comedy of the Birds, v, 1552,

Προς δὲ τοὺς Σοκράτους λιμνὴ τις ἐστὶ ἀλῆτος, ἢ
ὑψιπῶς Σωκράτης,

"but

A D M E T U S.

But do I see that Confort I interr'd ?

H E R C U L E S.

The same, be well assur'd : I wonder not,
However, if thou still distrust thy fortune.

A D M E T U S.

Her as my living Wife may I embrace,
May I accost ?

H E R C U L E S.

To her with freedom speak :
For thou thy utmost wishes hast obtain'd.

A D M E T U S.

Ye well known features, and thou graceful form
Of my lov'd Confort ! thee these arms infold
When I could ne'er have hop'd to see thee more.

H E R C U L E S.

She now is thine ; thro' envy may no God
Impair thy blifs !

A D M E T U S.

Illustrious Son of Jove,
Be prosperous fortunes yours ; and may that Sire
Protect you who begot ; for you alone
Have re-establish'd me. But from the shades
How did you bring her to this upper world ?

H E R C U L E S.

By furiously encountering the stern King
Of disembodied ghosts.

“ but among the Sciapodes there is a certain impure lake where
“ Socrates calls forth souls from Hell.” As the Sciapodes are a na-
tion not easily met with in Geographical writers, it may not be amiss
to subjoin the account given of them by the Scholiast of Aristo-
phanes, who derives their name from *σκια* a shadow, and *πυς* a foot,
and says they were situated on the shores of the Western ocean under
the torrid zone, that the soles of their feet are said to be larger
than their whole body ; being destitute of houses, and exposed to the
heat of the sun, they walk in the manner of beasts, and hold up
one foot to screen themselves,

A D M E.

A D M E T U S.

'Twixt you and Death,
Where, say you, was this stubborn battle fought?

H E R C U L E S.

From ambush at the tomb I sprung, and grasp'd
The Tyrant in my arms.

A D M E T U S.

But why thus mute
Yet stands my Wife?

H E R C U L E S.

Thou must not hear her voice
Till those sepulchral rites have been annull'd,
By which she to the Gods of Hell beneath
Was render'd sacred, and the radiant morn
For the third time arise. Conduct her steps
Into the royal mansion, and do thou,
Who art already eminently just,
Hereafter with the same benignant zeal
Treat strangers, O Admetus. Now farewell,
For I must go to execute those labors
[20] My King the Son of Sthenelus ordain'd.

A D M E T U S.

With us prolong your stay, a welcome guest.

H E R C U L E S.

I at a future season will return;
But now must I exert my utmost speed.

A D M E T U S.

With victory by propitious fortune crown'd,

[20] "The genealogy of Eurystheus is as follows; Perseus was
"the son of Jupiter and Danae, Sthenelus of Perseus and Andro-
"meda; from Sthenelus and Archippe, or (as Apollodorus calls
"her), Nicippe, sprung Eurystheus. When Hercules was on the
"point of being born, Jupiter swore in the council of the Gods,
"that there should that very day come into the world a descendant
"of Perseus who should reign at Mycene. Upon which, Juno,
"through envy, prevailed on Eilithya to delay the delivery of
"Alcmena, and cause the wife of Sthenelus, who was only seven
"months gone with child, to bear a Son."

BARNES and APOLLODORUS.

At

At these abodes may you again arrive !
 But I these mandates issue thro' our realm
 To citizen and [21] tetrarch, that with feast
 And choral dance this blest event they grace;
 Let the rich incense on each altar steam,
 And oxen expiating victims bleed,
 For now I to the haven of a life,
 Better than what I knew before, have steer'd
 My bark, and own myself a happy man.

CHORUS.

A thousand shapes our varying Fates assume,
 The Gods perform what we could least expect,
 And oft' the things for which we fondly hop'd
 Come not to pass : but Heaven still finds a clue
 To guide our steps through life's perplexing maze,
 And thus doth this important business end.

[21] " The whole extent of Thessaly is divided into *four* parts.
 " The provinces of Phthia, Estræotis, Thessaliotis, or Thessalia
 " Propria, and Pelasgiotis." STRABO.

ANDRO.

ANDROMACHE.

Nos patriâ incensâ diversa per æquora vectæ
Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, juvenemque superbum
Servitio enixæ tulimus: qui deinde secutus
Ledaam Hermionem, Lacedæmoniosque hymenæos—

VIRGIL.

PER.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

ANDROMACHE.

ATTENDANT.

CHORUS *of Phthian Women.*

HERMIONE.

MENELAUS.

MOLOSSUS.

PELEUS.

NURSE *of* HERMIONE.

ORESTES.

MESSENGER.

THETIS.

SCENE *the Vestibule of Thetis' Temple between
Phthia and Pharsalia in Theffaly.*

ANDROMACHE.

ANDROMACHE.

OThebes [1] thou pride of Asia, from whose gate
 I came resplendent with a plenteous dower,
 To Priam's regal house, the fruitful Wife
 Of Hector: his Andromache was erst
 An envied name; but now am I more wretched
 Than any woman, or already born,
 Or to be born hereafter; for I saw
 My husband Hector by Achilles slain,
 And that unhappy son whom to my lord
 I bore, Astyanax, from Troy's high towers
 Thrown headlong; when our foes had sack'd the city,
 Myself descended from a noble line
 Of freeborn warriors, reach'd the Grecian coast,
 On Neoptolemus that [2] island prince

For

[1] The Thebes here spoken of is not the famous city of that name on the banks of the Nile called Hecatompylæ, from its hundred gates, which some readers may at first sight be induced to suppose from the ancient Geographers having, as Cluverius observes, taken Ægypt into Asia instead of Atrica; but this which stands fourth of the nine Thebeses, enumerated by Stephanus Byzantinus, was a Cilician city of inferior note, where reigned Action the father of Andromache; its destruction by the Grecian arms, Homer has repeatedly mentioned in the Iliad.

[2] Sycros, the place where Neoptolemus was born, a small and inconsiderable island in the Ægean sea (Συκρος νησίον τῆς τ. ver. 209) is here contemptuously alluded to: Achilles being convey'd thither by Thetis, disguised in female apparel, to prevent his going to the

For the reward of his victorious arms
 Bestow'd : selected from the Phrygian spoils.
 'Twixt Phthia and Pharsalia, in these fields,
 I dwell, where Thetis from the haunts of men
 Retreating, with her Peleus erst abode.
 By Theffaly's inhabitants, this spot
 Is from th' auspicious nuptials of that Goddess
 Call'd Thetidæum : here Achilles' son
 Residing, suffers Peleus still to rule
 Pharsalia's land, nor will assume the sceptre
 While lives his aged grandfire. In these walls
 A son, who to th' embraces of my lord
 Achilles' offspring, owes his birth, I bore,
 And tho' I had been wretched, a fond hope
 Still cherish'd, that while yet the boy was safe
 I some protection and relief might find
 In my calamities ; but since my lord
 (Spurning my servile couch) that Spartan dame
 Hermione espoused, with ruthless hate
 By her am I pursued ; for she pretends
 That I, by drugs endued with magic power,
 Administer'd in secret, make her barren
 And odious to her lord, because I wish
 To occupy this mansion in her stead,
 And forcibly to drive her from his couch,
 To which, at first I with reluctance came,
 But now have left it : mighty Jove can witness
 That I became the partner of his bed
 Against my own consent. But she remains
 Deaf to conviction, and attempts to slay me :
 In this design her father Menelaus
 Assists his daughter, he is now within,
 And on such errand left the Spartan realm :
 Fearing his rage, I near the palace take
 My seat, in Thetis' temple, that the Goddess

siege of Troy, had an amour with Deidamia daughter of Lycomedes
 king of the island, the fruit of which was Pyrrhus, (or as Euripides
 constantly calls him) Neoptolemus.

From

From death may save me ; for both Peleus' self,
 And the descendants of that monarch, hold
 This structure rear'd in memory of his wedlock
 With the fair Nereid, in religious awe.
 But hence, in secret, trembling for his life,
 My only child have I convey'd away,
 Because his noble father is not present
 To aid me, and avails not now to guard
 His son, while absent in the Delphic land,
 To expatiate there the rage with which he fought
 The Pythian tripod, and from Phœbus claim'd
 A reparation for his Father's death,
 If haply he can deprecate the curses
 Attendant on his past misdeeds, and make
 The God propitious to his future days.

Female ATTENDANT, ANDROMACHE.

ATTENDANT.

My Queen, for still I scruple not to use
 The same respectful title, which I gave you
 When we in Ilion dwelt ; you and your lord
 While he was living, shar'd my duteous love,
 And now I with important tidings fraught
 To you am come, trembling indeed lest one
 Of our new rulers overhear the tale,
 Yet greatly pitying your disastrous fate ;
 For Menelaus and his Daughter form
 Dire plots against you ; of these foes beware.

HECUBA.

O my dear fellow-servant, (for thou shar'st
 Her bondage who was erst thy Queen, but now
 Is wretched,) ha ! what mean they ? what fresh schemes
 Have they devis'd to take away my life,
 Who am by woes encompass'd ?

ATTENDANT.

They intend,

O miserable dame, to kill your son,
 Whom privately you from this house convey'd.

F 2

HECUBA.

H E C U B A.

Are they inform'd I sent the child away?
 Ah me! who told them? in what utter ruin
 Am I involv'd!

A T T E N D A N T.

I know not; but thus much
 Of their designs I heard; in quest of him
 Is Menelaus from these doors gone forth.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Then I am lost indeed; for, O my child,
 These two relentless vultures mean to seize thee,
 And take away thy life, while he who bears
 A father's name, at Delphi still remains.

A T T E N D A N T.

You had not far'd so ill, I am convinc'd,
 If he were present, but now every friend
 Deserts you.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Is there not a rumor spread
 Of Peleus' coming?

A T T E N D A N T.

He, tho' he were here,
 Is grown too old to aid you.

A N D R O M A C H E.

More than once
 I sent to him.

A T T E N D A N T.

Suppose you that he heeds
 None of your messengers?

A N D R O M A C H E.

What means this question?
 Wilt thou accept such office?

A T T E N D A N T.

What pretext
 To color my long absence from this house
 Shall I allege?

A N D R O

ANDROMACHE.

Full many are the schemes
Which thou, who art a woman, canst devise.

ATTENDANT.

'Twere dangerous: for Hermione is watchful.

ANDROMACHE.

Dost thou perceive the danger, and renounce
Thy friends in their distress?

ATTENDANT.

Not thus: forbear

To brand me with so infamous a charge:
I go; for of small value is the life
(Whate'er befall me) of a female slave.

Exit Attendant.

ANDROMACHE.

Proceed: meanwhile I to the conscious air
Those plaints and bitter wailings will repeat,
On which I ever dwell. For it affords
Delight to women, by severest woes
Opprest, to be perpetually talking
Of what they suffer. But my groans arise
Not from one ill, but many ills: the walls
Of my lov'd country ras'd, my Hector slain,
And that hard Fortune, in whose yoke bound fast,
Thus am I fall'n into th' unseemly state
Of servitude. We never ought to call
Frail mortals happy, at their latest hour
Till we behold them to the shades descend.

ELEGY.

In Helen sure, to Troy's imperial towers
Young Paris wafted no engaging Bride,
But when he led her to those nuptial bowers,
Some Fiend infernal cross'd the billowy tide.
With brandish'd javelin and devouring flame,
For her the Grecian warriors, to thy shore,
Vol. II. F 3 O Ilion,

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VOL. II.

F 3

O Ilion,

O Ilion, in a [3] thousand vessels came,
And drench'd thy smould'ring battlements with gore.

[4] Around the walls, my Hector, once thy boast,
Fix'd to his car was by Achilles borne,

[3] "A fixed number for an uncertain: for Homer states the
"navy of the Greeks as consisting of 1186 ships; Plutarch calls
"them 1200; the Scholiast 1170: in other writers more variations
"occur. But the Poets usually accord in the number of one thou-
"sand, as Euripides in both the Iphigenias, Rhesus and Electra;
"Lycophron, v. 210.

Ο χιλιαρχος τε πολυραιστη στρατη.

Led in a thousand ships that vengeful host.

Virgil, *Æn.* L. 2. v. 197.

"Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles

"Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

"What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater Son,

"A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done. DRYDEN.

"Ovid *Met.* L. 12, v. 6.

"Conjuratæque sequuntur

"Mille rates.

"A thousand ships were mann'd to sail the sea. DRYDEN.

"Danaum Euboico littore mille rates.

PROPERT. L. 2. El. 26. v. 38.

In one vast fleet, a thousand ships, the boast
Of Greece, assembled near Eubœa's coast.

"Rex ille regum, ductor Agamemnon ducum,

"Cujus secutæ mille vexillum rates. Seneca, *Ag.* v. 39.

That king of kings, of mighty chiefs that chief

Illustrious Agamemnon, who display'd

His banners, follow'd by a thousand ships.

"Æschylus too in his *Agamemnon*, v. 45.

"στολον Αργείων χιλιοναυταν.

"A thousand ships, the Argive fleet." Potter. BARNES.

[4] Here the Scholiast with propriety observes that Euripides
"exceeds the history in saying that Hector was dragged around the
"walls; for Homer mentions no such thing, but says he was
"dragged from the walls to the ships (nor yet thrice round the
"funeral pyre of Patroclus, as the Scholiast asserts), Virgil there-
"fore hath also committed an error when he sings,

Æn. l. 1. v. 488.

"Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros.

"Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew

"The corps of Hector, whom in fight he slew. Dryden.

"but the mistake arose from hence, that Hector, while living, is
"said by Homer to have gone thrice round the walls of Troy in
"his flight from Achilles." BARNES.

And from my chamber hurried to the coast
 I veil'd my head in servitude forlorn.
 Much wept these streaming eyes, when in the dust
 My City, Palace, Husband, prostrate lay.
 Subject to fierce Hermione's disgust,
 Why should I still behold the hated day?
 Harraſs'd with insults from that haughty dame,
 Round Thetis' bust my suppliant arms I fling,
 And here with gushing tears bewail my shame,
 As from the rock bursts forth the living spring.

CHORUS, ANDROMACHE.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

O thou, who, seated in this holy space,
 Hast Thetis' temple thy asylum made,
 Tho' Phthia gave me birth, to aid
 Thee, hapless Dame of Asiatic race,
 I hither come; would I from direful harms
 Could guard, could heal the strife
 Twixt thee and that indignant Wife
 Hermione, whom ruthless discord arms
 To punish thee the rival of her charms,
 A captive, to the genial bed,
 Who by Achilles' son wert led.

I. 2.

Aware of fate, th' impending evil weigh,
 A helpless Phrygian nymph, thou striv'st in vain
 'Gainst her of Sparta's proud domain:
 Cease, to this sea-born Goddess, cease to pray,
 And at her blazing shrine no longer stay:
 For how can it avail
 To thee with hopeless sorrow pale
 To suffer all thy beauties to decay,
 Because thy rulers with oppression sway?
 Thou to superior might must bend.
 Why, feeble as thou art, contend?

F 4

II. 1.

II. 1.

Yet hasten from the Nereid's lofty seat,
 Consider that thou tread'st a foreign plain,
 And that these hostile walls detain
 In strictest bondage thy reluctant feet,
 Here none of all those friends, that numerous band,
 Who shar'd thy greatness, is at hand,
 To cheer thee in these days of shame,
 O wretched, wretched Dame.

II. 2.

A miserable matron thou art come
 From Troy to our abodes, unwilling guest;
 Tho' mine the sympathizing breast,
 Yet I thro' reverence to our lords am dumb,
 Lest she, who springs from Helen, Child of Jove,
 Should be a witness of that love,
 Which I to thee whose griefs I share,
 Impell'd by pity bear.

HERMIONE, ANDROMACHE, CHORUS.

H E R M I O N E.

The gorgeous ornaments of gold, these brows
 Encircling, and the tissued robes I wear,
 I from Achilles', or from Peleus' stores,
 As chosen presents when I hither came,
 Receiv'd not, but from Sparta's realm, these gifts
 My Father Menelaus hath bestow'd
 With a large dower, that I might freely speak.
 Such is the answer which to you I make,
 O Phthian Dames. But thou, who art a slave
 And captive, would'st in these abodes usurp
 Dominion, and expell me; to my Lord
 Thy drugs have made me odious, hence ensues
 My barrenness: the Asiatic Dames,
 For these abhorr'd devices are renown'd;
 But thee will I subdue, nor shall this dome
 Of the immortal Nereid, nor her altar
 Or temple save thee from impending death,

If

If either man or God should be dispos'd
 To rescue thee, 'twere fit, that to atone
 For the proud thoughts thou in thy happier days
 Didst nourish, thou should'st tremble, at my knees
 Fall low, and sweep the pavement of my house,
 Sprinkling the waters from a golden urn.
 Know where thou art: no Hector governs here,
 No Phrygian Priam doth this sceptre wield;
 This is no [5] Chrysa, but a Grecian city.
 Yet thou, O wretched woman, art arriv'd
 At such a pitch of madness, that thou dar'st
 To sleep e'en with the Son of him who slew
 Thy Husband, and a brood of children bear
 To him whose hands yet reek with Phrygian gore,
 Such is the whole abhorr'd Barbarian race;
 The Father with his Daughter, the vile Son
 With his own Mother, with her Brother too
 The Sister, sons, friends by their dearest friends
 Are murder'd; deeds like these no wholesome law
 Prohibits: introduce not among us
 Such crimes, for 'tis unseemly that one man
 Should rule two women: the fond youth who seeks
 Domestic harmony, confines his love
 To one fair partner of the genial bed.

C H O R U S.

The female sex are envious, and pursue
 With an incessant hatred those who share
 Their nuptial joys.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Alas! impetuous youth

[5] The conjectural alteration of χρυσή "the city Chrysa," instead of χρυσός "gold," suggested first by Peritus in his miscellaneous observations, and afterwards adopted by Barnes, appears to me so manifest an improvement, that I have not scrupled to avail myself of it, though Dr. Masgrave has in his edition rejected it as unnecessary, and Markland and Brunck read instead of ἐν χρυσῇ, Ο Ζαχρυσός, auri dives ille Priamus, which seems to be as mere a conjecture as the former, but a much less happy one.

Proves

Proves baleful to mankind, and there are none
Who act with justice in their blooming years.
But what I dread is this, lest slavery curb
My tongue, tho' I have many truths to utter:
In this dispute with you, if I prevail,
That very triumph may become my bane:
For those of haughty spirits ill endure
The most prevailing arguments when urg'd
By their inferiors. Yet my better cause
I will not thus betray. Say, youthful Princess,
What reasons of irrefragable force
Enable me to drive you from the couch
Of your own lawful husband? to the Phrygians
Is Sparta grown inferior, and hath Fortune
On us conferr'd the palm? do you behold me
Still free? elate with youth, a vigorous frame,
The wide extent of empire I possess,
And number of my friends, am I desirous
To occupy these mansions in your stead,
That in your stead I might bring forth a race
Of slaves, th' appendages of my distress?
Will any one endure (if you produce
No children) that my Sons should be the Kings
Of Phthia?—the Greeks love me for the sake
Of Hector, I too was forsooth obscure,
And not a Queen, in Troy. Your Husband's hate,
Not from my drugs, but from your soul unsuited,
For social converse, springs: there is a philtre
To gain his love. Not beauty, but the virtues,
O woman, to the partners of our bed
Afford delight. But if it sting your pride
That Sparta's a vast city, while you treat
Scyros with scorn, amidst the poor display
Your riches, and of Menelaus speak
As greater than Achilles; hence your Lord
Abhors you. For a woman, tho' bestow'd
On a vile mate, should learn to yield, nor strive

For

For the pre-eminence. In [6] Thrace o'erspread
 With snow, if you were wedded to a king,
 Who to his bed takes many various Dames,
 Would you have slain them? you would cast disgrace
 On your whole sex by such unfated lust;
 Base were the deed: for tho' our souls are warm'd
 With more intense desires than those of men,
 We modestly conceal them. For thy sake
 I, O my dearest Hector, lov'd the objects
 Of thy affections, whene'er Venus' wiles
 Caus'd thee to err, and at my breast full oft
 Nourish'd thy spurious [7] children, that in nought
 Thy joys I might embitter: acting thus
 I won him by my virtues. But you tremble
 E'en if the drops of Heaven's transparent dew
 Rest on your Husband. Strive not to transcend
 Your Mother in a wild excess of love,
 O woman. For the children, if endu'd
 With reason, such examples should avoid
 Of those who bore them, as corrupt the soul.

C H O R U S.

As far as possible, O Queen, comply
 With my advice, and in mild terms accost her.

H E R M I O N E.

What mean'st thou by this arrogance of speech,
 This vain debate, as if thou still wert chaste,
 And I had stray'd from virtue's path?

[6] "On the manners of the Thracians, see Herodotus, Strabo,
 "and Pomponius Mela. These authors relate that the inhabitants
 "of that country were wont to marry from three to twelve or even
 "more wives, if they had fortunes sufficient for their support.
 "From the notes of Gaspar Stiblinus, See Ino, v. 18—25."

BARNES.

[7] "Some represent this assertion as unauthorized by history,
 "and contend that Hector is not recorded to have had a son by any
 "other woman: but they who hold this language are inconsiderate,
 "for Anaxicrates in the second of his Argolics mentions a spu-
 "rious son of Hector being taken when Troy was sack'd and pe-
 "rishing, and says that two others escap'd, one of whom, Sca-
 "mandrius, went and settled at Tanais." SCHOLIAST.

A N D R O-

A N D R O M A C H E.

The words
You have been using, now at least are void
Of modesty.

H E R M I O N E.

O woman, may this breast
Harbor no soul like thine.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Tho' bashful youth
Glow on your cheek, indecent is your language.

H E R M I O N E.

Thou by thy actions more than by thy words
Hast prov'd the malice which to me thou bear'st:

A N D R O M A C H E.

Why will you not conceal th' inglorious pangs
Of jealous love?

H E R M I O N E.

What woman but resents
Such wrongs, and deems them great?

A N D R O M A C H E.

The use some make
Of these misfortunes adds to their renown:
But shame waits those who are devoid of wisdom.

H E R M I O N E.

We dwell not in a city where prevail
Barbarian laws.

A N D R O M A C H E.

In Phrygia or in Greece
Base actions are with infamy attended.

H E R M I O N E.

Tho' most expert in every subtle art,
Yet die thou must.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Behold you Thetis' image
Turning its eyes on you?

H E R -

HERMIONE.

She loaths thy country
Where her Achilles treacherously was slain.

ANDROMACHE.

Your Mother Helen caus'd his death, not I.

HERMIONE.

Would'st thou retrace still farther the sad tale
Of our misfortunes?

ANDROMACHE.

I restrain my tongue.

HERMIONE.

Speak to me now on that affair which caus'd
My coming hither.

ANDROMACHE.

All I say is this;
You have not so much wisdom as you need.

HERMIONE.

From this pure temple of the sea-born Goddess
Wilt thou depart?

ANDROMACHE.

[8] Not while I live: you first
Must slay, then drag me hence,

HERMIONE.

I am resolv'd
How to proceed, and wait my Lord's return
No longer.

ANDROMACHE.

Nor will I before he come
Surrender up myself.

[8] I have endeavoured to render the meaning, though not the exact words of this line, conformably to the reading of *Ε, μιν* *δανμαι γ*, &c. the preceding editions instead of *μιν* read *μν* here as well as in the latter part of the verse: but Brunck cites for his authority the royal manuscripts at Paris, and says that the person who collated them for Dr. Musgrave had a very defective eye-sight: the Lascaris and Aldus editions both read *μν*, but the construction of Brunck seems less embarrassed.

H E R-

HERMIONE.

With flaming brands
Hence will I drive thee, and no deference pay
To thy entreaties.

ANDROMACHE.

Kindle them; the Gods
Will view the deed.

HERMIONE.

The scourge too is prepar'd.

ANDROMACHE.

Transpierce this bosom, deluge with my gore
The altar of the Goddess, you by her
Shall be at length o'ertaken.

HERMIONE.

From thy cradle,
Train'd up and harden'd in Barbarian pride,
Canst thou endure to die? from this asylum
Soon will I rouse thee by thy own consent,
I with such baits am furnish'd, but conceal
My purpose, which th' event itself ere long
Will make conspicuous. Keep a steady seat,
For tho' by molten lead thou wert enclos'd
Hence would I rouse thee, ere Achilles' son,
Whom thou confid'st in, to this land return.
Exit Hermione.

ANDROMACHE.

In him I place my still unshaken trust.
Yet is it strange that the celestial Powers,
To heal the serpent's venom, have assign'd
Expedients, but no remedy devis'd
Against an evil woman who surpasses
Or vipers' stings or the consuming flame:
Thus baleful is our influence on mankind.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. I.

The winged son of Maia and of Jove

To many sorrowful events gave birth,
 And scatter'd discord o'er the bleeding earth,
 When he thro' sacred Ida's piny grove
 Guided the car of three immortal Dames,
 (The golden prize of beauty to obtain,
 In hateful strife engag'd, who urg'd their claims;)
 To where in his mean hut abode a lonely Swain.

I. 2.

No sooner had they reach'd the destin'd bower,
 Than in the limpid spring her snowy frame
 Each Goddess lav'd; to Priam's Son then came
 With artful speeches of such winning power
 As might beguile the rash and amorous boy:
 Venus prevail'd; her words, tho' sweet their sound,
 Prov'd of destructive consequence to Troy,
 Whose stately bulwark shence level'd with the ground.

II. 1.

When new-born Paris first beheld the light,
 Would that his Mother, o'er her head, this brand
 Ordain'd by Heaven to fire his native land,
 Had cast, before he dwelt on Ida's height.
 Unheeded from the bay's prophetic shade
 Exclaim'd Cassandra, "let the child be slain;
 "Kill him, or Priam's empire is betray'd."
 Frantic she rav'd and su'd to every Prince in vain.

II. 2.

Deaf was each Prince, or Ilion ne'er had felt
 The servile yoke, nor hadst thou, hapless fair,
 Beneath these roofs, encompass'd by despair,
 And subject to a rigid master, dwelt.
 O had he died, the fated toil of Greece,
 That stubborn war thro' ten revolving years,
 Had rous'd no Heroes from the lap of peace,
 Nor caus'd the Widow's shrieks, the hoary Father's tears.

MENE LAUS, MOLOSSUS, ANDRO-
 MACHE, CHORUS.

MENE LAUS.

Your Son I hither bring, whom from this fane
With

With secrecy, you to another house,
 Without my Daughter's knowledge, had remov'd.
 You boasted that this image of the Goddess
 To you, and those who hid him, would afford
 A sure asylum: but your deep-laid craft,
 O Woman, cannot baffle Menelaus.
 If you depart not hence, he in your stead
 Shall be the victim; therefore well revolve
 Th' important question; had you rather die,
 Or, with his streaming gore, let him atone
 The foul offence 'gainst me and 'gainst my Daughter
 By you committed?

A N D R O M A C H E.

Thou, O vain opinion,
 Hast with renown puff'd up full many men
 Who were of no account. I deem those blest
 On whom with truth such honors are bestow'd:
 But them who by fallacious means obtain it
 I hold unworthy of possessing fame,
 When all their seeming wisdom but arises
 From Fortune's gifts. Thou with the bravest chiefs
 Of Greece, from Priam erst didst wrest his Troy;
 E'en thou who art so mean as to inspire
 Thy Daughter with resentment 'gainst a child,
 And strive with me a miserable captive:
 Unworthy of thy conquest over Troy
 Thee do I hold, and Troy yet more disgrac'd
 By such a victor. Some indeed there are
 To all appearance upright, who awhile
 Outwardly glitter, though they in their hearts
 Are on a level with the worthless bulk
 Of mortals, and superior but in wealth
 Whose power is great. This conference let us end,
 O Menelaus, be it now suppos'd
 I by thy Daughter am already slain:
 'Twill be impossible for her to scape
 From the pollution ruthless murder brings;

Thou too by many tongues wilt be accus'd
 Of this vile deed; with her will they confound
 Thee the abettor. But if I preserve
 My life, are ye resolv'd to slay my Son?
 How will the Father tamely bear the death
 Of his lov'd offspring? he was not esteem'd
 At Troy so void of courage. He is gone
 Whither his duty calls. Soon will the chief
 Act worthy of the race from which he springs,
 The hoary Peleus, and his dauntless Sire
 Achilles, he thy Daughter will cast forth
 From these abodes: and, when thou to another
 In marriage giv'st her, what hast thou to say
 On her behalf? "that from a worthless Lord
 "Her wisdom drove her?" This would be a falshood
 Too gross. But who will wed her? till grown grey
 In widowhood, shall she beneath thy roofs
 Fix her loath'd residence? O wretched Man,
 The rising conflux of unnumber'd woes
 Behold'st thou not? hadst thou not rather find
 Thy Daughter wrong'd by concubines, than suffering
 Th' indignities I speak of? we from trifles
 Such grievous mischiefs ought not to create;
 Nor if we women are a deadly bane,
 To the degenerate nature of our sex
 Should men conform. If I, have to thy Daughter
 Administer'd pernicious drugs, and been,
 As she pretends, the cause of her abortion,
 Immediately will I without reluctance,
 And without groveling at this altar's base,
 To any rigid punishment submit
 Inflicted by thy Son-in-law, from whom
 I surely merit as severe revenge
 For having made him childless. Such am I:
 But in thy temper I perceive one cause
 Of just alarm, since in that luckless strife
 About a woman, and a vile one too,
 Thou the fam'd Phrygian city didst destroy.

C H O R U S.

Too freely hast thou spoken, in a tone
Which ill becomes thy sex, and that high soul
The bounds of wisdom hath o'erleap'd.

M E N E L A U S.

O woman,

So small an object, as you rightly judge,
Deserves not the attention of my realm,
Nor that of Greece. But learn this obvious truth;
Whate'er a man pursues, because he needs,
Is of more worth to him than taking Troy.
My Daughter I assist, because I deem it
A wrong of great importance should she lose
Her bridal rights: for every woman looks
On all beside as secondary ills;
But if she from her Husband's arms be torn,
Seems rest of life itself. That Phthia's Prince
My servants should direct, and his obey
Both me and mine, is fitting: for true friends
Have no distinct possessions, but in common
Hold all things. While I wait for the return
Of her long absent Lord, should I neglect
My Daughter's interests, I were weak, not wise.
But leave this shrine of Thetis: for the child
Shall, if you die, escape; but if your life
You yield not up, him will I slay; for fate
Requires that one must bleed.

A N D R O M A C H E.

To me, alas!

A strange distinction, an unwelcome choice
Hast thou propos'd; for whether such an option
I make or make not, I am wretched still.
O thou, who by a trifling wrong provok'd,
Committ'st great crimes, attend: for what offence
Would'st thou bereave me of my life? what city
Have I betray'd? what child of thine destroy'd?
What mansion fir'd? I to my master's bed

By

By force was dragg'd : yet me alone, not him
 The author of that crime, thou mean'st to slay.
 Thou the first cause o'erlook'st, and on th' effect
 Which it produces, vent'st thy rage. What woes
 Encompass wretched me ! alas, my country !
 How dreadful are the wrongs which I endure !
 But wherefore was I doom'd to bear a child,
 And to the burden under which I groan
 Add a new burden ? [9] what delight can life
 To me afford ? or on what fortunes present
 Or past, ought I to look, who saw the corse
 Of slaughter'd Hector at the victor's car
 Whirl'd round the walls, and wretched Troy a heap
 Of blazing ruins ? I meantime a slave
 By my dishevell'd hair was dragg'd aboard
 The Argive navy ; after that I came
 To Phthia, and with those who slew my Hector
 Cohabited : but wherefore waste my plaints
 On those calamities, without deploring
 Or taking a due estimate of those
 Which now impend : I had this only son
 My life's last comfort left, and they who take
 Delight in deeds of cruelty, would slay him ;
 Yet to preserve my miserable life
 He shall not perish ; for auspicious hopes,
 Could he be saved, his future days attend :
 But if I died not for my Son, reproach
 Would be my portion. Lo ! I leave the altar
 And now am in thy hands, stab, slay me, bind,
 Strain hard the deadly noose. My Son, thy Mother,
 To rescue thee from an untimely grave,
 Descends the shades beneath ; if thou escape
 The ruthless grasp of fate, remember me
 How miserably I suffer'd ; and with kisses,
 At his return, when thou goest forth to meet
 Thy Father, when a flood of tears thou shedd'st,

[9] The transposition I have here adopted, is made use of by Dr. Musgrave in his edition, in conformity to the order of citation observed by the Scholiast ; and seems to be a considerable improvement to the connection.

And cling'ft around him with thofe pliant arms,
 Inform him how I acted. All men hold
 Their children dear as life; but he who fcorns them
 Becaufe he ne'er experienc'd what it is
 To be a Father, tho' with fewer griefs
 Attended, but enjoys imperfect blifs.

Rifes, and advances from the altar.

C H O R U S.

I with compaffion to this moving tale
 Have liften'd; for diftrefs, to all mankind,
 Tho' ftrangers, muft feem piteous: but on thee,
 O Menelaus, 'tis incumbent now
 To reconcile thy Daughter, and this Captive,
 That fhe may from her sorrows be releas'd.

M E N E L A U S.

Seize her, and bind her hands; for fhe fhall hear
 No pleafing language: I propos'd to flay
 Your Son, that you might leave that hallow'd altar
 Of Thetis, and thus craftily induc'd you
 'To fall into my hands, and meet your death;
 Be well affured, fuch is the prefent ftate
 Of your affairs: as for that Boy, on him
 My Daughter fhall pafs judgement, or to kill,
 Or fpare him: but now enter thefe abodes,
 That you may learn, flave as you are, to treat
 Thofe who are free no longer with difdain.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Thou haft o'erreach'd me by thy treacherous arts;
 Alas! I am betray'd.

M E N E L A U S.

Proclaim thefe tidings
 To all men; for I fhall not contradict them.

A N D R O M A C H E.

By thofe who dwell befide Eurotas' ftream
 Are fuch bafe frauds call'd wifdom?

M E N E L A U S.

Both at Troy
 And

And there, 'tis just the injur'd should retaliate.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Believ'st thou that the Gods are Gods no longer,
Nor wield the bolt of vengeance?

M E N E L A U S.

We must look

To that: but you shall die.

A N D R O M A C H E.

And wilt thou seize

This unfledg'd bird, to slay him?

M E N E L A U S.

No, I will not,

But give him to my Daughter, who must act
As she thinks fit?

A N D R O M A C H E.

Then how alas, my Son,

Can I sufficiently bewail thy fate?

M E N E L A U S.

"Him," 'twas but now with arrogance you said,
"Auspicious hopes attend.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Ye worst of foes

To all mankind, inhabitants of Sparta!
Expert in [10] treacherous counsels, still devising
New falsehoods, curst artificers of mischief,
Your paths are crooked, yet tho' void of worth,
Thro' Greece by circumspection ye uphold
An undeserved preeminence. What crimes,
What murders, what a thirst for abject gain
Characterise your realm! with specious tongue
Uttering a language foreign to your heart,
Are ye not ever caught? perdition seize you!
Death is less grievous than thou deem'st, to me

[10] "The Poet seems here to have in view the great cruelty
"of the Spartans to the Plataeans, whom they slew to a man, after
"they had voluntarily surrendered themselves: in regard to which
"see Thucydides, L. 3, on the fifth year of the Peloponnesian war."

BARNES,

Who date my utter ruin from that hour
 When Ilion's wretched city was involv'd
 In the same fate with my illustrious lord,
 Whose spear oft drove thee trembling from the field
 Into thy ships : but now against his Wife
 A formidable warrior art thou come
 To murder me : strike, for this coward tongue
 Shall never leave thine and thy daughters shame
 Unpublish'd. If in Sparta thou art great,
 So was I erst in Ilion ; but exult not
 In my disasters, for on thee ere long
 The same reverse of fortune may attend.

C H O R U S.

O D E

I. 1.

Two rival Consorts ne'er can I approve,
 Or Sons, the source of strife, their birth who owe
 To different Mothers ; hence connubial love
 Is banish'd, and the mansion teems with woe.
 One blooming nymph let cautious Husbands wed,
 And share with her alone an unpolluted bed.

I. 2.

No prudent city, no well-govern'd state,
 More than a single [11] Potentate will own ;

Their

[11] The northern provinces of Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, are distinguished by the geographers from "Greece properly so called," and represented by ancient writers as less attached to liberty, and inured to live under kingly government for a long series of ages. See Cellarius L. 2. c. 13. S. 195. Strabo speaks of the Thessalians as descended, according to ancient tradition, from Jason and Medea ; the Poets have accordingly represented fraud and sorcery as two of their principal characteristics. According to Eustathius on Homer v. 1. p. 331. ed. Romæ, the term Θεσσαλὸν σφισμα, made use of by Euripides in his Tragedy of the Phœnician Virgins, became afterwards proverbial ; and

"Full many false Thessalians were at hand,"
 is the literal translation of a line preserved by the Scholiast on that passage, and inserted by Dr. Musgrave as the 194th of his Fragmenta Incerta. From the Comic Aristophanes, the inveterate ene-

my

Their subjects droop beneath the grievous weight
 When two bear rule, and discord shakes the throne;
 And if two Bards awake their sounding lyres
 E'en the harmonious Muse a cruel strife inspires.

II. 1.

To aid the bark, when prosperous gales arise,
 Two jarring Pilots shall misguide the helm:
 Weak is a multitude where all are wise,
 One simpler Monarch could have sav'd the realm.
 Let a sole Chief the house or empire sway,
 And all who hope for bliss their Lord's behests obey.

II. 2.

This truth hath Menelaus' Daughter shewn,
 Furious she comes the victim to destroy;
 And, that their blood may nuptial wrongs atone,
 The Phrygian captive, and that hapless boy,
 With impious rage unjust would cause to bleed;
 May pity, awful Queen, thy lifted arm impede!
 But I before these doors behold the pair

my of Euripides, the Thessalians have by no means experienced milder treatment, being branded in his *Plutus* with the charge of carrying on that most infamous of all merchandizes, the slave trade. These Phthian dames, who form the Chorus, are indeed here represented as possessing in an high degree the softer virtues of their sex, pitying the captive Andromache, and expressing their earnest wishes to relieve her distress: but, when their notions in regard to the most eligible form of government are totally opposite to those which the Poet in the next Tragedy of the Suppliants has put into the mouth of Theseus, it is impossible to hesitate for a moment in determining whether it was the intention of Euripides to convey to his readers what he considered as the genuine maxims of political wisdom, under the character of an illustrious Hero, the ruler of his native Athens, which he on all occasions extols to the skies; or these Thessalian females, born in a land which he and his contemporary writers represent as more than half immersed in barbarism, and who must, in whatever point of view we take them, be considered as little acquainted with the science of governing a state, both from the reclus life to which their whole sex was in those days confined, and from their being only the menial attendants of a Princess, but not graced themselves with that hereditary rank which, in the opening of their next ode, they consider as the supreme bliss of mortals.

On whom the fatal sentence now is past.
 Thou wretched Dame, and wretched child who diest
 Because thy Mother to a foreign bed
 By force was dragg'd, in her imputed guilt
 Thou wert not an accomplice, thou thy Lords
 Hast not offended.

A N D R O M A C H E.

To the realms beneath
 Lo I am hurried, with these bloody hands
 Fast bound in galling chains.

M O L O S S U S.

I too, O Mother,
 Under thy wing, to those loath'd shades descend
 A ready victim. O ye mighty rulers
 Of Phthia's land, and thou my Fathe, come
 To succour those thou lov'st.

A N D R O M A C H E.

O my dear Child,
 Cling to thy Mother's bosom, thus united,
 Together let us die.

M O L O S S U S.

Ah me! how grievous
 My sufferings are! too clearly I perceive
 That I, and thou my Mother, both are wretched,

M E N E L A U S.

Go both together to th' infernal realm:
 For ye from hostile turrets hither came.
 Although the cause why you and he must bleed
 Is not the same; my sentence takes away
 Your life, and my Hermione's your Son's.
 The highest folly were it to permit
 A foe to live and vex us, whom with ease
 We might dispatch, and from our house remove
 Such danger.

A N D R O M A C H E.

O my Husband, would to Heaven
 I had

I had thy arm to aid me ; and thy Spear,
Thou Son of Priam.

M O L O S S U S.

Wretched me ! what charm
Can I devise t' avert impending fate ?

A N D R O M A C H E.

My Son, implore the mercy of our Lord
Clasping his knees.

M O L O S S U S.

Dear Monarch, spare my life.

A N D R O M A C H E.

Tears from these eyes burst forth like trickling drops
By the Sun's heat forc'd from a solid rock,
Wretch that I am !

M O L O S S U S.

What remedy, alas !
For these dire evils can my soul devise ?

M E N E L A U S.

Why dost thou idly grovel at my feet
With fruitless supplications, while I stand
Firm as a rock, or as th' unpitying wave ?
Such conduct serves my interests : no affection
To thee I bear, because my morn of life
Was wasted in the conflict, ere I took
Troy and thy Mother, whose society
Thou in the realms of Pluto shalt enjoy.

PELEUS, MENELAUS, ANDROMACHE,
MOLOSSUS, CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Peleus, I see, draws near, his aged feet
With eager haste advancing.

P E L E U S.

You, and him
Who stands presiding o'er a murderous deed,
What means this uproar that disturbs the house,
I question, and what practices are these

Ye carry on unauthoriz'd by law?
 O Menelaus, stay thy furious hand,
 And let not execution thus outstrip
 All righteous judgement. O my friends, lead on;
 For such a dread emergency appears
 T' admit of no delay. Could I regain
 That youthful vigor which I erst enjoy'd,
 As prosperous breezes aid the floating sails,
 This captive would I favor. Say, what right,
 Have they to bind your hands, and drag along
 You and your Son? for like the bleating Mother,
 Led forth to slaughter with her lamb, you perish,
 While I and your unweeting Lord are absent,

A N D R O M A C H E.

They, as thou see'st, O venerable Man,
 Me and my Son thus bear to instant death.
 What shall I say to thee, whom I with speed
 Not by one single messenger but thousands
 Have sent for? sure thou, of the fatal strife
 In these divided mansions, with his Daughter,
 To which I owe my ruin, must have heard:
 And from the violated shrine of Thetis,
 Who bore to thee a noble Son, the Goddess
 Whom thou rever'st, e'en now with brutal force
 Me have they torn, nor judg'd my cause, nor wait
 For absent Neoptolemus, but, knowing
 That I and that this Child who hath committed
 No fault, are left alone and unprotected,
 Would slay us both. But, O thou aged man,
 Thus prostrate on my knees, to thee I sue,
 And, though this hand must not presume to touch
 Thy honour'd beard, conjure thee by the Gods,
 Rescue us, or to thy eternal shame
 Both he and I must miserably bleed.

P E L E U S.

My orders are that you those galling chains
 Unbind and loose her hands, else will I make
 The disobedient weep.

M E N E-

M E N E L A U S.

But I, your equal,
Who have much more authority o'er her,
Forbid them.

P E L E U S.

Com'st thou hither to direct
My household? is it not enough for thee
To rule thy Spartans?

M E N E L A U S.

Her I took at Troy.

P E L E U S.

She, to reward his valor, was bestow'd
Upon my grandson.

M E N E L A U S.

Doth not all he owns,
To me, and what is mine, to him belong?

P E L E U S.

For honest purposes, but not for crimes
And murderous violence.

M E N E L A U S.

You ne'er shall take her
Out of my hands.

P E L E U S.

Thy head I with this sceptre
Will smite.

M E N E L A U S.

Draw near; if you presume to touch me,
Soon shall you rue such outrage.

P E L E U S.

O thou villain,
Sprung from a race of impious Sires, what right
To be accounted an illustrious man,
And number'd with the truly brave, hast thou,
Who by a Phrygian wanderer wert depriv'd
Of thy fair Consort, after thou hadst left
Thy house unbarr'd and destitute of guards,

As

As if thou in thy mansions hadst possess'd
A virtuous Dame, though she of all her sex
Was the most dissolute? nor if she would
Can any Spartan nymph be chaste? for wandering
From their own homes, distinguish'd by bare legs,
And zoneless vest, they with young men contend
In swiftness and in wrestling; I, such customs,
Hold in abhorrence. Is there any room
For wonder if the women prove unchaste
Whom thus ye educate? thy Helen ought
To have propos'd these questions, ere she left
Her native realm, regardless of thy love,
And by that youthful paramour seduc'd,
Wantonly fled into a foreign land.
Yet for her sake didst thou that numerous host
Of Greeks collect, and lead them to assail
The Phrygian ramparts. Thou that beauteous Dame
Should'st rather have despis'd, nor in her cause
Wielded the javelin, when thou found'st her worthless,
But suffer'd her in Ilion to remain,
And sent rich gifts to Paris on these terms,
That to thy house she never should return.
But thou, instead of suffering these just motives
To make their due impression on thy soul,
Full many valiant warriors hast destroy'd,
Made th' aged Matron childless, and depriv'd
Of his illustrious sons the hoary Sire.
Number'd with those who owe to thee thy ruin
Am wretched I: for like some evil Genius
In thee do these indignant eyes behold
The murderer of Achilles: thou alone,
Save by the missile shaft, unwounded cam'st
From Ilion's hostile shores; in burnish'd chests
Didst thou bear thither the same glittering arms
Which thou bear'st back again. Before he wedded,
I warn'd my grandson to form no connection
With thee, nor into these abodes admit
The brood of that Adulteress; for the Daughters
Their

Their Mother emulate in deeds of shame.
 Look well to this, ye Suitors, and select
 The Damsel with maternal worth endu'd.
 Then with what scorn didst thou thy Brother treat
 Commanding him 'gainst reason to transgress,
 And sacrifice his Daughter. Thou such fears,
 Lest thou that execrable Wife should'st lose,
 Didst entertain. When thou hadst taken Troy,
 This too I urge against thee, though thou hadst
 Thy Consort in thy power, thou didst not slay her,
 But when her throbbing bosom thou beheld'st,
 Didst cast away thy sword, receive her kisses,
 And sooth the fears of her who had betray'd thee.
 O worthless miscreant, whom the Cyprian Queen
 Hath thus debas'd ! thou after this intrud'st
 Into my Grandson's palace, in his absence
 Committ'st these outrages, and basely slay'st
 A miserable Woman, and her Child,
 Thee and thy Daughter who shall cause to weep
 Though trebly illegitimate his birth.
 Oft' the parch'd heath, when duly till'd, exceeds
 The richest soil, and greater instances
 Of virtue are in many a bastard found
 Than in the lawfully begotten race.
 But take thy Daughter hence. Far better is it
 To form affinity and strictest friendship
 With a poor man of worth, than him who joins
 Iniquity with wealth : but as for thee,
 Thou art a thing of nought.

C H O R U S.

Among mankind,
 Oft' from a small beginning doth the tongue
 Great strife occasion : but the wise beware
 Of entering on a contest with their friend.

M E N E L A U S.

Why do we speak in such exalted terms
 Of aged men, as if they were endued

With

With wisdom, tho' in former days suppos'd
 By the whole Grecian race to judge aright?
 When you, O Peleus, who derive your birth
 From an illustrious Sire, and with my house
 So nearly are connected, hold a language
 Disgraceful to yourself, and slander me,
 For a Barbarian Dame, whom from this land
 You ought to banish far beyond the Nile,
 Beyond the Phasis, and applaud my vengeance ;
 Because she comes from Asiatic shores,
 Where many valiant Grecian chiefs lie slain,
 And hath in part been guilty of the blood
 Of your fam'd Son ; for Paris, by whose shaft,
 Transpierc'd, Achilles perish'd, was the Brother,
 And she the Wife of Hector : yet you enter
 The same abode with her, the genial board
 With her partake, allow her to bring forth
 Under your roofs an execrable brood.
 These mischiefs both to you and me, old man,
 Foreseeing, have I snatch'd her from your hands
 With a design to kill her. But, O say,
 (For there is nought of meanness in our holding
 This conference), if my Daughter bear no child,
 And she have Sons, will you appoint them Lords
 Of this your Phthian land? shall they who spring
 From a Barbarian race, o'er Greeks bear rule?
 Am I, because I hate injustice, void
 Of understanding, and are you discreet?
 Reflect on this ; had you bestow'd your Daughter
 On any citizen, were she thus treated,
 Would you sit down and bear her wrongs in silence?
 I deem you would not. Why then with such harshness
 Speak you in favor of a foreign Dame
 Against your nearest friends? as great a right
 To vengeance as her Husband, hath the Wife
 Whom her Lord injures : for while he whose doors
 An unchaste Consort enters, in his hands
 Hath power to right himself, a woman's strength
Lies

Lies only in her parents and her friends.
 My Daughter, therefore, am I bound to aid.
 You shew the marks of age : for while you talk
 Of that fam'd war I wag'd, you more befriend me
 Than if you had been silent. Deep in woe
 Was Helen plung'd, not by her own consent
 But by the Gods: and this event hath prov'd
 To Greece most advantageous, for its Sons,
 Who knew not how till then to wield the spear,
 Grew valiant. From Experience, best of tutors,
 Men gather all the knowlege they possess.
 But when I saw my Consort, in forbearing
 To take away her life, I acted wisely :
 And would that you had done like me, nor slain
 Your Brother [12] Phocus ; this to you I speak
 Through mere benevolence, and not in wrath :
 But if resentment o'er your soul usurp
 An empire, such intemperance of the tongue
 Will be in you more shameful, while my wishes
 I by a prudent forethought shall attain.

C H O R U S.

Now both desist (for this were better far)
 From such unprofitable strife of words,
 Or ye will both offend.

P E L E U S.

Ah me ! through Greece
 What mischievous [13] opinions have prevail'd !

[12] " Telamon and Peleus having invited their Brother to some
 " games, when it came to Peleus' turn to throw the quoit, he pur-
 " posely struck Phocus with it, and killed him. He is said to have
 " committed this crime at the sollicitation of his Mother, for he
 " and Telamon sprung from a Daughter of Sciron, and Phocus from
 " a sister of Thetis, if the Greek writers are to be credited. As
 " soon as the murder was perpetrated, the Brothers both fled, and
 " had sentence of banishment passed on them by their father
 " Æacus." PAUSANIAS.

[13] " Clytus is said to have repeated these verses at a banquet
 " of Alexander the Great, in order to diminish his exploits, by
 " which he provoked Alexander to kill him, as Quintus Curtius in-
 " forms us in his eighth book, and Plutarch in his life of Alex-
 " ander." BARNES.

When

When with the spoils of vanquish'd foes, the host
A trophy rear, they think not how 'twas gain'd
By those brave Soldiers who endure the toil
Of battle, while their General bears away
All the renown : though he was only one
Who stood midst thousands brandishing his spear,
Nor any single combatant surpass'd,
He gains a larger portion of applause.
The venerable rulers of a city,
Plac'd in exalted stations, yet devoid
Of any real merit, overlook
The populace, though many in the crowd
Of their inferiors are more wise than they,
If haply courage and an honest zeal
Unite to place them in the public view.
Thou and thy Brother thus are swollen with pride,
From having led those troops to conquer Troy,
And triumph in the sufferings of your friends.
But henceforth will I teach thee not to look
On Paris, Ida's shepherd, as a foe
More terrible than Peleus. If with speed
Thou quit not these abodes, and take away
Thy childless Daughter, my indignant Grandson,
By her dishevell'd hair, around the palace
Will drag this barren Dame, who, flung with envy,
Cannot endure the fruitful Mother's joys.
But, if she prove so luckless as to bear
No issue, ought she therefore to deprive us
Of our posterity ? be gone, ye slaves,
That I may see who dares obstruct my loosing
Her hands.—Rise up : tho' trembling with old age,
Your chains can I unbind. O worthless man,
Hast thou thus gall'd her hands ? didst thou suppose
Thou held'st a bull or lion in the snare ?
Or didst thou shudder lest she should snatch up
A sword, and wreak just vengeance on thy head ?
Come hither to these sheltering arms, my child,
Unbind thy Mother's chains ; in Phthia, thee

I'll

I'll educate, to them a bitter foe.
Should Sparta's sons by the protended spear
Obtain no fame, nor in th' embattled field
Their prowess signalize, be well assur'd
Ye have no other merit.

C H O R U S.

Old men talk
With freedom, and their vehemence of soul
Is hard to be restrain'd.

M E N E L A U S.

Extremely prone
Are you to slander; much against my will
I came to Phthia, and am here resolv'd
That I will neither do nor suffer aught
Disgraceful: but to my own home with speed
Am I returning, and have little time
In vain debates to lavish: for a [14] city
Not far from Sparta's gates and erst a friend
Is waging war against us: I would lead
My hardy squadrons forth t' assail the foe,
And utterly subdue them. To my wish
Soon as this great affair I shall have settled,
Hither will I return, and face to face,
When I my reasons to my Son in law
Have in the clearest terms propos'd, will hear
What he can urge; and if he punish her,
And for the future courteously to me
Demean himself, from me he in return
Shall meet with courtesy; but if he rage

[14]The following is the passage in Petitus' miscellaneous observations L. 3. c. 16. referr'd to by Barnes; "I make no doubt but
" these verses of the Poet are to be referr'd to the history of the
" time, and mark out the year when this play was exhibited, which
" appears to have been the second of the 90th Olympiad. Archi-
" as being prætor of Athens, when war broke out between the
" Spartans and Argives, as historians relate, and was preceded by
" a confederacy of the Athenians, Argives, Eleans, and Matineans,
" against the Lacedæmonians, who were this year at war with a
" neighbouring city, to wit, Argos."

VOL. II.

H

He

He of my rage the dire effects shall feel :
 For still such treatment as his deeds deserve
 Shall he experience. But I am not hurt
 By these injurious words of yours ; for like
 Some disembodied ghost, you have a voice,
 Altho' you are not able to do aught
 But merely speak.

P E L E U S.

Lead on, my Boy ; here take
 Thy station under these protecting arms ;
 And thou too, O thou miserable Dame,
 Driven hither by the furious storm ; at length
 Into a quiet haven are ye come.

A N D R O M A C H E.

On thee and thy descendants may the Gods
 Shower every blessing, venerable man,
 For having sav'd this child, and wretched me ;
 Yet O beware, lest in some lonely spot
 They suddenly assail us, and by force
 Drag me away, perceiving thou art old,
 That I am a weak woman, and my son
 Is but an infant : all precautions use,
 Else we, who have escap'd them, may again
 Be caught.

P E L E U S.

Forbear to utter, in such language
 As this, the dictates of a woman's fear.
 Advance, who dares to touch you ? he shall weep.
 For with the blessing of th' immortal Gods,
 And by unnumber'd troops of valiant horse,
 And infantry supported, I bear rule
 Over the Phthian land. I am robust,
 Nor, as you deem, impair'd by palsied age.
 Were I in battle to do nought, but look
 On such a man as thou art, I should soon,
 Old as I am, obtain an easy conquest.
 Superior is the veteran, if with courage

In-

Inspir'd, to many youths : for what avails
A vigorous body with a coward's heart ?

Exeunt Peleus, Andromache, and Molossus.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I.

My wish were this ; or never to be born,
Or to descend from generous Sires, and share
The blessings which attend a wealthy heir.
If heaviest woes assail, ne'er left forlorn
Without a friend are they of nobler race,
Hereditary trophies deck their head :
The records of the brave with joy we trace,
No distant age their memory can efface,
For virtue's torch unquench'd pours radiance o'er the dead.

II.

Better is conquest, when we gain our right
By no reproachful means, no deeds of shame,
Than if to envy we expose our fame,
And trample on the laws with impious might.
Such laurels which at first too sweetly bloom,
Ere long are wither'd by the frost of time,
And scorn pursues their wearers to the tomb.
I in my household or the state presume
To seek that power alone which rules without a crime.

III.

O Veteran, sprung from Æacus, thy spear
Chill'd the Lapithæ with fear,
And from their hills the Centaurs drove.
When Glory call'd, and prosperous gales
Swell'd the Argo's daring sails,
Intrepid didst thou pass that strait
Where ruin oft the crashing bark attends,
And ocean's foam descends,
From the Sympleyades' obstructing height.
Next didst thou land on perjur'd Ilion's shore,
With Hercules illustrious Son of Jove,
Then first its bulwarks stream'd with gore ;

H 2

Till

Till crown'd with fame a partner in his toil,
Europe again thou sought'st and Phthia's frozen soil.

The NURSE of HERMIONE, CHORUS.

NURSE.

How doth a rapid series of events
The most disastrous, O my dearest friends,
This day invade us ! for within these doors
Hermione my Mistress, by her Sire
Forfaken, and grown conscious of the guilt
She hath incurr'd, by that attempt to murder
Andromache and her unhappy Son,
Resolves to die, because she dreads, lest fir'd
With indignation at her guilt, her Lord
Should cast her forth with scorn, or take away
Her life, because she purpos'd to have slain
The innocent. The servants who attend
Can hardly by their vigilance prevent her
From fixing round her neck the deadly noose,
Or snatch the dagger from her hand, so great
Is her affliction, and she now confesses
That she has done amiss. My strength's exhausted
In striving to withhold my royal Mistress
From perishing by an ignoble death.
But enter ye these mansions, and attempt
To save her life, for strangers can persuade
Far better than old friends.

CHORUS.

We hear the voice,
Of her attendants from within confirm
Th' intelligence thou hither cam'st to bring :
That hapless woman seems just on the point
Of shewing with what rage she by her guilt
Is hurried on : for she rushes forth
From yon abodes, already hath she scap'd
Her servants hands, and is resolv'd to die.

HERMIONE, NURSE, CHORUS.

HERMIONE.

Ah me ! these ringlets how will I tear off,

How

How rend my cheeks !

N U R S E.

What mean'st thou, O my Daughter?
Wilt thou thus injure that fair frame ?

H E R M I O N E.

Away,
O thou slight veil, I pluck thee from my head,
And toss thy scatter'd fragments in the air.

N U R S E.

Cover thy bosom with the decent robe.

H E R M I O N E.

Why with a robe my bosom should I hide ?
The crimes I have committed 'gainst my Lord
Are clear, well-known, and cannot be conceal'd.

N U R S E.

Griev'st thou becausethou hast form'd schemes to slay
Thy rival?

H E R M I O N E.

I with many groans bewail
Those hostile darings, execrable wretch,
Wretch that I am, an object of just hate
To all mankind.

N U R S E.

Thy Husband such offence
Will pardon.

H E R M I O N E.

From my hand why didst thou snatch
The sword ? restore, restore it, O my friends,
That I this bosom may transpierce. Why force me
To quit yon pendent noose ?

N U R S E.

In thy distraction
Shall I forsake and leave thee thus to die ?

H E R M I O N E.

Where shall I find (inform me, O ye Fates),
The blazing pyre, ascend the craggy rock,

H 3

Plunge

Plunge in the billows, or amidst the woods
On a steep mountain waste the life I loathe,
That after death the Gods beneath may take me
To their protection?

C H O R U S.

Why would'st thou make efforts
So violent? some mischiefs sent by Heaven
Sooner or later visit all mankind.

H E R M I O N E.

Me like a stranded bark, thou, O my Sire,
Hast left forsaken and without on oar.
To thee I owe my ruin. I no longer
In these my bridal mansions can reside.
To the propitious statues of what God
With suppliant haste shall I repair, or fall
At a slave's knees, myself an abject slave?
I from the land of Phthia, like a bird
Upborne on azure wings, would speed my flight,
Or imitate that [15] ship whose dashing oars
Twixt the Cyanean straits first urg'd their way.

N U R S E.

As little, O my Daughter, can I praise
That vehemence which caus'd thee to transgress
Against the Trojan Dame, as these thy fears
Which are immoderate. For such slight offence
Thy Lord, misled by the pernicious tongue
Of a Barbarian woman, from his couch
Will not expell thee; for thou art not his
By right of conquest, borne from vanquish'd Troy;
But thee, the Daughter of a mighty King,
He with abundant dower, and from a city
Most flourishing, receiv'd: nor will thy Sire,
His child forsaking, as thou dread'st, permit thee
To be cast forth: but enter these abodes,
Nor shew thyself without, lest some affront
Thou should'st receive if haply thou art seen
Before these doors. *Exit Nurse.*

[15] The Argo.

C H O-

CHORUS.

Behold a man, whose dress
Is of such different fashion that it speaks
The foreigner, comes swiftly from the gate.

ORESTES, HERMIONE, CHORUS.

ORESTES.

Is this th' abode of great Achilles' son,
The regal mansion, O ye foreign Dames?

CHORUS.

It is as thou hast said. But who art thou
That ask'st this question?

ORESTES.

Agamemnon's Son,
And Clytemnestra's: but my name's Orestes:
I to Dodona, th' oracle of Jove,
Am on my road; but since I now have reach'd
The land of Phthia, first would I enquire
How fares Hermione, the Spartan Dame,
My kinswoman; doth she yet live and prosper?
For though from me far distant be the land
In which she now resides, she still is dear.

HERMIONE.

O son of Agamemnon, who thus make
Your seasonable appearance, like the haven
To mariners amidst a furious storm,
Take pity, I implore you by those knees,
On me a wretch whose inauspicious fortunes
You witness. Hence around your knees I fling
These arms, which ought to prove of equal force
With hallow'd branches by the suppliant borne.

ORESTES.

What's this? am I deceiv'd? or do my eyes
Indeed behold the Queen of these abodes,
And Menelaus' Daughter?

HERMIONE.

'Th' only child

H 4

Whom

Whom to the Spartan Monarch Helen bore.
Mistake me not.

O R E S T E S.

O Phœbus, healing power,
Protect us. But what dire mischance hath happen'd?
Or from the Gods, or human foes, proceed
The evils thou endur'st?

H E R M I O N E.

Some from myself,
But others from the Husband whom I wedded;
The rest from one of the immortal Gods.
I utterly am ruin'd.

O R E S T E S.

What afflictions
Can any woman who's yet childless feel
But those which from her nuptial union spring?

H E R M I O N E.

Hence these distempers of the soul arise,
And well do you anticipate my words?

O R E S T E S.

Enamour'd with another, is thy Lord
False to thy bed?

H E R M I O N E.

He loves a captive Dame,
The wife of Hector.

O R E S T E S.

A great evil's that
Thou speak'st of, when one man enjoys two consorts,

H E R M I O N E.

E'en so it was till I aveng'd the wrong.

O R E S T E S.

Didst thou with arts familiar to thy sex
Plot 'gainst thy rival's life?

H E R M I O N E.

I would have kill'd
Her and her spurious Son,

O R E S T E S.

Hast thou dispatch'd them?
Or were they skreen'd from their impending fate?

H E R M I O N E.

Old Peleus to these worthless objects shew'd
Too great a reverence.

O R E S T E S.

Was there any friend
Ready to aid thee in the purpos'd slaughter?

H E R M I O N E.

My Sire, who for this cause from Sparta came.

O R E S T E S.

Yet by that aged man was he subdu'd?

H E R M I O N E.

Abash'd he fled, and left me here alone.

O R E S T E S.

I understand thee well: thy Husband's wrath
Thou fear'st, for what thou'st done.

H E R M I O N E.

The fact you know:

Hence justly will he take away my life.
What can be said? yet by immortal Jove,
Our Grandfire, I conjure you, send me far
From these domains, or to my Father's house.
Had but these walls a voice, they would proclaim
The sentence of my exile, for the land
Of Phthia hates me. If my Lord return
From Phœbus' oracle, for the misdeeds
I have committed, he will strike me dead,
Or force me to become that Harlot's slave
Whom erst I rul'd.

O R E S T E S.

By some will it be ask'd,
Whence then into such errors didst thou fall?

H E R M I O N E.

My ruin I derive from the admission

Of

Of these vile women, who inflam'd my pride
 By uttering these rash words; "Wilt thou endure
 "Beneath thy roof that odious slave who shares
 "Thy bridal couch? by Juno, awful Queen,
 "I would not suffer such a wretch to breathe
 "In my polluted chamber." When I heard
 The language utter'd by these crafty Sirens,
 Artificers of mischief, who, to suit
 Their purpose, in persuasive strains display'd
 The power of eloquence; I was puff'd up
 With folly: for what need to hold in reverence
 My Lord, had I who was possess'd of all
 That I could want? abundant wealth was mine;
 O'er these abodes I reign'd, and any children
 I to my Husband might hereafter bear
 Would be legitimate; but hers, by mine
 In strict subjection held, a spurious race.
 But never, never (I this truth repeat)
 Should wedded men, who have the gift of reason,
 Let women have a free access, and visit
 Their consort. For they teach her evil lessons:
 Urg'd by the hopes of lucre, one corrupts
 Her chastity; a second hath already
 Transgress'd herself, and wishes that her friend
 May be as vicious: many by their lust
 Are led astray: hence to their Husband's house
 A train of mischiefs rises. Guard the doors
 Of your abodes with locks and massive bars;
 Since from the intrusion of these female guests,
 No good, but mischiefs numberless ensue.

C H O R U S.

Thou to thy tongue hast given too free a scope
 In thus aspersing the whole female race:
 Thy present woes indeed our pardon claim;
 Yet every woman is in duty bound,
 To gloss o'er the misconduct of her sex.

O R E S T E S.

Wisdom pertain'd to him who taught mankind

To

To hear the reasons by both parties urg'd
 In a debate. Aware of the confusion
 In these abodes, and of the strife 'twixt thee
 And Hector's wife, I staid [16] not to observe
 Whether thou in this house would'st still remain,
 Or through a fear of yonder captive Dame
 Abandon it: I therefore hither came,
 Nor waited for intelligence from thee.
 And if a satisfactory account
 Of thy proceedings thou to me canst give,
 I will convey thee hence. For thou, who erst
 Wert mine, with this thy present Husband liv'st,
 Through the perfidious conduct of thy Sire,
 Who ere he enter'd the domains of Troy
 Affanc'd thee, to me, and then, to him
 Who now possesses thee, again engag'd,
 If he the Phrygian city should subdue.
 But I forgave thy Father for this wrong,
 When hither great Achilles' Son return'd,
 And to the Bridegroom sued that he would loose
 Thy plighted hand; of all my various fortunes
 Informing him, and of my present woes;
 How feasible it were for me to wed
 Among my friends, but that for such an exile
 As I am, driven from my paternal throne,
 'Twould not be easy to obtain a Consort
 In any foreign land: on this he grew
 More arrogant, and bitterly reproach'd me
 Both with my Mother's murder, and those Furies
 Whose blood-stain'd visages inspire dismay.
 By the misfortunes of my house bow'd down
 To earth, I griev'd indeed, but grieving bore
 The weight of these calamities, and rest
 Of thee my Bride, reluctantly departed.
 But since thy fortunes now have undergone

[16] Instead of *εμμενον*, I here take the liberty of reading *εμμενον*,
 non manebam, with Dr. Musgrave and Brunck, it being an alte-
 ration which the context seems to require.

A change

A change so unexpected : and involv'd
 In woe, thou stand'st aghast ; from these abodes
 Thee will I take and to thy Sire convey.
 For wond'rous is the force of kindred ties ;
 And in misfortunes nought exceeds the friend
 Who from the self-same house derives his birth.

H E R M I O N E.

My Father will take care how to dispose
 Of me in marriage, nor is it my province
 Such question to decide. But, O convey me
 From these loath'd mansions with the utmost speed,
 Lest when my Husband at his first return
 Enters the doors, he intercept my flight ;
 Or, hearing that I leave his Grandson's house,
 Peleus pursue me with his rapid steeds.

O R E S T E S.

Be of good cheer against that aged man,
 And from thy furious Lord, Achilles' Son,
 Who treated me with scorn, fear nought ; this hand
 Hath with such cautious artifice prepar'd
 For him th' inevitable snares of death,
 Of which no previous mention will I make :
 But when it is accomplish'd, this exploit
 Shall on the rock of Delphi be proclaim'd.
 I who my Mother slew, if th' armed friends
 Whom I have station'd in the Pythian realm
 Observe their oaths, will teach him that he ought
 To have abstain'd from wedding any Dame
 Betroth'd to me. He in an evil hour
 Shall claim atonement for his Father's death
 Of Phœbus mighty king ; nor shall repentance
 For these audacious blasphemies, avail
 To save the miscreant on whose impious head
 Apollo wreaks just vengeance ; by his wrath
 O'ertaken, and entangled in my snares,
 He wretchedly shall perish. For the Gods
 Subvert the prosperous fortunes of their foes,

Nor

Nor suffer Pride to rear her towering crest.

Exeunt Orestes and Hermione.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. 1.

Phœbus, thou God who with a mound
Of stately towers didst Ilion's rock surround;
And thou, O Neptune, ruler of the main,
Borne swiftly by thy azure steeds
In a light car, who cleav'st the watery plain,
After exerting with unweary'd toil
Such skill as human works exceeds:
'Gainst wretched Troy when Mars his javelin bore,
Why, faithless to that chosen foil,
Left ye your city drench'd in gore?

I. 2.

The steeds ye yok'd on Simois' banks
Whirl'd many a chariot thro' the broken ranks;
No hero gather'd in that stubborn fray
One laurel to adorn his head:
Phrygia's illustrious rulers swept away,
Took their last voyage to a distant shore,
And mingled with the vulgar dead,
While the polluted altars ceas'd to gleam,
Upwasting to the skies no more
Their frankincense in odorous steam.

II. 1.

Slain by his Wife Atrides fell,
His furious Son sent to the shades of Hell
The murderers, and return'd th' unnatural deed,
That fatal stroke the God approv'd,
His oracles ordain'd that she should bleed,
When young Orestes at the inmost shrine
Was by an heavenly impulse mov'd,
His hands in gore maternal t' imbrue.
O Phœbus, O thou Power divine,
How shall I think th' assertion true?

II. 2.

II. 2.

In Greece doth many a Dame complain
 Chanting rude dirges for her children slain ;
 Others their native land reluctant leave,
 And to a foreign Lord are brought.
 Nor yet hast thou alone just cause to grieve,
 Nor to thy friends hath Heaven's peculiar hate
 These signal miseries wrought :
 Victorious Greece still feels as deep a wound,
 From whence the thunderbolt of fate
 Thro' Phrygia scatter'd deaths around.

P E L E U S, C H O R U S.

P E L E U S.

Answer my questions, O ye Phthian Dames,
 For doubtful is the rumor I have heard,
 That Menelaus' Daughter, when she left
 This house, departed from the realm. I come
 Anxious to learn if this account be true.
 For 'tis their duty who remain at home
 To guard the fortunes of their absent friends.

C H O R U S.

What thou hast heard, O Peleus, is the truth,
 And ill would it become me to conceal
 The woes in which I deeply am involv'd :
 Our royal Mistress from these walls is fled.

P E L E U S.

What fear'd she? say.

C H O R U S.

 The anger of her Lord,
 Lest he from these abodes should cast her forth.

P E L E U S.

Because she plotted to have slain the Boy?

C H O R U S.

E'en so it was. Yon Captive too she dreaded.

P E L E U S.

But from these mansions did she go, attended

Or

Or by her Father, or by whom?

C H O R U S.

The Son
Of Agamemnon from this land convey'd her.

P E L E U S.

What are his views? to take her for his Bride?

C H O R U S.

Thy Grandson too he meditates to slay.

P E L E U S.

Station'd in secret ambush, or resolv'd
To meet the dauntless warrior face to face?

C H O R U S.

Beneath Apollo's unpolluted fane
With Delphi's citizens.

P E L E U S.

Atrocious crime!
Ah me! will no one with his utmost speed
Go to the altar of the Pythian God,
And to our friends disclose what passes here,
Ere by his foes Achilles' Son is slain?

MESSENGER, PELEUS, CHORUS.

M E S S E N G E R.

What evil tidings do I bring to you,
O aged Man, and all my Master's friends!

P E L E U S.

By a sad presage which affects my soul
I of th' impending evil am forewarn'd.

M E S S E N G E R.

Know then, O Peleus, that your wretched Grandson
Is now no more, with such unnumber'd wounds
[17] He by the Delphic citizens transpierc'd,
And by that stranger from Mycene died.

C H O R U S.

[17] This passage is one of those on which Heath and Dr. Musgrave lay a principal stress, as proving that Orestes was present at the murder of Neoptolemus. It does not, I confess, strike me in the

CHORUS.

Alas ! alas ! but what resource is left
For thee, thou hoary veteran ? do not fall ;
Raise thyself up.

PELEUS.

To very nothing now
Am I reduc'd, I utterly am ruin'd :
The power of speech deserts me, and these limbs
Forget their office.

MESSENGER.

Hear me, and from earth
Arise, if, with th' assistance of your friends
You for this murder wish to be reveng'd.

PELEUS.

How hast thou compass'd wretched me, who stand
On the last verge of spiritless old age,
O cruel fate ! say how the only Son
Of my deceas'd, my only Son, was slain.
These tidings tho' unwelcome would I hear.

MESSENGER.

After we reach'd Apollo's sacred realm,
While thrice the chariot of the sun perform'd
Its bright career, we satiated our eyes
With viewing all around. The circumstance

the same light. Nor, on the supposition of Orestes having instigated the citizens of Delphi to the deed, but being absent at the time of its perpetration, can I look upon this sentence as in any respect less defensible than Homer's

Αλλά με μοιρ' ὅλον, καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης ἐκτάθεν υἱός,
Ἀνδρῶν δ' Εὐφροῦρος· σὺ δὲ με τρίτος ἐξαναρίζεις.

Il. L. 16. v. 849.

By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,

Euphorbus next; the third mean part thine own. POPE.

where Patroclus then lying at his last gasp, blends, in a manner nearly similar, the more remote, and immediate authors of his death, by saying that Apollo who had taken off his helmet, Euphorbus who slightly wounded him and fled, and Hector, to whom he speaks, and from whom he had just received the fatal wound, had all three slain him.

Which

Which rais'd suspicion first, was this; the people
 Who dwell within the temple of the God
 Held frequent meetings, and in crowds assembled.
 Meanwhile the Son of Agamemnon went
 Through the whole city, and in every ear
 Whisper'd malignant words like these: " Behold
 " Him who is visiting the hallow'd shrine
 " Of Phœbus [18] pil'd with gold, the treasures given

[18] The city of Delphi, in the province of Phocis, from its supposed central situation, frequently called the navel of the world, and actually in the midst of Greece, was the spot where Apollo established his oracle, after having slain the Python. The ancient Poets and Historians speak of the riches contain'd in the temples of that God, both there, and at Delos the place of his nativity, in terms the most hyperbolical. *Χρυσὸν δ' ἀρὰ Δελφὸς ἀπάσα Βιβρίθι*, is an expression made use of in one of the hymns ascribed to Homer; and in the ninth Book of the Iliad Achilles answers Ulysses, soliciting him to rejoin the confederate troops, by declaring that all the gold contained within the sacred walls at Delphi would be to him no equivalent for the loss of life. When Datis the Mede was sent by Darius to invade Greece, the inhabitants of Delos abandoned that island at his approach; but the barbarian so revered the sanctity of their temple, that he not only sent ambassadors to dispel their fears, but went himself to offer frankincense on their altar. But Delphi was exposed to a great number of sacrilegious outrages, which may probably be in some measure imputed to the circumstance of its being an inland town. Valois, in the third volume of the Academie des inscriptions, has collected an account of the various plunderers who invaded Apollo's temple there, from the Son of Crius king of Eubœa down to Nero the Roman Emperor, in whose days it was so impoverished that he robbed it only of some bronze statues; among the rest, he inserts Neoptolemus as having perished in such attempt. Pausanias, from whom the French writer has in a great measure extracted his narrative, speaking in another part of his tenth book of that hero's death, only says he was slain by a Priest of Apollo, whose name it seems was Machaireus, but soon effaces this stain on his memory by speaking of his apparition, together with the ghosts of three more deceased warriors, as aiding the Phocians in their engagement with Brennus the Gaul, who in a similar manner invaded these holy precincts. The first visit of Neoptolemus to Delphi, mentioned in the following lines, when immediately upon his return from Troy he arrogantly demanded satisfaction of Apollo for his Father's death, must naturally have impressed the inhabitants of that city, who were entirely devoted to the God, with most unfavourable dispositions towards a fit anger, who appeared to them in the light of an audacious blasphemer.

"By all mankind ; the miscreant comes again
 "On the same purpose which first drew him hither,
 "To overthrow the temple of the God."
 Thro' the whole city hence an evil rumor
 Went forth, and all the magistrates, to whom
 The holy treasures were consign'd, assembled,
 In secret counsels held, and plac'd a guard
 Behind the massive columns in the fane.
 We, unappris'd of this, meantime had caught
 Some sheep, that fed amid Parnassus' grove,
 And with our Delphic friends and Pythian seers
 Approach'd the altar: some one said, "Young man,
 "What vows on thy behalf shall we address
 "To Phœbus? for what purpose art thou come?"
 He answered, "To the God I wish to make
 "A due atonement for my past offence,
 "Because I erst from him with impious tongue
 "Claim'd satisfaction for my Father's blood."
 Hence did Orestes' calumnies appear
 To have great weight, suggesting that my lord
 Spoke an untruth, and that he hither came
 With vile designs. Beneath the holy roof,
 That to Apollo he might offer up
 His prayers in that oracular abode,
 He now advanc'd, and as they blaz'd, observ'd
 The victims: here a troop with falchions arm'd
 Skreen'd by the branching laurels stood; the Son
 Of Clytemnestra was the sole [19] contriver

Of

[19] Upon consulting the three first editions of this play, by Lascaris, Aldus, and Hervagius, I have the pleasure to find the omission of the punctuation after the words *Εἰς τὴν* (proposed by Hardion, without citing any authorities in his support, *Academie des Inscriptions*. T. 8. p. 275) confirmed by them all three. The republication of Hervagius, Basil. 1544. which has been followed by all the later editors I have met with, by the insertion of a comma, very materially alters the meaning of the word *εἰς*, which I apprehend in this place (as it indisputably does in the 220th line of the *Hercules Furens*) signifies *Solus*, into *unus*, and thereby represents Orestes as present at the murder of Neoptolemus, which is totally

Of all these stratagems. Our Lord stood forth,
 And, in the sight of this insidious band,
 Ador'd the God : while they with their keen swords,
 Ere he discern'd them, pierc'd Achilles' Son
 Unsheath'd in mail. He instantly retreated ;
 For he as yet had by no deadly wound
 Been smitten ; but snatch'd up in his retreat
 Those glittering arms which near the portals hung,
 And stood a champion terrible to view,
 Close to the blazing altar : with loud voice
 He question'd the inhabitants of Delphi ;
 " Me who a pious votary hither come,
 " Why, or for what offences, would ye slay ?"
 Although the number of his foes was great,
 None of them answer'd, but all hands hurl'd stones :
 On every side assaulted by a storm
 Thick as the falling snows, he warded off,
 Extending the broad margin of his shield,
 Each missile weapon : but of no avail
 Was this resistance ; for the spear, the shaft,
 The dart, were thrown at once, and at his feet
 Mixt instruments of sacrifice lay scatter'd.
 Th' agility with which your Grandson shunn'd

tally inconsistent not only with every idea of the unities observed by the antient dramatic writers, and so rarely violated by Euripides, but with the speech made by Orestes on his quitting the stage with Hermione. The arguments made use of by Heath and Dr. Musgrave, in support of the vulgar punctuation, appear by no means conclusive. Though the critics, I am sensible, lay no great stress on the authority of Dictys Cretensis, who says that Orestes, hearing of Neoptolemus' intended expedition to Delphi, dispatched some of his most trusty friends thither to lie in wait for him at his arrival, and as soon as he had received certain accounts of his rival's death, he carried off Hermione ; it may not be totally superfluous to observe, that the only material difference between his account and that of Euripides, taken notice of by Bæcket, Sr de Meziriac, in his very learned and valuable commentaries on Ovid's epistles, is obviated by concurring with Lascaris, Aldus, Hervagius, and Hardion, in erasing the above mentioned comma, and (which is by far more important) the tragedy before us restored to that unity of time which has been thought so preposterously violated.

The blows they aim'd, was wondrous to behold:
 They in a circle gathering round, clos'd in,
 Nor gave him space to breathe, till from the altar
 Descending with a leap like that which bore
 The [20] hapless Grecian Chief to Phrygia's coast;
 He rush'd among them: like a flock of doves
 Who see the hawk appear, they turn'd and fled:
 In heaps on heaps promiscuous, many fell,
 Some in the narrow passage wounded lay,
 While others o'er them trampled, and their groans
 Unholy echo'd through the hallow'd dome.
 But, tranquil as the waters in a calm,
 In golden arms my Lord resplendent stood,
 Till from the inmost sanctuary burst forth
 A deep-ton'd voice of horror, which impell'd
 The recreant warriors to renew the fight:
 Achilles' Son then smitten through the flank
 With a keen sword, by one of Delphi fell
 Who slew him, yet ignobly, with the aid
 Of multitudes. But after he to earth
 Was fallen, what sword transpierc'd him not, what hand
 Threw not a stone to smite him? his whole frame,
 So graceful erst, was with unnumber'd wounds
 Disfigur'd: till at length his mangled corse,
 Which stain'd the altar's basis, from the fane
 Drench'd with the blood of victims they cast forth.
 But gathering up with speed, his lov'd remains
 To you we bear, O venerable man,
 That o'er them you may shed the plenteous tear,

[20] The *Τρωϊκὸν Πόλεμον* here spoken of is by no means expressive of Neoptolemus's rushing upon immediate death by descending from the altar, if we apply it, with the Scholiast and Barnes, to Achilles leaping on the Trojan shore: because he evaded the oracle (which foretold that he who first set his foot on the enemies' land, should immediately be slain), by leaping upon his shield; but may with much more consistency be applied, according to Carmelli's idea, to Protefilaus, who followed Achilles, but, not using the same precaution, verified the prophecy, and was slain on the sea-coast by the sword of Hector.

And grace them with sepulchral rites. Thus Phœbus,
Who prophesies to others, mighty King,
And deals out justice to th' admiring world,
Hath on Achilles' Son reveng'd himself,
And, like some worthless human foe, reviv'd
An antient grudge : how then can he be wise?

Exit Messenger.

CHORUS.

But lo our royal Master, from the land
Of Delphi borne, approaches these abodes !
Wretched was he, by such untimely doom
O'ertaken : nor art thou, O aged man,
Less wretched than the slaughter'd youth ; for thou
Into thy doors receiv'st Achilles' Son,
But not as thou could'st wish ; thou too hast met
With thy calamities, thou too art fall'n
Into the self-same fate.

PELEUS.

What piteous object
(Ah me!) do I behold, and with these hands
Receive into my house! we are undone,
We are undone, O thou Theſſalian city :
I have no children, no descendants left,
To occupy these mansions. On what friend
Shall I a wretched sufferer turn my eyes,
And hope to find relief? O thou dear face,
Ye cheeks, ye hands! thee would to Heaven that Fate
In those embattled fields of Troy had slain
Beside the waves of Simois!

CHORUS.

He in death
Hence would have found renown; thou too, old man,
Would'st have been happier.

PELEUS.

Thou, O wedlock, wedlock,
These mansions and my city hast o'erthrown.
My Grandson, thro' the inauspicious nuptials

By thee contracted, would to Heaven my gates
 Had ne'er receiv'd that execrable fiend
 Hermione, thy bane! O had she first
 With thunderbolts been smitten! nor hadst thou,
 Presumptuous mortal, charg'd the Delphic God
 With having aim'd the shaft which slew thy Sire!

C H O R U S.

I will awake the sad funereal dirge,
 And wailing pay to my departed Lord
 Such customary tribute as attends
 The shades of mighty chiefs.

P E L E U S.

Ah me! at once
 With misery and old age bow'd down to earth,
 I shed th' incessant tear.

C H O R U S.

Thus hath the God
 Ordain'd, the God's vindictive arm hath wrought
 All these calamities.

P E L E U S.

O most belov'd,
 This house (ah me!) a desert hast thou left,
 And me a miserable old man made childless.

C H O R U S.

Before thy children, O thou aged man,
 Thou should'st have died.

P E L E U S.

Shall I not rend my hair,
 And beat with desperate hands this hoary head?
 O city! Phœbus hath of both my Sons
 Depriv'd me.

C H O R U S.

O thou miserable old man,
 What evils hast thou witness'd and endur'd!
 How wilt thou pass the remnant of thy life?

P E L E U S.

Childless, forlorn, no period to my woes

Can

Can I discover, but till death must drink
The bitter potion.

CHORUS.

Sure the Gods in vain
Shower'd blessings on thy nuptials.

PELEUS.

Fled and wither'd
Is all our antient pomp.

CHORUS.

Alone thou mov'st
Around thy lonely house.

PELEUS.

I have no city.
Thee, O my sceptre, to the ground I cast.
And from yon dreary caverns of the main,
Daughter of Nereus, me wilt thou behold
Utterly ruin'd, groveling in the dust.

CHORUS.

Ha! what was it that mov'd? what form divine
Do I perceive? look there! ye Nymphs, attend.
With rapid passage through the fleecy clouds
Borne onward, some Divinity arrives
At Phthia's pastures, fam'd for generous steeds.

THETIS, PELEUS, CHORUS.

THETIS.

O Peleus, mindful of the ties which bound
Our plighted love, I hither from the house
Of Nereus come, and with these wholesome counsels
Begin; despair not, though thy present woes
Are grievous: for e'en I who should have borne
A race of children such as ne'er might cause
My tears to stream, have lost the Son who crown'd
Our hopes, Achilles, swift of foot, the first
Of Grecian heroes. But to thee, the motives
Which brought me hither, will I now relate;
O listen to my voice. Back to that altar

Devoted to the Pythian God, convey
 This body of Achilles' slaughter'd Son,
 And bury it; so shall his tomb declare
 [21] The murderous violence Orestes' band
 Committed: but yon captive Dame, I mean
 Andromache, on [22] Helenus bestow'd
 In marriage, in Molossia's land must dwell,
 And her young Son, the only royal branch
 Which of the stem of Æacus remains;
 From him in long succession shall a race
 Of happy kings Molossia's sceptre wield:
 Nor will our progeny, O aged man,
 Be utterly extinct, when blended thus
 With Ilion, still protected by the Gods,

[21] This is another of the passages referred to by Heath in opposition to Hardion, accompanied with a hint that there is some handle for a reply; this handle is indeed so obvious that no man who consults his Lexicon can omit laying hold of it. Henry Stephens's Greek Thesaurus, V. 4 p. 419. swarms with authorities for the word *χιε* being made use of to signify a band of troops: nor will the generality of the Latin versions here afford any aid to our opponents, the word *manus* being frequently and familiarly used in the same signification, as *Dolopum manus*, Virgil *Æn.* l. 2. v. 29.

"Here the Dolopean troops their station held." PITT.

[22] One of Priam's sons, frequently mentioned by Homer as eminent for his skill in Divination, on which account his absence is particularly regretted by the distressed Hecuba in the first of Euripides's Tragedies; Virgil's account is that Pyrrhus (or Neoptolemus), when he married Hermione, resigned his captive Andromache to Helenus, who, after the death of Pyrrhus, having obtained a portion of his dominions, received Æneas with great hospitality, and unfolded to him a variety of future events: Conon in his narrations says, that after the death of Paris, Helenus and his Brother Deiphobus were competitors for Helen; but the latter having obtained the preference, Helenus retired in discontent to Mount Ida, where, by the advice of Calchas, the Greeks, who were besieging Troy, lay in wait for him, and took him prisoner. Sophocles, in his *Philocletes*, ascribes this exploit to Ulysses alone in one of his nightly excursions. The captive Seer is charged with having betrayed his country, and purchased the favor of the Greeks by informing them that it was impossible to take Troy till they brought Neoptolemus from the isle of Scyros, and fabricated the wooden horse.

Though

Though by Minerva's stratagems it fell.
 But, as for thee, that thou may'st know the blessing
 Of having wedded me, who am by birth
 A Goddess and the Daughter of a God;
 From all the ills which wait on human life
 Releasing, thee immortal will I make
 And incorruptible; with me a Goddess
 In Nereus' watery mansions thou a God
 Hereafter shalt reside, and from the waves
 Emerging with dry feet, behold our Son
 Achilles, to his parents justly dear,
 Inhabiting that [23] isle whose chalky coasts

Are

[23] The island here spoken of is supposed to be Leuca, situated near the coast of Sarmatia at the mouth of the Boristhenes. Philostratus's account of this island is, that it was raised from the sea by Neptune at the request of Thetis as an habitation for her son Achilles after his death: he adds "here were celebrated the nuptials of that hero with Helen, *they long loved without having ever seen each other*, she being in Ægypt while he besieged Troy." Such is the tradition derived from Herodotus the Father of Grecian history, which Euripides has followed in the Tragedy which bears the name of Helen: in the conference Teucer there holds with that Princess, who does not make herself known to him, she says *she heard Achilles formerly came as a suitor to Helen: but his name is not inserted by Apollodorus in his list of Menelaus' unsuccessful rivals*, which comprehends most of the other Grecian Princes who signalized themselves at Troy; and Homer ascribes to him the honor of coming to the siege as a volunteer, instead of being constrained by his oath. If we believe Lycophron, the Consort assigned to Achilles in this happy retreat, "Κυταῖνη Εὐροβαχχῆ," must have been Medea. But Antoninus Liberalis, in a part of his Metamorphoses extracted from writings of Nicander which are not now extant, says that Iphigenia, after residing in the dominions of Thoas, was in due time removed from thence to Leuca, where her nature being changed, she was endowed with perpetual youth, became a Goddess, and was united in wedlock to Achilles. Various are the opinions of Homer's commentators in regard to the place marked out in the last book of his Odyssey by the appellation of "Λευκάδα Νηγεῖα," whither Mercury leads the souls of Penelope's Suitors in their passage to the infernal regions: one circumstance, however, not unworthy of being remarked, is, that after proceeding from thence to the gates of the Sun, and the land of Dreams, they reach a meadow flowering with asphodel, where they find Achilles, Patroclus, Antilochus, and Ajax Telamon, the very heroes whom

(adding

Are lav'd by the surrounding Euxine deep.
 But go to Delphi's city by the Gods
 Erected, thither bear this weltering corse,
 And when thou hast interr'd it, to this land
 Return, and in that cave which through the rock
 Of Sepia time hath worn, thy station keep
 Till from the waves I with my sister choir
 The fifty Nereids come, to bear thee hence.
 Thou must endure the woes impos'd by fate,
 For thus hath Jove ordain'd. But cease to grieve
 For the deceas'd: for by the righteous Gods
 The same impartial sentence is awarded
 To the whole human race, and death's a debt
 Which all must pay.

P E L E U S.

Hail, venerable Dame,
 Daughter of Nereus, my illustrious Wife:
 For what thou dost is worthy of thyself,
 And of thy progeny. I cease to grieve
 At thy command, O Goddess, and will go,
 Soon as my Grandson's corse I have interr'd,
 To Pelion's cave, where first thy beauteous form
 I in these arms receiv'd. The man whose choice
 Is by discretion guided, should select
 A Consort nobly born, and give his Daughters
 To those of virtuous families, nor wish
 To wed a Damsel sprung from worthless Sires,
 Though to his house a plenteous dower she bring:
 So shall he ne'er incur the wrath of Heaven.

C H O R U S.

A thousand shapes our varying Fates assume,
 The Gods perform what we could least expect,
 And oft the things for which we fondly hop'd
 Come not to pass: but Heaven still finds a clue
 To guide our steps through life's perplexing maze.
 And thus does this important business end.

(adding the name of Ajax Oïleus) Pausanias, says that Leonimus, being sent by the Delphic oracle to Leuca to be cured of a wound, told his countrymen at his return to Crotona, that he had seen on that island.

T H E

THE SUPPLIANTS.

Κριων ος ιδυναγευι τοτε εν Θηβαις, η παρηκε τοις προσηκυσιν ανιλομενοις
θαψαι· ικιτευσαντος δε Αδραγα Θησια, και μαχης Αθηναιων γενομενης
προς βοιωτης, Θησις ως εκρατησε τη μαχη κομισας εις την Ελευσινιαν της
γικρης, ενταυθα εθαψε.

PAUSANIAS.

PER.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

ÆTHRA.

CHORUS *of Argive Matrons,*

THESEUS.

ADRASTUS.

HERALD.

MESSENGER.

EVADNE,

IPHIS.

A BOY, *supposed to be Melon the Son of Eteoclus,*

MINERVA.

SCENE *the Temple of Ceres, at Eleusine, in the
Athenian Territory.*

(125)

The SUPPLIANTS.

ÆTHRA, CHORUS, ADRASTUS.

ÆTHRA.

THOU guardian power of Eleusine's land,
O Ceres, and ye venerable Priests
Of that benignant Goddess, who attend
This temple, blessings for myself I crave,
For my son Theseus, Athens, and the [1] realm
Of Pitheus, who, when his paternal care
Had rear'd my childhood in a wealthy house,
Consign'd me for a bride, to royal Ægeus,
Pandion's son ; for thus was it decreed
By Phœbus' oracles. These fervent prayers
I offer'd up when I yon aged Matrons
Beheld, who their abodes at Argos leave,
And with their suppliant branches at my knees
Fall prostrate, having suffer'd dreadful woes :
Now are they childless ; for before the gates
Of Thebes were slain their seven illustrious sons
Whom erst Adrastus King of Argos led
To battle, when for exil'd Polynices
His son in law, he strove to gain a share
Of Oedipus' inheritance. The corpes
Of those who by the hostile spear were slain
Their Mothers would consign to earth ; but spurning

[1] Træzene.

The

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The laws which righteous Heaven ordain'd, the victors
 Will not allow them to remove the dead.
 But needing equally with them my succor
 Adrastus shedding many a tear, lies stretcht
 On earth, bewailing the disastrous fate
 Of those brave troops whom he to battle led.
 Oft he conjures me to implore my son,
 Either by treaty, or his forceful spear,
 Back from those hostile fields to bring the slain
 And lodge them in a tomb : on him alone
 And Athens, he this honorable task
 Imposes. Hither were the victims borne,
 That we a prosperous tillage may obtain,
 And for this cause I from my house am come
 Into this temple, where the bearded [2] grain
 First rising from the fruitful soil appear'd.
 Holding loose sprays of foliage in my hand,
 I wait before the unpolluted altars
 Of Proserpine and Ceres; for these Mothers
 Grown hoar with age and of their children rest,
 With pity mov'd, and to the sacred branches
 Yielding a due respect. I to the city
 Have sent a herald to call Theseus hither,
 That from the Theban land he may remove
 The causes of their sorrow, or the Gods
 Appeasing by some pious rites, release me
 From the constraint these suppliants impose.
 In all emergencies discretion bids
 Our feeble sex to seek man's needful aid.

CHORUS.

An aged woman, prostrate at thy knees,
 Thee I implore my children to redeem
 Who welter on a foreign plain, unnerv'd

[2] Brodæus has collected testimonies from a Greek glossary to Homer, Phurnutus, Aristides, and Pausanias, to shew that Eleusine was the place where corn first made its appearance; upon which the grateful inhabitants erected the famous temple of Ceres on the spot whence they first reaped her bounties.

By

By death, and to the savage beasts a prey :
 Thou see'st the piteous tears which from these eyes
 Unbidden start, and torn with desperate hands
 My wrinkled flesh. What hope remains for me,
 Who neither, at my home, have been allow'd
 The corse of my children to stretch forth,
 Nor heap'd with earth behold their tombs arise ?
 Thou too, illustrious Dame, hast borne a Son
 Crowning the utmost wishes of thy Lord,
 Speak therefore what thou think'st of our distress
 In language suited to the griefs I feel
 For the deceas'd whom I brought forth ; persuade
 Thy Son, whose succor we implore, to march
 Across Ismenos' channel, and consign
 To me the bodies of the slaughter'd youths,
 That I beneath the monumental stone
 May bury them with every sacred rite.
 Though not by mere necessity constrain'd,
 We at thy knees fall down and urge our suit
 Before these altars of the Gods, where smokes
 The frequent incense : for our cause is just ;
 And through the prosperous fortunes of thy Son
 With power sufficient to remove our woes
 Art thou endued : but since the ills I suffer
 Thy pity claim, a miserable suppliant,
 I crave that to these arms thou would'st restore
 My Son, and grant me to embrace his corse.

ÆTHRA.

ODE.

I.

Here a fresh groupe of mourners stands,
 Your followers in succession wring their hands.

CHORUS.

Attune expressive notes of anguish,
 O ye sympathetic choir,
 And in harmonious accents languish,
 Such as Pluto loves t' inspire.

Tear

Tear those cheeks of pallid hue,
 And let gore your bosoms stain,
 For from the living is such honor due
 To the shades of heroes slain,
 Whose corseS welter on th' embattled plain.
 II.

I feel a pleasing sad relief,
 Unsated as I brood o'er scenes of grief;
 My lamentations never ending,
 Are like the moisture of the sea
 In drops from some high rock descending,
 Which flows to all eternity.
 For those youths who breathe no more
 Nature bids the Mother weep
 And with incessant tears their loss deplore :
 In oblivion would I steep
 My woes, and welcome death's perpetual sleep.

THESEUS, ÆTHRA, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

What clamorous plaints are these I hear? who strike
 Their breasts, and lamentations for the dead,
 In such a plaintive strain as from the temple
 Bursts forth, are now attuning? with what speed
 Was I borne hither by an anxious fear
 Lest any recent ill should have befallen
 My Mother, I direct my steps in quest
 Of her, for from the palace hath she long
 Been absent. But what objects new and strange
 Are these which I behold? my aged Mother
 Close to the altar seated with a band
 Of foreign matrons, who their woes express
 In various warbled notes, and on the ground
 Shed from their venerable eyes a stream
 Of tears: their heads are shorn, nor is their garb
 Suited to those who tend the sacred rites?
 What means all this? My Mother, say; from you
 I wait for information, and expect
 Some tidings of importance.

ÆTHRA.

ÆTHRA.

O my Son,
These are the Mothers of those seven fam'd chiefs
Who perish'd at the gates of Thebes: you see
How they with suppliant branches on all sides
Encompass me.

THESEUS.

But who is he who groans
So piteously, stretcht forth before the gate?

ÆTHRA.

Adrastus, they inform me, king of Argos.

THESEUS.

Are they who stand around, those [3] Matrons' Sons?

ÆTHRA.

Not theirs; they are the children of the slain.

THESEUS.

Why with those suppliant tokens in their hands
Come they to us?

ÆTHRA.

I know: but it behoves
Them, O my Son, their errand to unfold.

THESEUS.

To thee who in a fleecy cloak art wrapp'd,
My questions I address: thy head unveil,
Cease to lament, and speak; for while thy tongue
Utters no sound, thy point thou canst not gain.

ADRASTUS.

O king of the Athenian land, renown'd
For your victorious arms, to you, O Theseus,
And to your city, I a suppliant come.

THESEUS.

What's thy pursuit, and what is it thou need'st?

[3] Finding by Dr. Musgrave's note, that there is the authority
of a manuscript for reading *τεταυ* instead of *τετε*, I gladly avail
myself of it, as an amendment of the text which Minerva's
apostrophe at the close of this play to Ægialeus son of Adrastus
strongly supports.

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ADRASTUS.

Know you not how ill-fated was the host
I led?

THESEUS.

Thou didst not pass thro' Greece in silence.

ADRASTUS.

The noblest youths of Argos there I lost.

THESEUS.

Such dire effects from luckless war arise.

ADRASTUS.

From Thebes I claim'd the bodies of the slain.

THESEUS.

On heralds dear to Hermes, for procuring
Leave to inter the dead, didst thou rely?

ADRASTUS.

But they, by whom in combat they were slain,
Deny this favour.

THESEUS.

What can they allege
'Gainst a request which justice must approve?

ADRASTUS.

Ask not the reason: they are now elate
With a success they know not how to bear.

THESEUS.

Art thou come hither to consult me then,
Or on what errand?

ADRASTUS.

'Tis my wish, O Theseus,
That you the Sons of Argos would redeem.

THESEUS.

But where is Argos now? were all her boasts
Of no effect?

ADRASTUS.

We by this one defeat
Are ruin'd, and to you for succor come.

THESEUS.

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THESEUS.

This on thy private judgement, or the voice
Of the whole city?

ADRASTUS.

All the race of Danaus
Implore you to inter the slain.

THESEUS.

Why led'st thou
'Gainst Thebes seven squadrons?

ADRASTUS.

To confer a favor
On my two Sons in law.

THESEUS.

To what brave chiefs
Of Argos didst thou give thy Daughter's hands?

ADRASTUS.

My family in wedlock I with those
Of our own nation join'd not.

THESEUS.

Didst thou yield
Those Argive damsels to some foreign bridegrooms?

ADRASTUS.

To Tydeus; and to Polynices sprung
From Theban fires.

THESEUS.

What dotage could induce thee
To form alliances like these?

ADRASTUS.

Dark riddles
Phœbus propounded, which my judgement sway'd.

THESEUS.

Such union for the virgins to prescribe,
What said Apollo?

ADRASTES.

That I must bestow
My Daughters on the lion and the boar.

K 2

THESEUS.

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THESEUS.

But how didst thou interpret this response
Of the prophetic God?

ADRASTUS.

By night two exiles
Came to my door.

THESEUS.

Say, who and who: thou speak'st
Of both at once.

ADRASTUS.

Together Tydeus fought
And Polynices.

THESEUS.

Hence on them, thy Daughters,
As on ferocious beasts didst thou bestow?

ADRASTUS.

Their combat that of Savages I deem'd.

THESEUS.

Why did they leave their native land?

ADRASTUS.

Thence fled
Tydeus polluted with his [4] Brother's gore.

THESEUS.

But why did Oedipus's son forsake
The Theban realm?

ADRASTUS.

The curses of his Sire
Thence drove him, lest his Brother he should slay.

[4] The Scholiast (commonly called Didymus) on Homer Il. l. xiv. v. 120. says, "Tydeus, born in Ætolia, was the most valiant of Æolus' sons. While yet a youth, he saw his father driven from his throne on account of his old age, by the sons of his brother Agrius: upon which he slew his Cousins, and with them involuntarily his own Brother Menalippus: flying to Adrastus, king of Argos, he obtained purification from him, and married his Daughter Deipule. Brodæus hath already made these observations."

BARNES.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

A prudent cause for this spontaneous exile
Hast thou assign'd.

ADRASTUS.

But they who staid at home
Oppress'd the absent.

THESEUS.

Did his Brother rob him
Of the inheritance?

ADRASTUS.

I to decide
This contest went, and hence am I undone.

THESEUS.

Didst thou consult the Seers, and from the altar
Behold the flames of sacrifice ascend?

ADRASTUS.

Alas you urge me on that very point
Where most I fail'd.

THESEUS.

Thou led'st thy troops, it seems,
Altho' the Gods approv'd not, to the field.

ADRASTUS.

Yet more, Amphiareus oppos'd our march.

THESEUS.

Didst thou thus lightly thwart the will of Heaven?

ADRASTUS.

I by the clamorous zeal of younger men
Was hurried on.

THESEUS.

Regardless of discretion,
Thy courage thou didst follow.

ADRASTUS.

Many a chief
Hath such misconduct utterly destroy'd.
But O most dauntless of the Grecian race,
Monarch of the Athenian realm; I blush

Thus prostrate on the ground, to clasp your knees
 Grown grey with age, and once a happy king !
 But I to my calamities must yield.
 Redeem the dead, in pity to my woes,
 And to those Mothers of their Sons bereft,
 To whom the burdens which on hoary age
 Attend, are added to their childless state.
 Yet hither they endur'd to come, and tread
 A foreign soil, tho' their decrepid feet
 Could hardly move : the embassy they bring
 Hath no connection with the mystic rites
 Of Ceres ; all they crave is to inter
 The slain, as they at their mature decease
 Would from their sons such honors have obtain'd.
 'Tis wisdom in the opulent to look
 With pity on the sorrows of the poor,
 And in the poor man to look up to those
 Who have abundant riches, as examples
 For him to imitate, and thence acquire
 A wish his own possessions to improve.
 They too who are with prosperous fortunes blest
 Should feel a prudent dread of future woes ;
 And let the bard who frames th' harmonious strain
 Exert his genius in a chearful hour,
 For if his own sensations are unlike
 Those which he speaks of, never can the wretch
 Who by affliction is at home oppress'd,
 Give joy to others : there's no ground for this.
 But you perhaps will ask me ; " Passing o'er
 " The land of [5] Pelops, why would you impose
 " Such toil on the Athenians ?" This reply
 Have I a right to make ; ' The Spartan realm
 ' Is prone [6] to cruelty, and in its manners

[5] The Peloponnesus.

[6] Reiskius observes that the antient reading of $\pi\mu\eta$ must be corrupt, Adrastus being King of Argos, and not of Sparta, but has suggested nothing in its stead ; Heath, Markland, and Musgrave, concur in substituting $\alpha\mu\eta$ *sæva* or *immitis* ; which removes the objection.

' Too

‘ Too variable, its other states are small
 ‘ And destitute of strength ; your city only
 ‘ To this emprise is equal, for ’tis wont
 ‘ To pity the distress’d, and hath in you
 ‘ A valiant king : for want of such a chief
 ‘ Have many cities perish’d.’

CHORUS,

I address thee
 In the same language, to our woes, O Theseus,
 Extend thy pity,

THESEUS.

I with others erst
 Have on this subject held a strong [7] dispute ;
 For some there are who say the ills which wait
 On man exceed his joys ; but I maintain
 The contrary opinion, that our lives
 More bliss than woe experience. For if this
 Were not the fact, we could not still continue
 To view the sun. That God, whoe’er he was,
 I praise, who sever’d mortals from a life
 Of wild confusion, and of brutal force,
 Implanting reason first, and then a tongue
 That might by sounds articulate proclaim
 Our thoughts, bestowing fruit for food, and drops
 Of rain descending from the skies, to nourish
 Earth’s products, and refresh the thirst of man,
 Yet more, fit coverings, from the wintry cold
 To guard us, and Hyperion’s scorching rays ;
 The art of sailing o’er the briny deep,
 That we by commerce may supply the wants
 Of distant regions, to these gifts by Heaven
 Is added ; things the most obscure, and plac’d
 Beyond our knowlege, can the Seer foretell,

[7] “ This disputation of Theseus is beautiful, tho’ it may seem
 “ to some rather abruptly introduced. To the same purport was
 “ the oration of Themistocles before the sea fight at Salamis. He-
 “ rodotus L. 8. c. 83.”

MARKLAND.

K 4

By

By gazing on the flames which from the altar
 Ascend the skies, the entrails of the victims,
 And flight of birds. Are we not then puff'd up
 With vanity, if when the Gods bestow
 Conveniencies like these on life, we deem
 Their bounty insufficient? our conceit
 Is such, we aim to be more strong than Jove:
 Tho' pride of soul be all that we possess,
 We in our own opinion are more wise
 Than the immortal Powers. To me thou seem'st
 One of this number, O thou wretch devoid
 Of reason, by the oracles of Phœbus
 Whodeeming thou wert bound, did'st give thy daughters
 To foreigners, as if the Gods were sway'd
 By human passions. Thy illustrious blood
 With foul pollution mingling, thou thy house
 Hast wounded. Never should the wise confound
 Th' unjust and just, but prosperous friends obtain,
 Their terrors to avert. For Jove, dispensing
 To all one common fortune, oft involves
 In the calamities which guilt draws down
 Upon the sinner, him who ne'er transgress'd.
 But thou by leading forth that Argive host
 To battle, tho' the Seers in vain forbade,
 Despising each oracular response,
 And wilfully regardless of the Gods,
 Hast caus'd thy country's ruin, overrul'd
 By those young men who place their sole delight
 In glory, and promote unrighteous wars,
 Corrupting a whole city; this aspires
 To the command of armies, by the pomp
 Attending those who hold the reins of power
 A second is corrupted; some there are
 Studios of filthy lucre, who regard not
 What mischief to the public may ensue.
 Three ranks there are of citizens; the rich,
 Useless, and ever grasping after more;

While

While they, who have no property, and lack
E'en necessary food, by fierce despair
And envy actuated, send forth their stings
Against the wealthy, by th' insidious tongue
Of some malignant demagogue beguil'd :
But of these three the middle rank consists
Of those who save their country, and enforce
Each wholesome usage which the state ordains.
Shall I then be thy champion ? what pretence
That would sound honorably can I allege
To gain my countrymen ? depart in peace !
For baleful are the counsels thou hast given
That we should urge prosperity too far.

CHORUS.

He did amiss : but the great error rests
[8] On those young men, and he deserves thy pardon.

ADRASTUS.

I have not chosen you to be the judge
Of my afflictions, but to you, O King,
As a physician come ; nor, if convicted
Of having done amiss, to an avenger
Or an opprobrious censor, but a friend
Who will afford his help : if you refuse
To act this generous part, to your decision
I must submit : for what resource have I ?
But, O ye venerable Dames, retire

[8] Instead of having recourse to any of the various conjectural readings in the stead of *vous*, with which I have crowded the margin of my copy of Barnes's edition, I am inclined to consider the expression as particularly just and forcible. Theseus in the preceding speech represents Adrastus as seduced by those *young men* who cause the ruin of a nation by plunging it into unjust wars to serve their own ambitious purposes. The Chorus in their reply admit that he was to blame, but that the main fault lay in those young men, having it is most probable particularly in view Polynices and Tydeus, to whom we find in the *Phœnissæ* v. 430, that Adrastus bound himself by an oath to reinstate them in their kingdoms, and thus involved his own country in ruin to support his sons in law.

Leaving those verdant branches here behind,
 And call to witness the celestial powers,
 The fruitful Earth with Ceres lifting high
 Her torch, and that exhaustless source of light
 The Sun ; that we by all the Gods in vain
 Conjur'd you [9]. (It is pious to relieve
 Those who unjustly suffer, and the tears
 Of these your hapless kindred are you bound
 To reverence, for your Mother was the Daughter
 Of Pitheus) Son of Pelops ; in that land
 Which bears the name of Pelops, born, we share
 One origin with you : will you betray
 These sacred ties, and from your realm cast forth
 Yon hoary suppliants, nor allow the boon
 Which at your hands they merit ? act not thus ;
 For in the rocks hath the wild beast a place
 Of refuge, in the altars of the Gods
 The slave : a city harass'd by the storm
 Flies to some neighbouring city : for there's nought
 On earth that meets with everlasting bliss.

C H O R U S.

Rise, hapless woman, from this hallow'd fane
 Of Proserpine, to meet him ; clasp his knees,
 Entreat him to bestow funereal rites
 On our slain Sons, whom in the bloom of youth
 Beneath the walls of Thebes I lost : my Friends,

[9] The passage included in a *parenthesis* is translated from three lines, which first made their appearance in an antient edition I have never been able to meet with, which is without date of year or place, but supposed to have been printed at Francfort, by Peter Brubach, whose edition of Sophocles made its appearance in 1544 ; being omitted by subsequent editors, they were unknown to most readers of Euripides till Reiskius inserted them in his observations on this Author printed at Leipzig 1754. Mr. Markland has given me the example of *thus* inserting them in the text, and Dr. Musgrave has admitted them in his notes ; Barnes appears to have been a stranger to this passage, and never to have seen Brubach's edition, but his own conjecture supplied a verse very nearly similar to the last of the three, as necessary to fill up the chasm.

Lift

Lift from the ground, support me, bear along,
Stretch forth these miserable, these aged hands.
Thee, O thou most lov'd and most renown'd
Of Grecian chiefs, I by that beard conjure,
While at thy knees thus prostrate, on the ground
I for my Sons, a wretched suppliant sue,
Or, like some helpless vagabond, pour forth
The warbled lamentation. Generous Youth,
Thee I entreat, let not my Sons, whose age
Was but the same with thine, in Thebes remain
Unburied, for the sport of savage beasts!
Behold what tears stream from the swimming eyes
Of me, who kneel before thee to procure
For my slain Sons, an honorable grave.

THESEUS.

Why, O my Mother, do you shed the tear,
Covering your eyes with that transparent veil?
Is it because you heard their plaints? I too
Am much affected. Raise your hoary head,
Nor weep while seated at the holy altar
Of Ceres.

ÆTHRA.

Ah!

THESEUS.

You ought not thus to groan
For their afflictions.

ÆTHRA.

O ye wretched Dames!

THESEUS.

You are not one of them.

ÆTHRA.

Shall I propose
A scheme, my Son, your glory to encrease,
And that of Athens?

THESEUS.

Wisdom oft hath flow'd
From female lips,

ÆTHRA

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ÆTHRA.

I meditated words
Of such importance, that they make me pause.

THESEUS.

You speak amiss, we from our friends should hide
Nought that is useful.

ÆTHRA.

If I now were mute,
Myself hereafter might I justly blame
For keeping a dishonorable silence.
Nor thro' the fear lest eloquence should prove
Of no effect, when issuing from the mouth
Of a weak woman, will I thus forego
An honourable task. My Son, I first
Exhort you to regard the will of Heaven,
Lest thro' neglect you err, else will you fail
In this one point, though you in all beside
Think rightly. I moreover still had kept
My temper calm, if to redress the wrongs
Which they endure, an enterprising soul
Had not been requisite. But now, my Son,
A field of glory opens to your view,
Nor these bold counsels scruple I to urge
That by your conquering arm you would compell
Those men of violence, who from the slain
Withhold their just inheritance a tomb,
Such necessary duty to perform,
And quell those impious miscreants who confound
The usages establish'd through all Greece :
For the firm bond which peopled cities holds
In union, is th' observance of the laws.
But some there are who will assert, " that fear
" Effeminately caus'd thee to forego
" Those wreaths of fame thy country might have gain'd ;
" Erst with a [10] bristled monster of the woods
" Didst

[10] A wild Sow, named Phæa, which infested the fields of Croyon near Corinth. Plutarch speaks of Theseus' slaying this beast

“ Didst thou engage, nor shun th’ inglorious strife :
 “ But now call’d forth to face the burnish’d helm
 “ And pointed spear art found to be a dastard.”
 Let not my Son act thus : your native land,
 Which for a want of prudence hath been scorn’d,
 You see, tremendous as a Gorgon, rear
 Its front against the scorner: for it grows
 Under the pressure of severest toils.
 The deeds of peaceful cities are obscure,
 And caution bounds their views. Will you not march,
 My Son, to succor the illustrious dead,
 And these afflicted Matrons? for your safety
 I fear not, while with justice you go forth
 To battle. Though I now on Cadmus’ Sons
 Behold auspicious Fortune smile, I trust
 They will ere long experience the reverse
 Of her unstable die : for she o’erturns
 All that is great and glorious.

CHORUS.

Dearest Æthra,
 Well didst thou plead Adrastus’ cause and mine :
 Hence twofold joy I feel.

THESEUS.

He hath deserv’d,
 O Mother, the severe reproofs which flow’d
 From my indignant tongue, and I my thoughts
 Of those pernicious counsels whence arose
 His ruin, have express’d. Yet I perceive
 What you suggest, that ill would it become
 The character I have maintain’d, to fly
 From danger. After many glorious deeds
 Achiev’d, among the Greeks, I chose this office,
 An exemplary punishment t’ inflict
 On all the wicked. Therefore from no toils

as one of his earliest exploits ; and Ovid as one of those by which
 he proved himself a benefactor to mankind. Strabo calls this Sow
 Mother to the Calydonian Boar which was killed by Meleager.

Can

142 THE SUPPLIANTS.

Can I shrink back, for what would those who hate me
 Have to allege, when you who gave me birth,
 And tremble for my safety, are the first
 Who bid me enter on the bold emprise?
 I on this errand go, and will redeem
 The dead by words persuasive, or if words
 Are ineffectual, with protended spear,
 And in an instant, if the envious Gods
 Refuse not their assistance. But I wish
 That the whole city may a sanction give:
 They to my pleasure their assent would yield;
 But to the scheme, if I propose it first
 To be debated, I shall find the people
 More favourable: for them I made supreme,
 And on this city, with an equal right
 For all to vote, its freedom have bestow'd.
 Taking Adrastus with me for a proof
 Of my assertions, midst the crowd I'll go,
 And when I have persuaded them, collecting
 A chosen squadron of Athenian youths,
 Hither return, and halting under arms,
 To Creon send a message to request
 The bodies of the slain. But from my Mother,
 Ye aged Dames, those holy boughs remove,
 That I may take her by that much-lov'd hand,
 And to the royal dome of Ægeus lead.
 Vile is that Son, who to his parents yields
 No grateful services, for, from his children,
 He who such glorious tribute pays, receives
 Whate'er through filial duty he bestow'd.

CHORUS.

O D E

I. 1.

O Argos, fam'd for steeds, my native plain,
 Sure thou, with all Pelasgia's wide domain,
 Hast heard the King's benevolent design,
 And wilt in grateful strains revere the Powers Divine.

I. 2.

I. 2.

May Theseus put an end to all my woes,
Rescuing those bloody corpes from our foes
Still objects of maternal love; his aid
Shall by th' Inachian realm's attachment be repaid.

II. 1.

To pious deeds belongs a mighty name,
And cities fav'd procure eternal fame.
Will he do this; with us in friendship join,
And to the peaceful tomb our slaughter'd Sons consign?

II. 2.

Minerva's town, support a Mother's cause,
Thou from pollution canst preserve the laws
Which man holds sacred, thou rever'st the right,
Sett'st the afflicted free, and quell'st outrageous might.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS *to a Herald.*

Thou, always practising this art, hast serv'd
Thy city, and to various regions borne
My embassies: when therefore thou hast cross'd
Asopus, and Ismenos' stream, address
The Theban Monarch in these courteous words;
"Theseus, who dwells in an adjacent realm,
"And hath a right such favor to receive,
"Requests you as a friend t' inter the dead,
"And gain the love of all Erectheus' race."
To this petition if they yield assent,
Come back again in peace: if they refuse,
Thy second message shall be this; "My band
"Of chosen youths in glittering mail array'd
"They must expect:" for at the sacred fount
"Callichore, e'en now th' assembled host
"Halts under arms, prepar'd for instant fight."
For in this arduous enterprise, with zeal
The city of its own accord engag'd,
When they perceiv'd my wish. But who intrudes
E'en

144 THE SUPPLIANTS.

E'en while I yet am speaking? he appears
To be a Theban Herald, though I doubt it.
Stay; for thy errand he may supersede,
And by his coming obviate my designs.

THEBAN HERALD, THESEUS,
ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THEBAN HERALD.

Who is the sovereign ruler of this land?
To whom must I unfold the message sent
By Creon who presides o'er the domains
Of Cadmus, since before Thebes' sevenfold gates
Slain by his Brother Polynices' hand
Eteocles expir'd?

THESEUS.

With an untruth
Thy speech, O stranger, hast thou op'd by asking
For a King here: for Athens, this free city,
By no one man is govern'd, but the people
Rule in succession year by year; to wealth
No preference is allow'd, but the poor man
An equal share of empire doth possess.

THEBAN HERALD.

By yielding up this point, you, such advantage,
To me, as equals the first throw at dice,
Have granted: for the city whence I came
By one man only, not a crowd, is rul'd,
No crafty orator with specious words
For his own interest turns the wavering minds
Of its inhabitants, this moment dear
To all around, and lavish of his favours,
The next a public bane, yet he conceals
By some fresh calumny his errors past,
And escapes the stroke of justice. How can they
Who no sound judgements form, the people, guide
A city well? for Time instead of Haste
Affords the best instructions. But the man
Who

Who tills the ground, by poverty deprest,
 If to that poverty he add the want
 Of due experience, through the manual toils
 He is engag'd in, to the public good
 Can ne'er look up. Those too of noble birth
 Are much disgusted when the worthless hold
 Posts of the highest rank, and he who erst
 Was nothing, with his tongue beguiles the crowd

THESEUS.

This witty Herald to his message adds
 The flowers of eloquence. But on this strife
 Since thou hast enter'd, hear me; for 'twas thou
 That gav'st the challenge to debate: no curse
 [11] Is greater to a city than a King.
 For first wheree'er no laws exist which bind
 The whole community, and one man rules,
 Upon his arbitrary will alone
 Depend the laws, and all thy rights are lost:
 But under written laws the poor and rich
 An equal justice find; and if reproach'd,
 They of low station may with equal scorn
 Answer the taunting arrogance of wealth;
 And an inferior, if his cause be just,
 Conquers the powerful. This too is a mark
 Of freedom, where the man who can propose
 Some wholesome counsel for the public weal,
 Is by the herald call'd upon to speak.
 Then he who with a generous zeal accepts
 Such offer, gains renown; but he who likes not
 His thoughts to utter, still continues mute.
 How can a city be administer'd
 With more equality? wheree'er the people

[11] "The word *tyrannos* here evidently means a King, for he is
 "called *βασιλευς*, v. 444; and the dispute is about Monarchy, or
 "the power of one man compared with a Democracy: though in
 "some places the Poet may seem to confound Royalty with Ty-
 "ranny; in order, I apprehend, to place it in a more invidious
 "light." MARKLAND.

Are sovereigns of the land, a rising race
 Of heroes gives them joy ; but these a King
 Esteems his foes ; the brave, with those who bear
 The character of wise, he slays, still trembling
 For his ill-gotten power. How can that city
 On a firm basis stand, where valiant youths,
 Like the green sheaf cut from the vernal mead,
 Are in their bloom mown down ? why then acquire
 Large fortunes for our children, to augment
 The treasures of a king ? or why train up
 Our virgin Daughters with an anxious care,
 Merely to gratify the loose desires
 Of an imperious Monarch, and cause tears
 To stream from their fond Parents ? May I end
 My life, ere these indignant eyes behold
 The violation of my Daughter's honor !
 Thus far in answer to thy speech.—Now say,
 What claims hast thou to make on this domain ?
 Wert thou not hither by thy city sent,
 Thou, the impertinent harangues thou cam'st
 To utter, should'st bewail. For it behoves
 A messenger, as soon as he hath spoken
 Whate'er his lords enjoin, with th' utmost speed
 To go away. Let Creon the next time
 A less loquacious messenger dispatch
 To the Athenian land.

CHORUS.

Alas ! when Fortune
 Profusely showers her gifts upon the wicked,
 How insolent they are, as if they deem'd
 They should for ever prosper !

THEBAN HERALD.

I will now
 Speak what I have in charge ; your thoughts indeed
 Differ from mine on these contested points ;
 But I and all the Theban race pronounce
 This interdict ; let not Adrastus enter

The

The land, or if he be already here,
 Ere yon bright chariot of the Sun descends,
 Regardless of these mystic branches borne
 By suppliant matrons, drive him from the realm,
 Nor furiously attempt to take away
 The slain by force, for in the Argive state
 You have no interest. If to my advice
 You yield due credence; by no boisterous waves
 O'ertaken in your course, you cross the deep
 Shall sail your Nation's pilot, else the storm
 Of direful war shall burst on us and you,
 And your allies. Deliberate well, nor give
 An haughty answer, by my words provok'd,
 And of the freedom of your city vain :
 For a reliance on superior might
 Is most pernicious, oft hath it embroil'd
 Contending states, and rous'd immoderate ire.
 For when whole cities by their votes decide
 In favor of a war, there's not a man
 Expects to perish; all avert the doom
 Which threatens their own, upon another's head.
 But while they give their suffrages, if Death
 Were present to their eyes, Greece ne'er had ow'd
 Its ruin to a frantic lust for war.
 We all know how to choose the better part,
 Distinguish good from ill, and are aware
 That Peace, the benefactress of mankind,
 Is preferable to war, by every Muse
 Held justly dear, and to the fiends of Hell
 A foe, in population the delights,
 And wealth abundant : but these blessings flighting,
 We wickedly embark in needless wars ;
 A man to servitude consigns the man
 His arms subdu'd, on city the same doom
 City imposes. But you aid our foes
 E'en after they are dead, and would inter
 With pomp funereal those who owe their fate
 To their own arrogance. Forsooth, you deem

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That justice was infring'd, when smok'd the body
 Of frantic Capaneus, by thunder smitten,
 Upon that ladder, which he at the gates
 Erecting, swore he would lay waste our city,
 Or with dread Jove's consent, or in despite
 Of the vindictive God: nor should th' abyss
 Have snatch'd away that [12] Augur, swallowing up
 His chariot in the caverns of the earth:
 Nor was it fitting that those other Chiefs
 Should at the gates lie breathless, with their limbs
 Disjointed by huge stones; boast that your wisdom
 Transcends e'en that of Jove himself, or own
 The Gods may punish sinners. It behoves
 Those who are wise, to love their children first,
 Their aged parents next, and native land,
 Whose growing fortunes they are bound t' improve,
 And not dismember it. In him who leads
 An host, or pilot station'd at the helm,
 Rashness is dangerous: he who by discretion
 His conduct regulates, desists in time,
 And caution I esteem the truest valor.

ADRASTUS.

The vengeance Jove inflicted on our crimes
 Should have suffic'd: but it behoves not thee,
 Thou most abandon'd miscreant, to insult us
 With contumelious words.

THESEUS.

Adrastus, peace!
 Restrain thy tongue, and in my speech forbear
 To interrupt me: for this Herald brings
 For thee no embassy, but comes to me
 And I must answer.—First will I confute
 The bold assertion which thou first didst make.
 I own not the authority of Creon,
 Nor can he by superior might enforce
 From Athens these submissions: to its source

[12] Amphiareus.

The

The river shall flow upward ere we yield
 To base compulsion. I am not the cause
 Of this destructive war; nor did I enter
 The realms of Cadmus with those armed bands,
 But to inter the bodies of the slain
 (No violence to Thebes, no bloody strife
 Commencing), is, I deem, an act of justice,
 And authoriz'd by the establish'd laws
 Of every Grecian state. In what respect
 Have I transgress'd? if from those Argive chiefs
 Ye suffer'd aught, they perish'd: on your foes
 With glory ye aveng'd yourselves, and shame
 To them ensued. No longer any right
 Have ye to punish. O'er the dead let dust
 Be strewn, and every particle revert
 Back to its antient seat whence into [13] life
 It migrated, the soul ascend to Heaven,
 The body mix with earth: for we possess,
 By no sure tenure, this decaying frame,
 But for a dwelling merely, through the space
 Of life's short day, to us doth it belong,
 And after our decease, the foodful ground
 Which nourish'd, should receive it back again.
 Think'st thou the wrong thou dost, when thou deniest
 Interment to the dead, confin'd to Argos?
 No; 'tis a common insult to all Greece,
 When, of due obsequies bereft, the slain
 Are left without a tomb: the brave would lose

[13] An obvious tautology is avoided by reading *ζωή* instead of *σωμ*, as proposed by Mr. Toup in his *Emend.* in *Suidam*, and Dr. Musgrave in his note on this passage. The following passage of Lucretius is noticed as exactly similar with this part of Theseus' speech in Euripides, by Barthius in his *Adversaria*, and a note of Tanaquil Faber in Havercamp's edition of Lucretius;

Cedit item retro, de Terrâ quod fuit ante,
 In Terras: & quod missum est ex ætheris oris
 Id rursus Cæli fulgentia templa recepiant.

Both the Greek and Latin Poet are supposed to have taken the thought from the writings of the Philosopher Epicharmus.

Their courage, should such usages prevail.
 Com'st thou to threaten me in haughty strain,
 Yet meanly fear'st to let the scatter'd mold
 Cover the dead? what mischiefs can ensue?
 Will they, when buried, undermine your walls,
 Or in earth's hollow caves beget a race
 Of children able to avenge their wrongs?
 Absurdly hast thou lavish'd many words
 In base and groundless terrors. O ye fools,
 Go make yourselves acquainted with the woes
 To which mankind are subject. Human life
 Is but a conflict: some there are whose bliss
 Approaches them, while that of others waits
 Till a long future season, others taste
 Of present joys: capricious Fortune sports
 With all her anxious votaries; through a hope
 Of better times to her the wretched pay
 Their homage; he who is already blest
 Extolls her matchless bounty to the skies,
 And trembles lest the veering gale forsake him.
 But we who know by what precarious tenure
 We hold her gifts, should bear a trifling wrong
 With patience, and, if we the narrow bounds
 Of justice overleap, abstain from crimes
 Which harm our country. If thou ask, what means
 'This prelude? I reply; to us who wish
 To see them laid in earth with holy rites,
 Consign the weltering corpses of the slain,
 Else is it clear what mischiefs must ensue,
 I will go forth, and bury them by force.
 For 'mong the Greeks it never shall be said
 'This [14] antient law, which from the Gods receiv'd
Its

[14] The law here alluded to is probably that mentioned by
 Ælian, Var. Hist. L. 5. c. 14. Νόμος καὶ θεὸς Ἀττικὸς ὃς ἀν' ἀταφῶν πε-
 ριτυχῆ σωματι ἀνθρώπων, πάντως ἐπιθαλεῖν αὐτῷ γῆν. "This also is an
 " Athenian law, that whoever meets with the unburied body of a
 " man, shall be indispensably bound to cast earth over it." In the
Antigone

Its sanction : though transmitted down to me
And to the city where Pandion rul'd,
Was disregarded.

CHORUS.

Courage ! while the light
Of justice is thy guide, thou shalt escape
Th' invidious censures of a busy crowd.

THEBAN HERALD.

May I comprize in a few words the whole
Of our debate ?

THESEUS.

Speak whatsoe'er thou wilt :
For no discreet restraint thy tongue e'er knew.

THEBAN HERALD.

The corse of those Argive youths, from Thebes
You never shall remove.

THESEUS.

Now to my answer
Attend, if thou art so dispos'd.

THEBAN HERALD.

I will :
For in your turn I ought to hear you speak.

THESEUS.

On the deceas'd will I bestow a grave,
When I have borne their relicks from the land
Wash'd by Asopus' stream.

THEBAN HERALD.

In combat first
Great hazards must you brave.

Antigone of Sophocles, the Messenger, speaking of Polynices' corse,
says,

Λεπὴν δ' αἶψα φευγοντος ὡς ἐπὶν κοινῆς.

Light lay the scatter'd earth

As only meant t' avoid th' imputed curse.

FRANKLIN.

The same idea prevailed among the Romans : and we find the ghost
of Archytas in Horace threatening the Mariner with the vengeance
of Heaven against both himself and his posterity, if he neglected the
pious office of strewing dust over his shipwrecked corse, which the
waves had cast upon the shore.

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THESEUS.

Unnumber'd toils
Have I ere now in other wars endur'd.

THEBAN HERALD.

Was there to you transmitted from your Sire
Sufficient strength to cope with every foe?

THESEUS.

With every villain: for on virtuous deeds
No punishment would I inflict.

THEBAN HERALD.

Both you
And Athens have been wont in various matters
To busy yourselves.

THESEUS.

To many a bold emprise
She owes the prosperous fortunes she enjoys.

THEBAN HERALD.

Come on, that soon as you attempt to enter
Our gates, the Theban lance may lay you low.

THESEUS.

Can any valiant champion from the teeth
Of a slain Dragon spring?

THEBAN HERALD.

This to your cost
Shall you experience, tho' you still retain
The rashness which untutor'd youth inspires.

THESEUS.

By thy presumptuous language, thou my soul
To anger canst not rouse: but from this land
Depart, and carry back those empty words
With which thou hither cam'st: for we in vain
Have held this conference. *Exit Theban Herald.*

Now must we collect
Our numerous infantry in arms array'd,
With all who mount the chariot, and the steed
Caparison'd, his mouth distilling foam,

Urge

Urge to the Theban realm ; for I will march
 Up to the seven-fold gates by Cadmus rear'd,
 [15] This arm sustaining a protended spear,
 And be myself the Herald. But stay here,
 Adrastus, I command thee ; nor with mine
 Blend thy disastrous fortunes : for the host
 I under happier auspices will lead
 To the embattled field, renown'd in war,
 And furnish'd with the spear to which I owe
 My glories. There is but one thing more I need,
 Help from the gods, who are the friends of justice :
 For where all these advantages concur,
 They to our better cause ensure success ?
 But valor's of no service to mankind
 Unless propitious Jove his influence lend.

Exit Theseus.

A D R A S T U S.

Unhappy Mothers of those hapless chiefs,
 How doth pale fear disturb this anxious breast !

C H O R U S.

What new alarm is this thou giv'st ?

A D R A S T U S.

The host
 Of Pallas our great contest will decide.

C H O R U S.

By force of arms, or conference, dost thou mean ?

A D R A S T U S.

'Twere better thus ; but slaughter, the delight
 Of Mars, and battle, thro' the Theban streets,

[15] Carmelli in his Italian version has thrown this line into a parenthesis. Markland had on conjecture altered *avro; ipse* into *avro; hic* ; but in his note gives the preference to Reiskius's arrangement, who carries it two lines backward. Dr. Musgrave, whom I have followed, brings it one line forward, and by so doing gives I think greater force and beauty to the speech. Mr. Tyrwhitt and he are also my authorities for putting into the mouth of Adrastus the following speeches, usually ascribed to Æthra.

With

154 THE SUPPLIANTS.

With many a beaten bosom shall resound.

CHORUS.

Wretch that I am! what cause shall I assign
For such calamities?

ADRASTUS.

But some reverse
Of fortune, may again lay low the man
Who, swollen with gay prosperity, exults;
This gives me confidence.

CHORUS.

Th' immortal Gods
Thou represent'st as if those Gods were just.

ADRASTUS.

For who but they o'er each event preside?

CHORUS.

Heaven's partial dispensations to mankind
I oft contemplate.

ADRASTUS.

Thou thy better judgement
To thy past fears dost sacrifice. Revenge
Calls forth revenge, and slaughter is repaid
By slaughter; for the Gods into the souls
Of evil men pernicious thoughts infuse,
And all things to their destin'd period guide.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I.

O could I reach yon field with turrets crown'd
And leave thy spring Callichoré behind.

ADRASTUS.

Heaven give thee pinions to outstrip the wind!

CHORUS.

Waft me to Thebes for its two streams renown'd.

ADRASTUS.

[16] There might'st thou view the spirits of the slain
Whose

[16] Though the reading of $\Psi\chi\alpha\varsigma$, which I have followed, is
defended

Whose corpes welter on the hostile plain.
Still dubious are the dread awards of fate.
But the undaunted King of this domain,
In yon embattled field what dangers may await!

CHORUS.

II.

On you, ye pitying Gods, again I call,
In you my trust I place, your might revere,
And with this hope dispell each anxious fear.
O Jove, whom love's soft bandage did enthrall,
When beauteous Io met thy fond embrace,
Ere to a heifer chang'd, from whom we trace
Our origin, make Argos still thy care.
Thy image rescuing from its loath'd disgrace,
To the funereal pyre these heroes will we bear.

MESSENGER, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

With many acceptable tidings fraught
[17] I come, ye Dames, and am myself just 'scap'd;
(For

defended by Barnes with respect to the quantity, in a manner which appears to me entirely satisfactory, especially if with Scaliger we compound *αν Ψυχας* into *αμψυχας*; The conjectural innovation of *Τυχας* *fortunas*, proposed by Mr. Heath and Mr. Tyrwhitt, has found admission into the Latin versions of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave. "*How could she see the souls of her Sons?*" is a question asked by the former of these editors in opposition to the old reading. Metaphysical controversies are much beyond my sphere, but *such* is the language of Euripides and the antient Poets. *Πο ποτε δειαν Ελενα ψυχην ειδω*; is an exclamation of the unfortunate Hecuba in the eighty seventh line of the Tragedy which bears her name; on which the Scholiast observes *ειπε ψυχην Ελενα επειδη τεθνηκως ην*. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, where Ulysses sees and converses with the souls of Tiresias and other illustrious Greeks, the word *ψυχη* is used by Homer, as is that of *anima* in Virgil where he speaks of those with whom Æneas held a like intercourse. Moreover the idea of the ghosts of those warriors being seen to wander in discontent, and hover about the spot where their bodies lay unburied, is perfectly classical, and conformable to what we read of Elpenor's shade in Homer, and that of Palinurus in Virgil.

[17] This violation of the unity of time, which is by far the most

156 THE SUPPLIANTS.

(For I was taken prisoner in that battle,
 When the seven squadrons, led by the deceas'd,
 Upon the banks of Dirce's current fought);
 It is my joyful errand to relate
 The conquest Theseus gain'd: but your fatigue
 Of asking tedious questions will I spare;
 For to that Capaneus, th' ill-fated chief
 Whom Jove with flaming thunderbolts transpierc'd,
 Was I a servant.

CHORUS.

O my friend, you bring
 A favourable account of your return,
 And Theseus' mighty deeds: but if the host
 Of generous Athens too be safe, most welcome
 Will be the whole of what you now relate.

MESSENGER.

'Tis safe; and what Adrastus strove t' effect,

most gross of any that occurs in Euripides, if we except that he is charged with committing (as I hope I have shewn) upon very slight grounds, in the immediately preceding tragedy of *Andromache*, has not escaped the censure of the critics: but the attack made upon it by Muretus, var. lect. L. XIV. c. 16. being somewhat inaccurately worded, Barnes thence takes occasion rather to extenuate the charge; and Markland observes with an air of triumph, that the stricture "on the messenger's *returning* from Thebes "to *Athens* in less time than he could have performed the journey "in a dream" is doubly inaccurate, as the messenger is a prisoner who had been detained at Thebes ever since the former war, and escaping from thence, brought these tidings to Eleusine, not Athens. The distance of Eleusine from Thebes appears indeed from the maps somewhat smaller than that of Athens: but in every other respect the objection will rather gain than lose force by being stated with minuteness and accuracy. Scarce forty lines have intervened since Theseus left the temple to put himself at the head of his troops, who were waiting for him at the spring of Callichore; from thence he has marched to Thebes and given battle to Creon, who repeated his refusal to deliver up the slain: the Thebans being defeated after a very obstinate conflict, and the gates of the city being thrown open to admit the fugitives, an Argive prisoner made his escape, and now arrives at Eleusine with an account of the engagement, so circumstantial that the very delivering it takes up near treble the space of time that has elapsed since Theseus left the temple.

When

When from the stream of Inachus he led
His forces, and against the Theban towers
Wag'd war, is now accomplish'd.

CHORUS.

But relate
How Ægeus' Son with his intrepid comrades
Jove's trophies rear'd, for you th' engagement saw,
And us who were not there, can entertain.

MESSENGER.

In a right line the solar beams began
To strike the earth ; upon a tower I stood
Commanding a wide prospect o'er the field,
Above the gate Electra. Thence I mark'd
The warriors of three tribes, to the assault
Advancing in three several bands, array'd
In ponderous armour, to Ismenos' stream
The first division, I am told, its ranks
Extended ; the illustrious Son of Ægeus,
Their monarch, was among them ; round their chief
The natives of Cecropia's antient realm
Were station'd ; the Paraiians arm'd with spears
Close to the fount of Mars ; on either flank
Of battle stood the cavalry dispos'd
In equal numbers ; and the brazen cars
Skreen'd by Amphion's venerable tomb.
Meanwhile the Theban forces were drawn forth
Without the bulwarks, placing in their rear
The bodies which they fought for ; fiery steed
To steed ; to chariot, chariot stood oppos'd.
But Theseus' Herald, in a voice so loud
That all might hear, cried out, " Be mute, ye people,
" Attend in strictest silence, O ye troops
" Who spring from Cadmus ; we are come to claim
" The bodies of the slain, which 'tis our wish
" To bury, in compliance with the laws
" Establish'd thro' all Greece : we for their deaths
" Require not an atonement." To these words

No

158 THE SUPPLIANTS.

No answer by his herald Creon gave,
 Firm under arms the silent warrior stood.
 They who the reins of adverse chariots held
 Began the battle, hurrying through the ranks
 With glowing wheels, nor shunn'd the lifted spear;
 Some fought with swords, while others urg'd their steeds
 Again into the fray, encountering those
 Who had repell'd them. But when Phorbas, leader
 Of the Athenian cavalry, observ'd
 The chariots of the foe in throngs advance,
 He and the chieftains of the Theban horse
 In the encounter mingled, and by turns
 Prevail'd and were discomfited. I speak not
 From fame alone, but what myself beheld,
 For I was present where the chariots fought,
 And the brave chiefs who in those chariots rode.
 In an assemblage of so many horrors,
 I know not which to mention first; how thick
 The clouds of dust which blacken'd all the sky,
 Or those who tangled in the stubborn reins
 Were dragg'd at random o'er the field, and bath'd
 In their own gore, their chariots overthrown
 Or broken; others headlong from their seat
 Were violently dash'd upon the ground,
 And breath'd their last amid their splinter'd wheels.
 When Creon saw his cavalry prevail,
 Hastily snatching up a pointed spear,
 Onward he march'd impetuous, lest his troops
 Should lose their courage; nor through abject fear
 Did Theseus' bands recoil: without delay,
 On to the combat, sheath'd in glittering arms
 The dauntless chief advanc'd, and now began
 In the main body of each adverse host
 An universal conflict; with the slain
 The slayer mingled lay; while clamorous shouts
 Were heard from those who to their comrades cried;
 "Strike! with your spears oppose Erechtheus' race."
A legion

A legion sprung from the slain Dragon's teeth
 With courage fought, and press'd on our left wing
 So hard that it gave way, while by our right
 Discomfited the Theban squadrons fled.
 Thus in an equal balance long remain'd
 The fate of war, but here again our Chief
 Deserv'd applause, for he not only gain'd
 All that advantage his victorious troops
 Could give him, but proceeded to that wing
 Which had been worsted: with so loud a shout
 That earth resounded, "Valiant youths," he cried,
 "If ye repell not those protended spears
 "Of the fierce Dragon's brood, Minerva's city
 "Is utterly destroy'd." These words infus'd
 New confidence in all th' Athenian host.
 Then snatching up the ponderous club he won,
 Near [18] Epidaurus, with his utmost force
 He swang that formidable weapon round,
 Severing, like tender poppies from the stalks,
 At the same stroke, their necks and helmed heads,
 Yet scarcely could he put to flight the troops
 Of Argos. With a shout, then vaulting high,
 I clapp'd my hands while to the gates they ran.
 Through every street re-echoed mingled shrieks
 Of young and old, who by their fears impell'd
 Crowded the temples. But when he with ease
 The fortress might have enter'd, Theseus check'd
 The ardor of his host, and said he came,
 Not to destroy the city, but redeem
 The bodies of those slaughter'd chiefs. A man

[18] Epidaurus, in the province of Argos, is described by Strabo as being situated near the bay of Saron, and opposite to the island Ægina: the distance is not great from thence to Træzene the city of Pittheus, under whose care Theseus was educated. Plutarch speaks of that hero's killing Periphetes, a famous robber in the neighbourhood of Epidaurus, as his earliest exploit. Theseus, as a mark of his triumph, used to bear the club he took from his vanquished foe, whom Pausanias and Ovid have dignified with the appellation of the Son of Vulcan.

Like

160 THE SUPPLIANTS.

Like this should be selected for the leader
Of armies, who 'midst dangers perseveres
Undaunted, and abhors the madding pride
Of those, who, flush'd with triumph, while they seek
To mount the giddy ladder's topmost round,
Forfeit that bliss they else might have enjoy'd.

CHORUS.

Now I have seen this unexpected day,
I deem that there are Gods, and feel my woes
Alleviated since these audacious miscreants
Have suffer'd their deserts.

ADRASTUS.

Why do they speak
Of wretched man as wise? On thee, O Jove,
Our all depends, and whatsoe'er thou will'st
We execute. The power of [19] Argos seem'd
Too great to be resisted; we relied
On our own numbers and superior might.
Hence when Eteocles began to treat
Of peace, though he demanded moderate terms,
Disdaining to accept it, we rush'd headlong
Into perdition: while the foolish race
Of Cadmus, like some beggar who obtains
Immense possessions suddenly, grew proud,
And pride was the forerunner of their ruin.
Mortals, devoid of sense, who strain too hard
Your feeble bow, and after ye have suffer'd
Unnumber'd evils justly, to the voice
Of friends still deaf, are guided by events;
And cities, who by treaty might avert
Impending mischief, choose to make the sword,
Rather than reason, umpire of your strife.
But whither do these vain reflections tend?

[19] The substitution of *Argos* for *αλγος*, which stands in the Aldus edition, and that of Barnes, is authorized, as we are informed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by the manuscripts in the royal library at Paris.

What I now wish to learn is, by what means
Thou didst escape: I into other matters
Will then make full enquiry.

MESSENGER.

While the tumult
Of battle in the city still prevail'd,
I thro' that gate came forth, by which the troops
Had enter'd.

ADRASTUS.

But did ye bear off the bodies
Of those slain chiefs for whom the war arose?

MESSENGER.

Who o'er seven noble houses did preside.

ADRASTUS.

What's this thou said'st? but where are all the rest
Of the deceas'd, an undistinguish'd crowd?

MESSENGER.

Lodg'd in a tomb amid Cithæron's vale.

ADRASTUS.

Beyond or on this side the mount? and who
Perform'd this mournful duty?

MESSENGER.

Theseus' self;
The rock Eleutheris o'er shades their grave.

ADRASTUS.

But as for those he hath not yet interr'd,
Where did he leave their corpes?

MESSENGER.

Near at hand.
For every duty that affection prompts
Is plac'd within our reach.

ADRASTUS.

Did slaves remove
The dead with their ignoble hands?

MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

M

No slave
Perform'd

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Perform'd that office : if you had been present
You would have cried, "What love doth Theseus bear
"To our slain friends!" he lav'd the grievous wounds
Of these unhappy youths, the couch prepar'd,
And o'er their bodies threw the decent veil.

A D R A S T U S.

Most heavy burden! too unseemly task!

M E S S E N G E R.

What shame to feeble mortals can arise
From those calamities which none escape?

A D R A S T U S.

Ah! would to Heaven that I with them had died!

M E S S E N G E R.

In vain you weep, and cause full many a tear
To stream from these your followers.

A D R A S T U S.

Here I stand
As the chief mourner, though by them, alas!
Have I been taught to grieve. Of that no more.
With hands uplifted I advance to meet
The dead, and pouring forth a votive dirge
To sooth Hell's grievous Potentate, once more
Will I accost those friends, of whom depriv'd
I wail my solitude. This only loss
Man never can retrieve, the fleeting breath [20]
Of life; but the possessions we impair,
By various means may be again acquir'd.

Exit Messenger.

[20] "This passage is imitated from Homer,

"Ανίστοι μὲν γὰρ τε βοῖες καὶ ἰφια μῆλα,

"Κτήτοσι δὲ τριπόδες τε καὶ ἵππων ἔαυθα κάρηνα·

"Ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴν παλιν εἰλθεῖν ἔτε λείψην,

"Οὐδ' ἐλεῖται, ἔπειτα γὰρ κεν ἀμειψέται ἐρκὸς ὀδόντων.

Il. L. 9. v. 406.

"Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,

"And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain;

"But from our lips the vital spirit fled

"Returns no more to wake the silent dead." POPE.

"Brodæus has already made the same observation." BARNES.

C H O R U S.

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CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Dash'd are our joys with mingled pains;
While Athens and its leaders claim
Fresh wreaths of laurel with augmented fame;
Doom'd to behold the pale remains
Of my lov'd children, bitter, pleasing fight,
I after grief shall feel an unforeseen delight.

II.

We, by Time aged Sire secur'd,
From marriage ought to have abstain'd.
What need had I of Sons? had I remain'd
Unwedded, I had ne'er endur'd
Those direful ills which shuddering now I mourn;
My Children, from these arms for ever are ye torn.
But lo the corpes of those breathless youths,
Are borne in pomp funereal. Would to Heaven
I with my Sons might perish, and descend
The shades of Pluto!

ADRASTUS.

Matrons, o'er the dead,
Pale tenants of the realms beneath, now vent
Your loudest groans, and to my groans reply.

CHORUS.

O Children, whom in bitterness of soul,
With a maternal fondness, we accost;
To thee, my breathless Son, to thee I speak.

ADRASTUS.

Ah me! my woes!

CHORUS.

We have endur'd, alas!
Afflictions the most grievous.

ADRASTUS.

O ye Dames
Of my lov'd Argos, view ye not my fate?

M 2

CHO-

CHORUS.

Me, miserable and childless they behold!

ADRASTUS.

Bring to their hapless friend each bloody corse
Of those fam'd Chiefs [21] dishonorably slain,
And by the hands of cowards: when they fell,
The battle ended.

CHORUS.

O let me embrace

My dearest Sons, and in these arms sustain!

ADRASTUS.

Thou from these hands receiv'st them: such a weight
Of anguish is too grievous to be borne.——

[21] From the account given to Jocasta by the messenger in the *Phœnissæ*, we learn that Hippomedon, Parthenopæus, and Capaneus, perished in the assault made by the Argives on the seven towers of Thebes; after which, the two Sons of Oedipus, Eteocles, and Polynices, having, in order to prevent farther effusion of blood, agreed to decide their claims to the throne by single combat, a spot was fixed on for that purpose without the walls of the city, and in the mid-way between both armies: the Thebans still kept on their armor; but the Argives had imprudently thrown theirs aside: immediately on the two Princes falling by each other's hand, (an event not guarded against in the treaty), the Thebans ungenerously availed themselves of this advantage, and attacked the Argives, who were not prepared to resist them, and are hence said to have fallen, *ἐκ ἀξίᾳ καὶ πρὸ ἀξίως*, which without this retrospect sounds absurdly when applied to men slain at the head of their troops in an engagement where they behaved with distinguished courage. As to Amphiaraus who was swallowed up with his chariot and horses, Euripides has left it dubious whether he perished immediately after that attempt to storm the city, which preceded the duel between the two Brothers, or in flying with Adrastus: but the two other chiefs, Tydeus and Eteocles, may be considered as having survived Polynices, and as being the persons here spoken of *ἐν οἷς ἀγων ἐπαυθήναι*; after whose deaths Adrastus having lost all hopes, quitted the field of battle, and escaped through the swiftness of his horse. Most of the Latin interpreters concur in rendering the last mentioned words in quibus finitum erat certamen: Reiskius and Mr. Markland suppose the word *locis* to be understood; but I rather apprehend the Argive king to be still speaking of these his slain friends.

C H O -

CHORUS.

By their fond Mothers, you forget to add.
Wretch that I am!

ADRASTUS.

Ah, listen to my voice.

CHORUS.

Both to yourself and us, these plaints belong.

ADRASTUS.

Would to the Gods that the victorious troops
Of Thebes, had slain and laid me low in dust!

CHORUS.

O that in wedlock I had ne'er been join'd
To any lord!

ADRASTUS.

Ye miserable Mothers
Of those brave youths, who for their country died,
An ocean of calamity, behold.

CHORUS.

We, hopeless mourners, with our nails have torn
These bleeding visages, and on our heads
Strewn ashes.

ADRASTUS.

Ah! ah me! thou opening ground,
Swallow me up. O scatter me, ye storms;
And may Jove's lightning on this head descend!

CHORUS.

You witness'd in an evil hour the nuptials
Of your two Daughters, in an evil hour
Apollo's mystic oracles obey'd.
The Wife whom you have taken to your arms
Is that destructive fiend who left the house
Of Œdipus, and chose with you to dwell.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

The questions I design'd to have propos'd
To you, ye noble Matrons, when ye utter'd

Your loud complaints amidst th' assembled host,
 I will omit, and mean to search no farther
 Into the moving history of your woes.
 But now of thee, Adrastus, I enquire,
 Whence sprung these Chiefs whose prowess did transcend
 That of all other mortals? thou art wise,
 And these transactions, which full well thou know'st,
 Canst to our youthful citizens unfold.
 For, of their bold achievements, which exceed
 The power of language to express, myself
 [22] Have been a witness, when they strove to storm
 The Theban walls. But lest I should provoke
 Thy laughter, this one question will I spare;
 'With what brave [23] champion in th' embattled field
 Each fought, and from the weapon of what foe
 Receiv'd the deadly wound: for these vain tales
 But serve an equal folly to display
 In those who either hear them, or relate,
 Should he who mingles in the thickest fray,
 From either army, while unnumber'd spears
 Before his eyes are thrown, distinctly strive
 To ascertain what dauntless warrior lanch'd
 With surest aim the missile death. These questions
 I cannot ask, nor credit those who dare

[22] "Heath and Markland render *εἶδον* intelligo, because
 "Theseus did not accompany the first expedition against Thebes,
 "and therefore was not an eye-witness to the exploits performed
 "by the Argive leaders. This does not seem to me a sufficient
 "reason, why we should transfer *εἶδον* from *seeing* to the faculty
 "of *understanding*, contrary to the usage of the Greeks. Pausa-
 "nias relates (p. 729, ed. Kuhnii Lipsic 1696.) *that the Pelo-*
 "*ponesians being utterly unacquainted with the proper methods of besieg-*
 "*ing a fortress, made their attacks rather with passion than judgement.*
 "Theseus therefore, when he was at Thebes, might have gone
 "round the walls, and beheld their attempts, by the places they
 "had assailed being pointed out to him." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

[23] This has the appearance of being intended as a sarcasm
 on the battles of Homer, and is equally applicable to those of al-
 most every other Epic writer.

To

To make such rash assertions. For the man
Who to his foes in combat stands oppos'd,
Can scarce discern enough to act the part
Which his own duty calls for.

ADRASTUS.

Now attend,
For no unwelcome task have you impos'd
On me, of praising those departed friends,
Of whom with truth and justice I would speak.
Do you behold yon Hero's graceful form,
Thro' which the bolt of Jove hath forc'd its way?
This youth is Capaneus, who tho' the fortune
Which he possess'd was ample, ne'er grew vain
Thro' wealth, nor of himself more highly deem'd
Than if he had been poor, but shunn'd the man
Who proudly glories in a sumptuous board,
And treats a frugal competence with scorn;
For he maintain'd that life's chief good consists not
In the voracious glutton's full repast,
But that a moderate portion will suffice.
In his attachments still was he sincere,
And zealous for the good of those he lov'd,
Whether at hand or absent still the same;
Small is the number of such friends as these;
His manners were not counterfeit, his lips
Distill'd sweet courtesy, he left not aught
That he had promis'd, either to the slave,
Or citizen of Argos, unperform'd.—
Eteoclus I next proceed to name,
For every virtuous practice much renown'd,
Small were the fortunes of this noble youth,
But in the Argive region he enjoy'd
Abundant honors: tho' his wealthier friends
Oft sought to have presented him with gold,
His doors were clos'd against that specious bane,
Lest he might seem to act a servile part,
By riches made a bondsman: he abhorr'd

The guilt of individuals, not the land
 Which nourish'd them : to cities no reproach
 Is due, because their rulers are corrupt. —
 Such also was Hippomedon, the third
 Of these illustrious chiefs ; while yet a boy,
 To the delights the tuneful Muses yield,
 A life of abject softness ; he disdain'd
 To turn aside : a tenant of the fields,
 His nature he to the severest toils
 Inuring, took delight in manly deeds,
 In issuing to the chace, in fiery steeds ;
 Or twang'd with nervous hands the sounding bow,
 And shew'd a generous eagerness to make
 His vigor useful to his native land. —
 There lies the huntress Atalanta's Son
 Parthenopæus, by a beauteous form
 Distinguish'd : in Arcadia was he born,
 But, journeying thence to Inachus's stream,
 In Argos nurtur'd ; having there receiv'd
 His education, first, as is the duty
 Of strangers in the country where they dwell,
 He never made a foe, nor to the state
 Became obnoxious, wag'd no strife of words,
 (Whence citizens and foreigners offend),
 But, station'd in the van of battle, fought
 To guard the land as if he had been born
 An Argive, and whene'er the city prosper'd,
 Rejoic'd, but was with deepest anguish stung,
 If a reverse of fortune it endur'd ;
 Though many lovers, many blooming dames
 To him their hearts devoted, he maintain'd
 A blameless conduct. — The great praises due
 To Tydeus I concisely will express ;
 He, though devoid of eloquence his speech,
 Was terrible in arms, and to devise
 Variety of stratagems expert,
 He with his brother Meleager's conduct

In prudence could not vie, yet by the arts
Of war the hero gain'd an equal name,
Finding sweet music in the crash of shields:
Nature endued him with the strongest thirst
For glory and for riches; but his soul
In actions, not in words, its force display'd.—
From this account, O Theseus, wonder not
Such generous youths before the Theban towers
Fear'd not to meet an honourable death.
For education, when it taints the mind
With no vile notions, is the source whence springs
Ingenuous shame, and every man whose habits
Have erst been virtuous, not without a blush,
Becomes a dastard: courage may be taught;
Just as a tender infant learns to speak
And listen to the words he comprehends not;
But he such wholesome lessons treasures up
Till he is old. From this example train
Your progeny in honor's arduous paths.

CHORUS.

I educated thee, my hapless Son,
Thee in this womb sustain'd, and Childbirth's pangs
For thee endur'd; but now hath Pluto seiz'd
The fruit of all my toils, and I, who bore
An offspring, am abandon'd to distress,
Without a prop to stay my sinking age.

ADRASTUS.

The Gods themselves in louder strains extoll
[24] Oicleus' illustrious Son, whom yet alive

They

[24] Amphiareus. Dr. Musgrave puts the encomiums on this hero and Polynices into the mouth of Theseus: but from the circumstance of Pindar and Euripides being contemporary writers, and the 6th Olympic Ode containing an account of "the praises" with justice bestowed on the deceased prophet Amphiareus son of "Oicleus by the tongue of Adrastus," the Ode of Pindar bearing date the 85th Olympiad, whereas this Tragedy of Euripides appears to have been exhibited in the 3d year of the 90th Olympiad, as Barnes infers from the oath proposed by Minerva in the last scene

They with his rapid coursers snatch'd away
And bore into the caverns of the earth.

THESEUS.

Nor shall I utter falsehood, while my tongue
Recounts the praise of Polynices, Son
Of Oedipus ; for as his guest the Chief
Receiv'd me, ere, a voluntary exile,
Abandoning his native city rear'd
By Cadmus, to the Argive realm he went.
But know'st thou how I wish thou should'st dispose
Of their remains ?

ADRASTUS.

All that I know is this,
Whatever you direct shall be obey'd.

THESEUS.

As for that Capaneus who by the flame
Lanch'd from Jove's hand was smitten.—

ADRASTUS.

Would you burn
His corse apart as sacred ?

THESEUS.

Even so :
But all the rest on one funereal pyre.

ADRASTUS.

Where mean you to erect his separate tomb ?

scene, being the same with that which Thucydides, L. 5. c. 47, mentions being taken by the Argives when they formed a league with Athens in the twelfth year of the Peloponnesian war. It appears, therefore, highly probable that Euripides should concur with what had been advanced little more than 20 years before by Pindar, so far as to put these words into the mouth of Adrastus rather than Theseus : but, on the other hand, Dr. Musgrave's arguments in favor of ascribing the speech to Theseus, from Polynices being evidently unknown to Adrastus at the time of his taking shelter in his vestibule, when he appears to have recommended himself to the Argive king merely by his dauntless ferocity in encountering Tydeus, as well as from the stress apparently laid on the word *μυρίς* in the original, are so strong, that I thought it advisable to take the middle way, by dividing the speech, and have followed Dr. Musgrave in his distribution of the subsequent dialogue.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

I near these other hapless youths have fix'd
[25] The spot for his interment.

ADRASTUS.

To your slaves
Must this unwelcome office be consign'd.

THESEUS.

But to those other warriors will I pay
Due honors. Now advance, and hither bring
Their corfes.

ADRASTUS.

To your children, wretched Matrons,
Draw near.

THESEUS.

Adrastus, sure thou hast propos'd
What cannot be expedient.

ADRASTUS.

Why restrain
The Mothers from their breathless Sons' embrace?

THESEUS.

Should they behold their children thus deform'd,
They would expire with grief. The face we lov'd,
Soon as pale death invades its bloom, becomes
A loathsome object. Why would'st thou encrease
Their sorrows?

[25] Reiskius, and after him Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave, read οἰκεῖς instead of οἰκτερεῖς. Mr. Markland just mentions the proposed alteration in his notes, but gives it no sanction either by inserting it in his Latin version or the various readings at the foot of his page. There seems to be as little harm and at the same time as little use in it as is possible in the substitution of one word for another, where the sense differs so totally as "*Wretches and Temple.*" The body of Capaneus is evidently borne *without* the Temple for interment as well as the other Chiefs, nor does the spot where the funereal rites of Eteoclus and the rest were performed appear to have been at any considerable distance, from their ashes being soon after brought in urns to their Mothers by the children. The interment therefore of Capaneus *within sight of the Temple*, and at the same time *near to his hapless Friends*, but in a separate tomb, is what I cannot consider as in the least inconsistent with unity of place.

ADRASTUS.

ADRASTUS.

You convince me. Ye must wait
 With patience; for expedient are the counsels
 Which Theseus gives. But when we have consum'd
 In blazing pyres their corse, ye their bones
 Must take away. Why forge the brazen spear,
 Unhappy Mortals, why retaliate slaughter
 With slaughter? O desist; no more engross'd
 By fruitless labors, in your cities dwell,
 Peaceful yourselves, and through the nations round
 A general peace diffusing. For the term
 Of human life is short, and should be pass'd
 With every comfort, not in anxious toils.

Exeunt Theseus and Adrastus.

CHORUS.

O D E

I.

No more a Mother's happy name
 Shall crown my fortunes or exalt my fame,
 Midst Argive Matrons blest with generous heirs.
 Of all the parent's hopes bereft,
 By Dian, patroness of childbirth left,
 Ordain'd to lead a life of cares,
 To wandering solitude consign'd,
 I like a cloud am driven before the howling wind.

II.

We, seven unhappy Dames, deplore
 The seven brave Sons we erst exulting bore,
 Illustrious champions who for Argos bled:
 Forlorn and childless, drench'd in tears
 Downward I hasten to the vale of years,
 But am not number'd with the dead
 Or living: a peculiar state
 Is mine, on me attends an unexampled fate.

III.

For me nought now remains, except to weep:
 In my Son's house are left behind

Some

Some tokens ; well I know those tresses shorn
 Which no wreath shall ever bind,
 No auspicious songs adorn,
 And golden-hair'd Apollo scorn,
 With horror from a broken sleep
 Rous'd by grief at early morn
 My crimson vest in gushing tears I steep.
 But I the pyre of Capaneus behold
 Already blazing, near his sacred tomb
 Heap'd high ; and plac'd without the fane, those gifts
 Which Theseus' self appropriates to the dead :
 Evadne too, the Consort of that Chief,
 Who by the thunderbolts of Jove was slain,
 Daughter of [26] noble Iphis is at hand.
 Why doth she stand upon the topmost ridge
 Of yon aerial rock, which overlooks
 This dome, as if she hither bent her way ?

EVADNE, CHORUS.

EVADNE.

ODE.

I.

What cheering beams of radiant light
 Hyperion darted from his car,

[26] Though the word *αναξ* is rendered rex in all the Latin versions I have met with, except that of Dorotheus Camillus, printed at Basil in 1541, who has very judiciously translated it excellens vir, it is very evident that this personage, whom Carmelli calls il Re Ise, had not the least pretensions to royalty, but was, as Mr. Markland expresses it in his note on the 873d line of this Tragedy, unus ex principibus Argivis, a man of high rank, but apparently of a very inconsiderable fortune, his son Eteoclus being represented by Adrastus as having lived in a state of absolute indigence, a circumstance which, notwithstanding his noble descent, and the honorable employments he is said to have filled, needed not to have called forth an exclamation of surprize from the last mentioned Commentator ; as Athens (if not Argos), long after the days of Theseus, and even subsequent to those of Euripides, had no occasion to refer to the stage for such a character, but experienced in Phocion the same uncorrupted integrity, and poverty united with power in a degree far beyond what is by the Poet fabled of Eteoclus.

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And how did Cynthia's lamp shine bright,
While in the skies each glittering star
Rode swiftly through the drear abodes of night,
When Argive youths a festive throng
T' accompany the nuptial song
For Capaneus and me awak'd the lyre?
Now frantic hither am I borne
Resolv'd to share my Lord's funereal pyre,
With him to enter the same tomb,
End with him this life forlorn,
In Pluto's realms, the Stygian gloom.
If Heaven assent, the most delightful death
Is when with those we love we mix our parting breath.

CHORUS.

Near to its mouth you stand and overlook
The blazing pyre, Jove's treasure, there is lodg'd
Your Husband whom his thunderbolts transpierc'd.

EVADNE.

II.

Life's utmost goal I now behold,
For I have finish'd my career :
With steadfast purpose uncontrol'd
My steps doth Fortune hither steer.
In the pursuit of honest fame grown bold,
Am I determin'd from this steep
Into the flames beneath to leap,
And mine with my dear Husband's ashes blend ;
I to the couch of Proserpine,
With him in death united, will descend.
Thee in the grave I'll ne'er betray :
Life and wedlock I resign.
May some happier spousal day
At Argos for Evadne's race remain,
And every wedded pair such constant loves maintain.

CHORUS.

But, lo, 'tis he ! I view your aged Sire,
The venerable Iphis, who approaches

As

As a fresh witness of those strange designs
Which yet he knows not, and will grieve to hear.

IPHIS, CHORUS, EVADNE.

IPHIS.

O most unhappy ! hither am I come,
A miserable old man, with twofold griefs
By Heaven afflicted ; to his native land,
The body of Eteoclus my Son
Slain by a Theban javelin, to convey,
And seek my Daughter, with impetuous step,
Who rush'd from her apartment ; in the bond
Of wedlock she to Capaneus was join'd,
And wishes to accompany in death
Her Husband ; for a time she in my house
Was guarded, but since I no longer watch'd her,
'Midst the confusion of our present ills
She scap'd ; but we have reason to suspect
That she is here ; inform us, if ye know.

EVADNE.

Why do you question them ? here on this rock
I, O my Father, o'er the blazing pyre
Of Capaneus stand, hovering like a bird.

IPHIS.

What gale hath borne thee hither ? or what means
That robe, my Daughter ? wherefore, from thy home
Departing, to this region didst thou fly ?

EVADNE.

'Twould but exasperate you to be inform'd
Of my intentions : therefore, O my Sire,
Am I unwilling you should hear.

IPHIS.

What schemes
Are these which thy own Father may not know ?

EVADNE.

In you I should not find an equal judge
Of my intentions.

IPHIS.

I P H I S.

But on what account
Thy person with that habit hast thou grac'd?

E V A D N E.

A splendid action, O my Sire, the robe
I wear, denotes.

I P H I S.

Ill-suited is a garb
So costly to the matron who bewails
Her Husband's death.

E V A D N E.

For an unheard-of purpose
In gay habiliments am I attir'd.

I P H I S.

Why stand'st thou near the grave and blazing pyre?

E V A D N E.

Hither I come to gain a mighty conquest.

I P H I S.

O'er whom would'st thou prevail? I wish to know.

E V A D N E.

O'er every woman whom the Sun beholds.

I P H I S.

By Pallas in the labors of the loom
Instructed, or with a judicious soul
That best of gifts endued?

E V A D N E.

With dauntless courage:
For in the grave I with my breathless Lord
Shall be united.

I P H I S.

What is it thou say'st?
Or with what views a riddle thus absurd
Hast thou propounded?

E V A D N E.

Hence into the pyre
Of Capaneus will I leap down.

I P H I S.

THE SUPPLIANTS. 177

IPHIS.

My Daughter,
Before the multitude forbear to hold
This language.

EVADNE.

There is nothing I have said
But what I wish that every Argive knew.

IPHIS.

Yet will not I consent thou should'st fulfil
Thy desperate purpose.

EVADNE, *as she is throwing herself from the Rock.*

It is all the same :

Nor can you now by stretching forth your hand
Stop my career. Already have I taken
The fatal leap, and hence descend, with joy,
Though not indeed to you, yet to myself,
And to my Lord, with whose remains I blaze.

CHORUS.

Thou hast committed an atrocious deed,
O woman.

IPHIS.

Wretched me ! I am undone,
Ye Dames of Argos.

CHORUS.

Horrid are these ills
Which thou endur'st, the deed thine eyes behold
Is the most daring.

IPHIS.

No man can ye find
Than me more miserable.

CHORUS.

O wretch ! a [27] portion

[27] "Because one of his children perished by a voluntary
" death, and through her own fault, like Hecuba and Polyxenes
" the two Sons of Oedipus. Hence in the Thebaid of Statius
" Creon, lamenting the fate of his son Menæceus, says, Oedipodi
" par est fortuna doloris ac mihi."

MARKLAND.

VOL. II.

N

OF

Of Oedipus's fortunes was reserv'd
 For thee in thy old age: thou too, my city,
 Art visited by the severest woes.

IPHIS.

Why was this privilege, alas! denied
 To mortals, twice to flourish in the bloom
 Of youth, and for a second time grow old?
 For in our houses, we, if aught is found
 To have been ill contriv'd, amend the fault
 Which our maturer judgement hath descried;
 While each important error in our life
 Admits of no reform: but if with youth
 And ripe old age we twice had been indulg'd,
 Each devious step that mark'd our first career
 We in our second might set right. For children,
 Seeing that others had them, much I wish'd,
 And pin'd away with vehement desire:
 But if I had already felt these pangs,
 And from my own experience learnt, how great
 Is the calamity, to a fond Father,
 To be bereft of all his hopeful race,
 I into such distress had never fallen
 As now o'erwhelms me, who begot a youth
 Distinguish'd by his courage, and of him
 Am now depriv'd. No more. But what remains
 For me? wretch that I am, shall I return
 To my own home, view many houses left
 Without inhabitants, and waste the dregs
 Of life in hopeless anguish, or repair
 To the abode of Capaneus, with joy
 By me frequented while my Daughter liv'd?
 But she is now no more, who lov'd to kiss
 My furrow'd cheeks and strok'd this hoary head.
 Nought can delight us more than the attention
 Which to her aged Sire a Daughter pays:
 Though our male progeny have souls endued
 With courage far superior, yet less gently

Do they these soothing offices perform.
Will ye not quickly drag me to my home,
And in some dungeon's gloomy hold confine,
To wear away these aged limbs by famine?
Me, what, alas, can it avail, to touch
My Daughter's bones? what hatred do I bear
To thee, O irresistible old age:
Them too my soul abhors who vainly strive
To lengthen out our little span of life;
By th' easy vehicle, the downy couch,
And by the boasted aid of magic song,
Labouring to turn aside from his career
Remorseless Death: when they who have no longer
The strength required to serve their native land,
Should vanish, and to younger men give place.

SEMICHORUS.

Lo there the bones of my slain Sons, whose corpses
Already in funereal pyres have blaz'd,
Are borne along. Support a weak old Woman:
The pangs which for my Children's loss I feel
Deprive me of all strength. I long have mourn'd,
And am enervated by many griefs.
Can any curse severer be devis'd
For mortals, than to see their children dead?

[28] BOY.

O my unhappy Mother, from the flames

I bear

[28] This speaker does not appear to be any new personage now for the first time introduced on the stage, but one of the Sons of the seven Chiefs, who appeared with Adrastus and the Chorus on the first opening of this Tragedy. Barnes supposes this Boy to be Sthenelus the son of Capaneus: and here it may be proper to observe, that as on the one hand Iphis' calling him *τεκνον* is by no means conclusive, neither on the other does the expression *ματηρ* appear to add the least force to the objections urged against Barnes by Heath and Markland, because *ματηρ* here means Grandmother, as in the *Iphigenia in Aulis* *Ματηρ Τηλαιος* stands for Talaus the Grandfather of Euryalus; and Peleus in the *Andromache* calls his Son Achilles, and his Grandson Neoptolemus both *τεκνα*. That the youth, whoever he is, accosts his Grandmother by the term *ματηρ*

180 THE SUPPLIANTS.

I bear my Father's relics, which my sorrows
Have made more weighty: this small urn contains
All my possessions.

SEMICHORUS.

Why dost thou convey
The sad and pleasing cause of many tears
To the afflicted Mothers of the slain,
A little heap of ashes in the stead
Of those who in Mycenæ were renown'd?

BOY.

But I, a wretched Orphan, and bereft
Of my unhappy Father, shall receive
For my whole portion a deserted house,
Torn from the tutelary arms of him
To whom I owe my birth.

SEMICHORUS.

Where, where are those
Whom sorrowing I brought forth, whom at my breast
With a maternal tenderness I rear'd,

is evident from his saying *ἐκ' ἑστ' εἰσι σοὶ τέκνα*, "Thy children are no more," which sounds as if addressed to the Wife of Iphis, the Mother of Eteoclus and Evadne: but it would be peculiarly unnatural for Sthenelus, who had just seen his Mother leap into the flames, to take hardly any notice of her death, while he breaks out into such vehement lamentations over his Father slain in battle. Eustathius in his commentary on Homer's Iliad, L. iv. v. 407, has included, in the list of the Epigoni, Melon the Son of Eteoclus, whom I apprehend to be the Boy here speaking. In the following dialogue I have been guided by Barnes and Mr. Markland in the distribution of the speeches: theirs I cannot but consider as far more judicious than that of their successors. Nor does Iphis' closing a former speech with "its being fit for an old Man to give place to his juniors," by any means induce me to conclude he there leaves the stage, as supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his appendix to Dr. Musgrave's Exercitationes in Euripidem: the sentiment *ἐκεῖ φιλον' ἀγαλμ' ὀψομαι σης* (or *σε*) *μαλ' ἔρος*, will I apprehend to most readers seem very natural in the Mouth of Iphis; whereas nothing can be more the reverse than to make the Chorus say (as Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave have done) "I shall no more behold the dear image of thy Mother," when the Chorus consists of the Mothers of these slain Chiefs.

Their

THE SUPPLIANTS. 181

Their slumbers watch'd, and sweetest kisses gave ?

BOY.

Your Children are departed, they exist
No longer, O my Mother, they are gone
For ever, by devouring flames consum'd ;
In the mid-air they float, borne on light wing
To Pluto. O my Sire, for sure thou hear'st
Thy Children's lamentations, shall I bear
The shield hereafter to avenge thy death ?

IPHIS.

May the time come, my Son, when the just Gods
To me, shall for thy valiant Father's death
A full atonement grant : that grievous loss
In this torn heart yet rankles unappeas'd.

BOY.

I our hard fortunes have enough bewail'd,
My sorrows are sufficient. I will take
My stand where chosen Grecian chiefs, array'd
In brazen arms, with transport will receive me
Th' avenger of my Sire. E'en now these eyes
Behold thee, O my Father, on my cheeks
A kiss imprinting, tho' the winds have borne
Thy noble exhortations far away.
But thou hast left two mourners here behind,
Me and my Mother : venerable man,
No time can from thy wounded soul efface
The grief thou for thy Children feel'st.

IPHIS.

The load
Of anguish which I suffer is so great
That it hath quite o'ercome me. Hither bring,
And let me clasp those ashes to my breast.

BOY.

These bitter lamentations have I heard
With streaming tears ; they rend my inmost soul.

IPHIS.

Thou, O my Son, art lost ; and I no more

182 THE SUPPLIANTS.

Thy Mother's dear, dear image shall behold.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, IPHIS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

Behold ye, O Adrastus, and ye Dames
Of Argive race, these Children, in their hands
Bearing the relics of their valiant Sires
By me redeem'd? Athens and I, these gifts
On you bestow: still are ye bound to cherish
A memory of those benefits, obtain'd
Thro' my victorious spear. To all I speak
In the same terms. With honor due repay
This city, and the kindness, which from us
Ye have experienc'd, to your children's children;
Transmit thro' latest ages. But let Jove
Bear witness, with what tokens of our bounty
Ye from this realm depart.

ADRASTUS.

Full well we know
What favours you, O Theseus, have conferr'd
Upon the Argive land, when most it needed
A Benefactor; hence will we retain
Such gratitude as time shall ne'er efface.
For we, the generous treatment which from you
We have receiv'd, as largely should requite.

THESEUS.

Is there aught else I can bestow?

ADRASTUS.

All hail;
For you and Athens every bliss deserve.

THESEUS.

May Heaven this wish accomplish! and may'st thou
My friend, with equal happiness be crown'd.

MINERVA, THESEUS, ADRASTUS,
IPHIS, CHORUS.

MINERVA.

Attend, O Theseus, to Minerva's words,

And

And thou shalt learn what thou must do to serve
 This country ; give not to the boys these bones
 To bear to Argos, on such easy terms
 Dismissing them. But to requite the toils
 Of thee and of thy city, first exact
 A solemn oath, and let Adrastus swear,
 For he, its King, for the whole Argive realm
 Is qualified to answer, and be this
 The form prescrib'd ; " Ne'er will Mycene's sons
 " Into this land a hostile squadron lead,
 " But hence, with their protended spears, repell
 " Each fierce invader." If the sacred oath
 They impiously should violate, and march
 Against thy city, pray that utter ruin
 May light on Argos, and its perjur'd state.
 But where the Gods require that thou shalt slay
 The victims, I will tell thee ; in thy palace
 On brazen feet a massive tripod stands
 Which erst Alcides, when the walls of Troy
 He from their basis had o'erthrown, and rush'd
 New labors to accomplish, gave command,
 Close to the [29] Pythian altar, should be plac'd.
 When on this tripod thou hast slain three sheep,
 The destin'd victims, in its hollow rim
 Inscribe the oath ; then to that God consign
 Who o'er the Delphic realm presides : such tablet
 To Greece shall testify the league ye form,
 But in the bowels of the earth conceal
 The knife with which the victims thou hast slain,
 For this, when shewn, should they hereafter come,

[29] Dramatic Poets are seldom accurate in their Chronology : upon referring to the word *Πυθιον* in Suidas, I find the *Temple* of Apollo at Athens, known by that name, was erected, near seven hundred years after the days of Theseus, by Pisistratus ; and it appears from Thucydides, l. vi. c. 54. that the *altar* here spoken of, (which that Historian, who was some years younger than Euripides, informs us was standing in his time) owed its foundation to Pisistratus, son of Hippias, and grandson to the celebrated tyrant of that name who built the temple.

With armed bands, this city to assail,
 Will strike Mycene's warriors with dismay,
 And their return embitter. When these rites
 Thou hast perform'd, the ashes of the dead
 Send from this region, and to them assign
 That grove in which their corse have by fire
 Been purified, the spot where meet three roads
 Sacred to th' [30] Isthmian Goddess. This to thee,
 O Theseus, have I spoken: to the Boys
 Who spring from those slain Argive chiefs I add;
 Ismenos' city, soon as ye attain
 Maturer years, shall ye in ruin lay,
 Retaliating the slaughter of your Sires;
 Thou too, Ægialeus, an youthful Chief,
 Shalt in thy Father's stead command the host,
 And marching from Ætolia's realm, the Son

[30] "Ino, or Leucothea, to whom the rock in the Isthmus, where she threw herself into the sea, was afterwards deemed sacred: it is evident from Pausanias, that many places in the Peloponnesus bore the name of Ino, who, in her flight towards the Isthmus, is said to have passed over Gerania, a mountain of Megara, which juts out into the sea, and is situated between Eleusinia and the Isthmus. The Argive chiefs were buried near the road between Eleusine and Megara, which appears to have been situated at the foot of Gerania: she must therefore have passed thro' Eleusinia. Is it not probable then, that, at the time of her being there, she should have sat down at some spot where three roads meet, either from not knowing which path to take, or thro' fatigue; or at least that such an account should have been forged, and obtained credit among the people, whence the place afterwards retained her name from the tradition of such event, whether true or false? moreover, that no one may consider this as spoken at random, it is proved by the testimony of Plutarch Sympos. 5, prob. 3, that there was a place in Megara which derived its name from the flight of Ino." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

Had our Author's Tragedy of Ino, several fragments of which are still extant, been transmitted to us entire, it would, in all probability, have entirely cleared up this point. But the above is so satisfactory a defence of the vulgar reading and punctuation, that I omit troubling the reader with the attempts of Brodæus, Barnes, and Markland, to apply what is here said of the Deity of the Isthmus either to Diana or Neptune.

Of

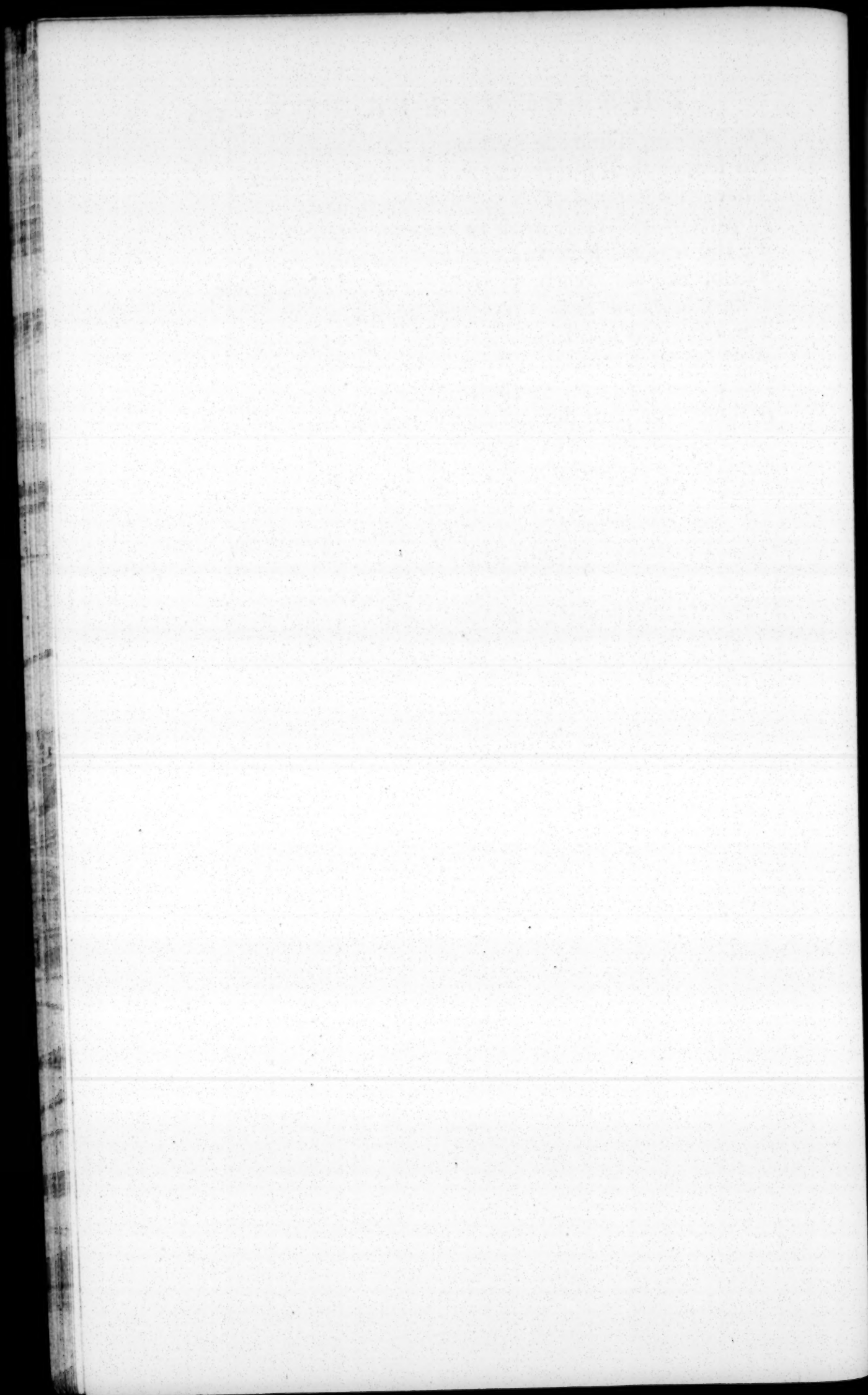
Of Tydeus, Diomede by name; the down
 No sooner shall o'erspread your blooming cheeks,
 Than with a band of Argive warriors clad
 In glittering armor, with impetuous rage,
 Ye the seven Theban turrets shall assail;
 Them, in your wrath, shall ye, in manhood's prime,
 Like whelps of lions visit, and lay waste
 The city. What I have foretold, ere long
 Will be accomplish'd. By applauding Greece
 Call'd the Epigoni, ye shall become
 A theme for your descendants' choral songs,
 Such squadrons ye to battle shall lead forth
 Favor'd by righteous Jove.

THESEUS.

Thy dread injunctions,
 Minerva awful Queen, will I obey:
 For I, while thou direct'st me, cannot err.
 I from Adrastus will exact that oath,
 Deign only thou to guide my steps aright,
 For to our city if thou prov'st a friend
 We shall enjoy blest safety.

CHORUS.

Let us go,
 Adrastus, and eternal friendship swear
 To Theseus and his city, for the toils
 They have endur'd, our grateful reverence claim.



IPHIGENIA in AULIS.

Sæpius olim

Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta :
Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis Aram
Iphianassai turparunt sanguine fœdè
Ductores Danaum, delecti, prima virorum.

Lucretius.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

AGAMEMNON.

An aged Attendant.

CHORUS *of Dames of Chalcis,*

MENELAUS.

MESSENGER.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

IPHIGENIA.

ACHILLES.

SCENE, *the Coast bordering on the Haven of Aulis in*
Bœotia.

IPHIGENIA in AULIS.

AGAMEMNON, AN AGED ATTENDANT.

AGAMEMNON.

COME forth, my aged follower, from this tent.

ATTENDANT.

I come. But what fresh scheme employs the thoughts
Of royal Agamemnon?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shalt hear.

ATTENDANT.

I haste. Old age gives keenness to these eyes,
And makes them strangers to sleep's balmy gifts.

AGAMEMNON.

What star now holds his course?

ATTENDANT.

'Tis Sirius borne

Near the seven Pleiades in mid career.

AGAMEMNON.

No sound is heard, or from the feather'd choir,
Or ocean's waves; the silent winds still keep
Euripus in a calm.

ATTENDANT.

But why rush forth,

My Sovereign, from your tent? for o'er this coast
Of Aulis still an universal rest

Prevails

190 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Prevails, and station'd on yon walls remain
The centinels, in motionless array.
Shall we go in?

AGAMEMNON.

Thee, O thou aged man,
Happy I deem, and happy all who live
From danger free, inglorious and unknown :
But those on whom great honors wait, I hold
Less to be envied.

ATTENDANT.

Hence doth life acquire
Its splendor.

AGAMEMNON.

Yet such splendor oft is found
Precarious. Empire, tempting to the view,
Comes laden with affliction. For some God,
To whom our homage was not duly paid,
At times our prosperous fortunes hath o'erthrown :
Again, a Monarch's transitory blifs,
By the discordant froward wills of those
We rule, hath been embitter'd.

ATTENDANT.

In a King
I blame such language. From a mortal Sire
You spring not to receive unmingled good,
O Agamemnon : Atreus' son must feel
Vicissitudes of joy and grief, the lot
Of human kind : reluctance nought avails,
For thus hath Heaven ordain'd. You snatch the torch
And write that very letter, which your hand
Still bears irresolutely, then erase
The signature, seal, break it open, dash
The [1] tablet on the ground, shed many a tear,
And

[1] "The younger Racine, himself a Poet, justly praises this
"picture as admirable, in the Mem. of the Acad. des Inscriptions.
"t. viii. p. 290. Ovid has with great success transferred the
"thought

And shew such wild confusion, that your brain
Seems touch'd with frenzy. Wherefore laboring heaves
Your bosom; what new grievance wound
To me reveal your cares, and be assur'd,
You to a faithful and a virtuous man
Will utter them. Me, Tyndarus, with your Bride
Erst sent as an addition to her dower,
An upright guardian to the royal fair.

[2] AGAMEMNON.

To Leda, from Ætolian Thestius sprung,
Were born three Daughters; Phœbe, Clytemnestra
My wife, and Helen, to whose love aspir'd
The wealthiest youths of Greece; each rival, threats
Of murderous vengeance utter'd, if he fail'd
To win the Maid, her Father hence remain'd

“ thought of Euripides, copied, I apprehend, from hence, to
“ Biblis preparing to reveal by letter her incestuous love to her
“ Brother Caunus;

“ Incipit; et dubitat, scribit, damnatque tabellas;

“ Et notat: et delet; mutat, culpatque probatque,

“ Inque vicem sumtas ponit, positasque resumit.

MET. l. ix. v. 522.

“ The pencil then in her fair hand she held,

“ By fear discourag'd, but by love compell'd,

“ She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,

“ Likes it as fit, then rases it as vain.” S. HARVEY.

Valkenaer not. in Hippolytum, p. 299.

Barnes, Carmelli, and others, understand by ΠΕΥΚΗΝ “a torch,”
but Valkenaer is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, in
interpreting it of the tablet made of the wood of the pine tree, on
which Agamemnon was writing his letter.

[2] This speech, though interwoven with the dialogue, is evi-
dently calculated only to give information to the Spectators, as the
Attendant, to whom it is addressed, could be no stranger to the his-
tory of Tyndarus's family, in which he had resided as a servant till
the marriage of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra: the following frag-
ment however, preserved by Ælian, and cited as from this play, is
with great probability supposed, by Dr. Musgrave, to have formed
part of the Prologue, which appears to have been spoken by Diana.

A Hind with branching horns, I in the hands
Of Grecian Chiefs will place, which they shall slay,
And deem that they have sacrific'd thy Daughter.

Long

192 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Long in suspense, whether he should bestow [3]
 Or not bestow her, and on wavering Fortune
 How with most surety he might fix his hold:
 At length this thought occur'd, he made them swear,
 Join hands in token of the sacred league,
 Sprinkle libations as the victims blaz'd,
 And bind themselves with curses to assist
 That favor'd youth who for his bride obtain'd
 The bright Tyndarean nymph, and from his house
 If any ravisher should bear away
 The lovely prize, to war with all their might
 Against him, and his city overthrow,
 Greek or Barbarian. But their plighted troth
 When they had given, them, by this sage device,
 Soon as the aged Tyndarus had o'erreach'd,
 His Daughter he permitted to select
 One of her suitors, as the welcome gale
 Which Venus raises, should direct her love.
 Her choice was Menelaus: would to Heaven
 My Brother had refus'd the tempting bane.
 But from the Phrygian land, fame loudly tells
 How Paris, who had lately been the judge
 Betwixt contending Goddesses, arriv'd
 On Sparta's shore with glittering vest attir'd
 In burnish'd gold, and gay Barbaric pomp:
 He, amorous youth, departing, bore away
 The amorous Helen, and to Ida's mount,
 On which he fed the lowing herd, convey'd
 In Menelaus' absence. But thro' Greece
 The raging Husband flew, and by that oath,
 Which they to Tyndarus erst had sworn, conjur'd

[3] " This seems taken from Æschylus:

" *Ἀμύχανω δέ, καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει φρονέας,*

" *Ἀρᾶσαι τε, μὴ δρᾶσαι τε, καὶ τύχην εἶναι.* Supp'. v. 384

Perplex'd I fear

" To act, or not to act, and fix my choice." *Potter.*

MARKLAND.

Each

Each [4] rival chief to vindicate his wrongs.
 To arms hence rushing with impetuous speed,
 The Greeks their troops assemble in these straits
 Of Aulis; ships with targets, neighing steeds
 And brazen chariots for the war prepar'd :
 Me have they chosen to command this host,
 Because I am his Brother, for the sake
 Of Menelaus ; but this rank I wish
 Another in my stead had gain'd. Our troops,
 Collected from each various Grecian realm,
 Are in this port, bound by an envious calm.
 [5] But after hesitating long, the Seer
 Calchas this dreadful oracle pronounc'd,
 That Iphigenia must be offer'd up
 In sacrifice to Dian, who these fields
 Inhabits, that our fleet shall sail auspicious
 And conquer Troy, these bloody rites perform'd,
 But fail if we neglect them : such response

Soon

[4] In Apollodorus we meet with a list of Helen's Suitors, twenty-nine in number, including most of the Grecian Heroes, celebrated by Homer in his Iliad, except Achilles : Helen indeed, in the Tragedy of Euripides which bears her name, speaking to Teucer, says, she has heard that Achilles was one of Helen's lovers : but Pausanias in the 24th chapter of his Laconica is clearly of a different opinion, and considers Achilles, from what he himself says in the first book of the Iliad, as a volunteer in the cause, a circumstance very essential to that Hero's character, whose remaining disguised in female apparel at the court of Lycomedes till he was discovered by Ulysses, must cause him to appear in a very dishonorable light, if previously bound by an oath to Tyndarus to assist in the recovery of his Daughter ; a reproach which is wholly obviated by Apollodorus' account of his being conveyed to the island of Scyros in disguise, at the time of his being only nine years of age, by his Mother Thetis, who foresaw his perishing in the war against Troy.

[5] The expression *απορία κρηναίος* rendered by Barnes, cum valde angeretur animo, is more literally translated in the old version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, usus hæitatione. Carmelli, in his note, explains it, quid agendum esset pendens animi. In the tale forged by Sinon in Virgil, the account of the reluctance shewn by Calchas to direct a human victim to be slain at the altar, so nearly resembles what is here said of him, that it strikes me as probably suggested

Soon as I heard, Talthybius I injoin'd
 By proclamation to disband the host,
 Resolving that I never would permit
 My Daughter to be slain; till me at length
 By every argument my Brother won
 To undertake an office most abhorr'd.
 I wrote, and to my Wife dispatch'd the scroll,
 That hither, as Achilles' destin'd Bride,
 Our Daughter she should send: I of his rank
 Full highly spoke, and said, he would not join
 The fleet, unless a Consort of our lineage
 Were borne to Phthia. These persuasive words
 I to my Wife address'd: the virgin's nuptials
 Are but a fiction craftily devis'd.
 Calchas alone, of all the Grecian host,
 Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself,
 Know the true fact. My unadvis'd decrees
 Are justly countermanded in this letter
 Which thou beheld'st me, mid'st the gloom of night,
 Opening and folding up again. But go,
 And take it hence to Argos: the contents,
 Yet unreveal'd, in words will I explain
 To thee at large, because, thou to my Wife,
 And th' interests of my house, still faithful prov'st.

ATTENDANT.

Inform me what they are, so shall my tongue
 Agree with the commissions of my Lord.

gested by the words here made use of; Ulysses being also there privy
 to the transaction.

Bis quinos filet ille dies: tectusque recusat
 Prodere voce suâ quemquam aut opponere morti

Æn. l. ii. v. 126.

Unexceptionable as the text appears, and tho' we hear of no manuscript that dissents from this reading, which is that of Aldus and Barnes, not to mention a catalogue of other editors, Reiskius proposes altering *απορία* into *εμπυροίς*, Hemsterhusius substitutes *κεχρημενῶ* for *κεχρημενός*; and Heath, Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, prefer *κεχρημενούς*; but I am not able to discover any reason they have for wishing to change the text.

A G A-

AGAMEMNON.

" After my former letter, I again
 " To thee, O progeny of Leda, write ;
 " Thy Daughter to Eubœa's winding shores [6]
 " And Aulis' haven send not, we her nuptials
 " Will, at a future season, celebrate."

ATTENDANT.

But of his promis'd Confort when depriv'd
 Will not Achilles instantly burst forth
 Into a storm of anger against you
 And Clytemnestra ? in this too there lies
 Much danger : speak your thoughts.

AGAMEMNON.

With his name only
 Achilles furnishes us ; in the maid
 He hath no real interest, nor knows aught
 Of such espousals : to my present schemes
 An utter stranger, never hath he heard
 How I my Daughter call'd his destin'd Bride [7]
 Pretending to consign her to his arms.

ATTEN-

[6] The Euripus was so narrow in the part where it separated Aulis, which is situated in the province of Bœotia, from Chalcis in the island of Eubœa, that we find mention made by Strabo, of a bridge of communication being there thrown over it. The Chorus indeed in the ensuing Ode represent themselves as having passed by water from Chalcis to Aulis. In the transposition of the two lines spoken by the Attendant, and throwing the contents of the letter into one continued speech, I have obeyed the directions of Reiskius, Markland, and Musgrave.

[7] " From this form of speech we learn, that after such giving
 " his Daughter the name of her intended husband, she would no
 " longer be called simply Iphigenia, but Achilles's Iphigenia. Pe-
 " nelope, in Ovid's Epistles, refers to this custom.

" Tua sum tua dicar oportet ;

" Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero."

Still am I yours, and this distinction claim,
 Still to be call'd by your illustrious name,
 And to the latest period of my life,
 Remain Penelope Ulysses wite.

O 2

Mr.

196 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

ATTENDANT.

Most shocking was this enterprize, O King,
Having pronounc'd her thus the future Wife
Of Thetis' son, your Daughter to these shores
A victim for the Greeks, would you have brought.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas! I was not in my perfect mind.
The snares of fate entangle me: but hence
Proceed with active step, nor let old age
Retard thy journey.

ATTENDANT.

O my Lord, I haste.

AGAMEMNON.

Where groves o'erhang the fountains, sit not down,
Nor yield incautious to bewitching Sleep.

ATTENDANT.

Forbear that word ill-omen'd. [8]

Mr. Markland, from whom I have extracted the above, proceeds with a variety of other instances, some of which seem apposite to the purpose, and others utterly foreign from it, particularly Κλεισθενος Αγαριστη from Herodotus, l. vi. 131, which there evidently means Agarista, the Daughter, and not the affianced Bride or Wife of Clisthenes.

[8] Sleep being considered by the antients as the Brother of Death, according to Homer,

Ενδ' Ὑπνῷ Ξυμβλήῃο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτῳ. Il. xiv. v. 231.

And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother Sleep. POPE.

In like manner among the forms which Æneas meets with in Virgil at his entrance on the infernal regions are

Lethumque, laborque

Tum consanguineus Lethi sopor. Æn. l. vi. v. 278.

Here toils and Death and Death's half-Brother Sleep. DRYDEN.
In Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, Death and Sleep are represented as having Night for their Mother without any Father.

Νυξ δ' ἔτεκε συγγενὸν τε Μορὸν, καὶ κηρὰ μελαιναν,
καὶ Θανάτῳ, τέκε δ' Ὑπνον, εἰκλε δὲ Φύλον ονειρων,

Οὐλινὶ κοιμηθεῖσα Θεὰ τέκε Νυξ ἐρεβεινῇ. Theog. v. ccxi.

Now darksome Night fruitful began to prove
Without the knowlege of connubial love.
From her black womb fad Destiny and Fate
Death, Sleep, and numerous Dreams derive their date.

COOKE.

A G A-

AGAMEMNON.

As thou tread'st
Where the roads separate, watchfully observe
On rapid axle lest a car whirl by,
And bear my Daughter to the Grecian fleet.

ATTENDANT.

This shall be done.

AGAMEMNON.

Away, and if thou meet
Their chariot, seize the reins, and send them back
To those fam'd cities which the Cyclops rear'd.

ATTENDANT.

But how, if I speak thus, shall I find credit,
Or with your Daughter or the royal Dame?

AGAMEMNON.

The seal, which on that letter I have stamp'd,
Preserve unbroken. Go, for Morn lights up
Her torch already, and Hyperion's steeds
Breathe fire. Assist my toils. Unmingled bliss
No mortal for his portion hath obtain'd:
He who ne'er tasted grief is yet unborn. [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. I.

To Aulis' sandy coast I steer'd my way,
Thro' Euripus' billowy straits
Which separate from this winding bay
Chalcis, my native city, to whose gates
Diffusing riches o'er the genial soil
[9] Fam'd Arethuse conducts her spring,
And hastes her tributary waves to bring
To the dread ruler of the main:
That I might see yon host o'erspread the plain,
And the stout sailors with obdurate toil,

[9] Thus likewise Pliny; Eubœa fonte Arethusa nobilis.

Nat. Hist. l. iv. c. 21.

O 3

The

The tough oar plying, and unfurl'd each sail,
 The Demigods of Greece convey :
 Our Husbands tell ; in gallant pride
 A thousand vessels plow the azure tide ;
 Brave Menelaus sheath'd in mail,
 And Agamemnon, o'er the watery way
 For Troy conduct them, Helen to regain
 From Eurotas' reedy plain
 Whom Paris bore, a gift the Queen of Love
 Promis'd, when at the fount she strove
 With Juno and Minerva, where her eyes
 The golden apple won, superior beauty's prize.

I. 2.

With victims strewn, I pass'd Diana's grove,
 Blushes ting'd my glowing cheek,
 But youthful ardor bid me rove,
 A new and wondrous spectacle to seek,
 The camp intrench'd, the tents, and numerous steeds.
 Two social Chiefs, each Ajax, there
 My eyes beheld, this brave Oïleus' heir,
 That drew from Telamon his birth ;
 The pride of Salamis, his parent earth,
 Protefilaus too ; in flowery meads
 [10] Sporting with sculptur'd dice the warriors lay ;
 Then

[10] The word Πισσος, which likewise occurs in the *Medea*, v. 68, and the *Suppliants*, v. 409, has been productive of much controversy and various interpretations, some rendering it *Dice* and others *Chefs*. In the first book of Homer's *Odyssey*, the suitors of Penelope are represented as playing at this game. The explanatory terms made use of by the Scholiast are Κυβος and Ψηφοί : Pope translates it *Chefs*, and refers us to Athenæus, who has preserved a very circumstantial account of the manner in which Apion the Grammarian relates that Cteson an inhabitant of Ithaca informed him, that the suitors played at this game, which appears to be of a distinct species from either *Dice* or *Chefs*. Herodotus asserts that the Lydians in the reign of Atys son of Manes, were the discoverers : τῶν κυβων καὶ τῶν ἀστραγάλων καὶ τῆς σφαίρης and every other species of games except τῶν Πισσων, the invention of which

Then Palamedes, Nauplius Son
 Of Neptune was his Sire, and near
 Whirling a quoit did Diomede appear :
 Astonish'd multitudes survey
 Meriones, far fam'd for trophies won,
 Who from the God of War his lineage boasts,
 And from the wave encircled coasts
 Of Ithaca, for mountains steep renown'd,
 Laertes' Son in arms was found,
 Accompanied by Nireus to the field,
 [11] To whose engaging form each Grecian Chief
 must yield.

which is unanimously ascribed to Palamedes at the siege of Troy. The reader, who is curious in these matters, will find the subject largely discussed by Eustathius, p. 1396, ed. Romæ 1550: and Meursius in his treatise de Ludis Græcorum. Freret in the Academie des inscriptions, v. 5, hist. p. 252, asserts, that the game of Chess was unknown till the fifth century, and originated from an Indian Bramin: the circumstance which strikes me as giving a decisive weight to his account is, that *Ζατρικιον* the Greek word for Chess, said to be derived from the Persian language, is unknown to the more antient writers and lexicographers, but occurs in the Scholia to Theocritus' Idyll. vi. v. 18. Meursius Glossarium Græco-Barbarum, et Du Cange Glossarium ad Scriptores mediæ et infimæ Græcitatatis.

[11] This Ode being in a great measure borrowed from the catalogue of the Grecian fleet in the second book of the Iliad: the beauty of Nireus, on which Homer so much expatiates, naturally claims a place for him in this account of the Heroes, given by the Dames of Chalcis, who form the Chorus, notwithstanding

Αλαπαδὸς ἐνν, Πάυρος δὲ οἱ ἐπλεῖο λαός.

Few his troops, and small his strength in arms. POPE.
 in the sixth book of Quintus Calaber, Nireus falls by the spear of Eurypylus. It may seem extraordinary that the Tragic Poet should thus join Ulysses and Nireus, two persons of manners as unsuitable to each other, as the islands over which they reigned were remote; Syma, whence, Homer mentions Nireus bringing three ships, and of which Diodorus Siculus also informs us he was King, being, according to Strabo, one of those islands which are at no great distance from the coast of Caria, with the main continent of Greece, and large tracts of ocean between that and Ithaca. In Homer, Ulysses commands twelve ships. Il. l. xii. v. 631—637.

O 4

I. 3.

I. 3.

Achilles too I saw, whose agile feet
 Equall'd in their career the passing wind,
 Him Thetis bore, and Chiron form'd his generous mind.
 Close by the shore where lay the anchor'd fleet :
 Array'd in arms, he strove with rapid pace
 From rapid steeds to win the race.

But with loud shouts Eumelus whirl'd along, [12]
 Four

[12] Homer gives Eumelus two mares whose superior speed to any horses in the Grecian camp is celebrated ll. l. ii. v. 763—767; and in the Chariot race, at the funereal games of Patroclus, they are on the point of obtaining him the prize, when he is thrown from his seat by Minerva, who favors his competitor Diomedes: Eumelus brings eleven ships from Phereia, mentioned v. 711. 715. among the catalogue of the Grecian forces. That the reader may not be interrupted with a note to every sentence, I here proceed with my references to the second book of the Iliad, where the Myrmidons in fifty ships commanded by Achilles are mentioned v. 681—685, the division from Argos, over which Diomedes is first in command, Sthenelus second, and Euryalus third, consists of eighty ships, v. 559—568; the ships of Athens here commanded by the Son of Theseus (either Acamas or Demophoon) instead of sixty, are fifty, under Menestheus, whose reign, though its duration was more than twenty years, we find (as I have had occasion to mention in a note on the Hecuba, and as appears more fully from the Tragedy entitled The Children of Hercules) is entirely passed over by Euripides, who makes Acamas and Demophoon the immediate successors of their Father Theseus, v. 546—556; the fifty ships of the Boeotians under Peneleus, Leitus, and three other Chiefs, have 120 warriors in each, v. 495—510; the Phocians (who are here but just mentioned) have forty ships commanded by Schedius and Epistrophus, v. 517—526; the Locrians the same number under Ajax Oileus, v. 527—535; the division from Mycene, an hundred, commanded by Agamemnon himself, v. 569—580; from Pylos and other parts of Messenia 90 under Nestor, v. 591—602; instead of twelve, Homer mentions twenty two ships from Æolia in Thessaly and the regions bordering on Dodona in Epirus, commanded by Guneus, v. 748—755; the troops of Elis (sometimes called Epeans, from one of their kings Epeus, Son of Endymion, mentioned by Pausanias in the commencement of his fifth book) came in forty ships under four leaders, one of them Thalpius the Son of Eurytus; the same number from the islands called Echinades, situated near the mouth of the river Achelous in Ætolia, under Meges, v. 625—630; the twelve ships from

Four courfers graceful to behold,
 Caparison'd with studded gold
 Onward he drove, and wav'd his lengthen'd thong ;
 White spots adorn'd the two that bore the yoke,
 Two more abreast, in sligher harness wheel'd
 The gliding car, which scarce impress'd the field ;
 Their solid hoofs with oft repeated stroke
 Dash'd on ; yet they obey'd the reins,
 Dappled their legs, flame-color'd were their manes,
 Yet could not speed like theirs avail
 T' outstrip Pelides, with unwearied force
 Hard by the spokes he held his course,
 Tho' cas'd in cumbrous mail.

II. 1.

Then onward to their numerous ships I came,
 Stupendous objects, with delight
 Each spectator to inflame,
 And strike a wondering female's dazzled sight.
 With fifty barks, were plac'd in the right wing
 The Myrmidons from Phthia's land :
 On each high poop, the sculptor's mimic hand
 In golden imagery express'd
 A lovely Nereid in cerulean vest.
 Achilles' dauntless troops these ensigns bring.
 Next stood the Argive fleet, whose numerous bands
 Of Sailors plied the dashing oar,
 'Twas by Mecisteus' offspring led
 Euryalus, his Grandfire Talaus bred
 The stripling, and that high command,
 With him fierce Sthenelus united bore.
 Th e Son of Theseus from th' Athenian strand,
 With sixty barks for combat mann'd

from Salamis, under Ajax Telamon, v. 557. Only part of the Grecian fleet is *here* mentioned by Euripides, who sometimes does not specify the number of ships, but wherever he does, his list accords *in this respect* with Homer's; the Tragic Bard having only taken away ten ships from the squadron of the Ænians in order to add them to that of his countrymen the Athenians.

Near

Near these was station'd ; on each burnish'd car
 Seen from the lofty deck afar,
 Auspicious sign to guard them from the storm ;
 The Mariners revere Minerva's pictur'd form.

II. 2.

Full fifty ships, I saw, Bæotia's fleet,
 With victorious ensigns grac'd,
 The Dragon stretcht at Cadmus' feet,
 Emboss'd in gold, on every beak was plac'd,
 O'er these did earth-born Leitus hold command :
 But the next barks from Phocis came.
 With equal numbers bearing Locris' name
 Oileus' offspring Ajax join'd
 The fleet, and left fam'd Thronium's walls behind :
 But Agamemnon, with a mightier band,
 Mycene by the Cyclops rear'd, forsook,
 An hundred sail the Monarch brought,
 [13] His steps Adrastus did attend,

And

[13] Commentators have varied greatly in their explanations of this passage. Some think Adrastus, King of Argos, and afterwards of Sicyon, is here introduced thro' a poetical licence, tho' his death was previous to the siege of Troy. In Barnes's version we find Adrastus haud fugiturus Menelaus ; and Mr. Markland concurs in supposing Ἀδραστος to mean that Hero : but I rather apprehend ὡς φίλος φίλῳ to denote the person here mentioned to have been a subject of Agamemnon, whom he admitted to the familiarity of a friend ; nor is it probable, that any confederate Sovereign should be described as his assistant in marshalling that particular division of the fleet which attended him from Mycene, and least of all his Brother, Menelaus, who, as Homer informs us, launched a separate squadron of 60 ships from his own Spartan dominions. Upon the whole, I can discover no sufficient motive for either altering, or putting a forced construction on the antient reading, by raising up the manes of the dead. This Adrastus, I grant, is not to be found in Homer ; nor is it material to our present enquiry, whether he is wholly passed over as a person in a subordinate station, who performed no memorable achievement, or whether he died, or like Protefilaus and many others were slain by the enemy, in the course of those nine years, which intervened from the rendezvous of the fleet at Aulis, to the last year of the Trojan war, at which period of time the Iliad opens. Since I wrote the above, I have consulted the note on this passage in the

And with the zealous courage of a friend
 The general's arduous post partook ;
 Thro' Greece, with unremitting ardor fraught,
 He urg'd each warrior to pursue the Dame
 Who yielded to a foreign flame,
 And from her bridal mansions basely fled.
 With aged Nestor at their head
 The barks of Pylos full in sight display'd
 Alpheus, with cloven hoofs, on every poop convey'd.

II. 3.

Twelve vessels Ænia furnish'd, and its king
 Guneus presidid : Elis' sons next came,
 Whom from their antient Lord the crowd Epeans name,
 Them to the war did stern Eurytus bring.
 From the Echinades to Aulis' shores
 The Taphians plied their lighter oars,
 Meges commanded, who from Phyleus springs,
 On their inhospitable strand
 No mariner presumes to land.
 Closing the space between the marshall'd wings,
 Ajax, the prince of Salamis, appear'd,
 In twelve swift barks, conspicuous to our view,
 His sailors I observ'd a dauntless crew ;
 The ship, by a Barbarian pilot steer'd
 To grapple with such foes, no more
 Shall ever homeward ply the dashing oar.
 Hail, Aulis, from whose sandy plain
 These eyes delighted saw the naval host ;
 Th' encampment on thy peopled coast
 My memory shall retain.

the new edition of Euripides, published by Dr. Musgrave, who, with great probability, supposes the Adrastus here spoken of to be the son of Polynices, mentioned by Pausanias, who had an hereditary claim by his Mother's side to the kingdom of Argos, and interprets *ως φίλος φίλω* his waving all private enmity in support of the general cause of his country.

MENE-

204 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

MENELAUS, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

ATTENDANT [*to Menelaus who is forcing the
Letters from him.*]

Suh daring violence, such open wrong,
Becomes not Menelaus.

MENELAUS.

Slave, depart;
Thou carry'st thy fidelity too far.

ATTENDANT.

Reproaches on so glorious an account
But do me honor.

MENELAUS.

Soon shalt thou repent,
If thou presume to act a part ill-suited
To thy low rank.

ATTENDANT.

You ought not to have open'd
The letter I convey.

MENELAUS.

Nor thou to have borne
That scroll with mischiefs fraught to every Greek.

ATTENDANT.

Debate that point hereafter, and release it.

MENELAUS.

I will not quit my hold.

ATTENDANT.

Nor will I meanly
Surrender up my trust.

MENELAUS.

This sceptre soon
Shall with thy blood defile that hoary head.

ATTENDANT.

To perish in the service of my Lord
Were sure an honorable death.

MENE

MENELAUS.

Let go:

Slave as thou art, presum'st thou to harangue?

ATTENDANT.

My royal Master, I am wrong'd; thy letter
He from my hands hath wrested, nor will act
As justice dictates.

AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ATTENDANT,
CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

What tumultuous sounds
Burst thro' the gates, what unbecoming words?

ATTENDANT.

My tale, not his, your first attention claims.

AGAMEMNON.

Say, Menelaus, whence this struggle rose?
Why didst thou drag him forcibly along?

[Exit Attendant.]

MENELAUS *holding up the Letter.*

Look upon me: to what I shall unfold,
This is the prelude.

AGAMEMNON.

Shall not Atreus' son
Open his eyes without dismay?

MENELAUS.

Behold you
These characters subservient to designs
Most infamous?

AGAMEMNON.

I see; but first restore
The letter.

MENELAUS.

Not till I its foul contents
To every Grecian leader have display'd.

AGAMEMNON.

What! wert thou mean enough to break the seal
And

206 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

And thence discover what thou should'st not know?

MENELAUS.

These secret machinations, to your sorrow,
Have I detected.

AGAMEMNON.

Tell me how thou cam'st
To intercept my letter? O ye Gods,
What shameless treachery in thy soul is lodg'd!

MENELAUS.

I waited for your Daughter to arrive
From Argos at the camp.

AGAMEMNON.

Why should'st thou watch
Aught that is mine? betray not these proceedings
A want of decency?

MENELAUS.

Because my will
Did instigate; because I am no slave
To your behests.

AGAMEMNON.

Are not these outrages
Most daring? shall not I in my own house
Be suffer'd to bear rule?

MENELAUS.

Your crooked schemes
This present moment vary from the last,
And at the next as suddenly will change.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shew'st thy skill: yet is there nought more hateful
Than the vile sophister's insidious tongue.

MENELAUS.

The soul that wavers is devoid of justice,
And not to be relied on by our friends.
I would convince you; in your wrath reject not
Th' unwelcome voice of truth. I cannot flatter.
Full well you know when eagerly you fought

To

To be the general of the Grecian troops
 And lead them on for Troy, you in appearance
 Declining what you wish'd for, humbly squeez'd
 The meanest of the people by the hand,
 Your doors were open'd wide for all who chose
 To enter, and to each you in his turn,
 With courtesy gave audience, e'en the man
 Who would have wav'd such honor, while you strove
 To render that authority your own
 [14] Which yet was undispos'd of. Having gain'd
 This point, your manners instantly you chang'd,
 And to your former friends no longer shew'd
 Th' attachment you so lately had profess'd,
 Hard of access, and seldom to be found
 At home. But when in highest stations plac'd,
 An alter'd carriage ill befits the man
 Of real virtue: to his friends he ought
 To be most stedfast, when effectual means
 Of aiding them his prosperous fortune yields.
 My censure, with the faults I first perceiv'd
 In you, have I begun: but since you came
 To Aulis with th' assembled troops of Greece,
 You shrunk to nothing: Heaven's impending wrath
 With consternation fill'd you; prosperous gales
 Arose not: the impatient host exclaim'd;
 "Disband the fleet, nor linger here in vain."
 What grief and what confusion did those eyes
 Express, as if depriv'd of your command
 Over a thousand ships, ere you have cover'd

[14] The phrase *ex μίσω*, which Barnes and Dr. Musgrave have rendered à vulgo, is in Mr. Markland's version *quod in medio jacebat*. The meaning seems to be the same with that given by the interpreters to *communia* in Horace, where he says in his Art of Poetry, *difficile est proprie communia dicere*, by which they understand the difficulty of writing on a *new* subject, or what lies open to all men and is yet unappropriated: as was the case with the command in chief of the Grecian forces on their first assembling, each squadron being led by the King or General of an independent state.

The

208 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

The fields of Priam with avenging troops !
 To me you then applied ; " how shall I act,
 " What scheme devise ? " left stripp'd of such high rank,
 You with your power should forfeit all renown.
 Since Calchas at the holy rites declar'd
 Your Daughter to Diana must be given
 In sacrifice, that on these terms, the host
 A favorable voyage would await,
 With joy you promis'd of your own accord
 To offer up the victim, and dismiss'd
 A messenger (pretend not to allege
 'Twas thro' constraint) your Consort to direct
 To send the Virgin hither, on pretence
 That she shall wed Achilles. Now you change
 Your purpose, and in secrecy dispatch
 Another letter, that on no pretence
 Will you your Daughter at the altar slay.
 Witness thou conscious air, for sure thou heard'st
 These inconsistencies. Too many act
 As you have done, in laboring to obtain
 Authority, with meanness then recoil ;
 Some, by the judgement of a foolish crowd,
 By their own conscience, others, sway'd, who prove
 Too feeble to maintain the public weal.
 But chiefly I lament the woes of Greece
 Who nobly aiming at a great revenge
 'Gainst those Barbarians, leaves the slaves to scoff
 At our repulse : this shame she owes to you,
 And to your Daughter. Kindred ties alone
 With me shall ne'er prevail when I appoint
 The ruler of a city or the chief
 Entrusted with the conduct of an host,
 A general should be eminently wise :
 Men of superior intellects were born
 To govern.

C H O R U S.

O how dreadful are their feuds
 When brothers fir'd with mutual rage contend !

AGAMEMNON.

I, too, 'gainst thee will utter my complaints
In terms concise and guarded, not replete
With impudence, but sage fraternal love.
For a base man is wont to have no sense
Of honest shame. What means that furious look,
Why glarethose blood-stain'd eyes? who wrongs thee? speak
What are thy wishes? hop'st thou to obtain
[15] A virtuous Confort? such I cannot give,
For she thou hadst was lost thro' thy misconduct.
Must I, tho' guiltless, in thy stead be doom'd
To suffer? can a Brother's rank offend?
Yet seek'st thou to embrace the beauteous Dame,
Tho' reason, and tho' honor's voice forbid?
The pleasures of the worthless are most vile.
If I who judg'd amiss at first, have chang'd

[15] The reading of the Aldus edition, *λὲλθ' ἔρας γι χερσὶ λα-*
εῖν, has been retained by Henry Stephens, Canterus, Barnes, and
Dr. Musgrave, either without any variation, or such as is imma-
terial to an English reader: Mr. Markland has, however, in the
most peremptory manner, dictated an alteration, the truth of which
he says, he thinks it impossible to make any doubt of, and instead of
ἔρας γι χερσὶ, reads *ἐμὰ χερσὶς*: the meaning of the passage thus
new modelled is "*do you want to have my Wife?*" not a single
manuscript is cited in its support; scripturæ vestigia, which he men-
tions in his note, seems too vague an expression, and no such traces
do we meet with in any other editor. Were such reading to
be adopted, I greatly question whether the Tragic Muse, in any
age or country whatever, could furnish us with a more striking
breach of Horace's precept,

Nec quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur Heros

Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,

Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.

"Who lately shone a Hero or a God,

"Array'd in purple robes and royal gold,

"Shall not adopt the language of the stewards." DUNCOMBE.

The faults of Agamemnon's character, as drawn by Homer and
the three great Tragic Poets of Greece, are perhaps as conspicuous
as his virtues, but they are not defects of that nature as to reduce
him to a level with the Kings of Lucian and Scarron, or afford
any sanction to the Critics, who introduce him holding such lan-
guage as is suited only to old Silenus, or the drunken monster Poly-
phemus.

On thoughts mature my purpose, am I frantic?
 Thou rather, who hast lost a faithless Wife,
 And would'st bring back the pest which Heav'n remov'd,
 The Suitors, that insensate amorous train,
 Engag'd themselves to Tyndarus by an oath:
 But Hope became their Goddess; she, I deem,
 Had more effect on their deluded souls
 Than all thy interest, or thy vaunted power.
 Collect this troop, and issue to the field,
 Where, of thy folly soon am I convinc'd
 Thou the effects wilt feel. For sure the Gods
 [16] Are not devoid of wisdom, but perceive
 What oaths are lawless and by force extorted.
 Altho' thy interests may require such breach
 Of justice, I my children will not slay,
 To aid thee in thy vengeance for the loss
 Of an abandon'd Wife. By night, by day,
 How should I pine, how melt away in tears,
 After a deed thus impious against those
 Whom I begot! The words I use are few,
 Clear and explicit. If thou wilt not judge
 Aright, my firm resolves I shall maintain.

C H O R U S.

This, and your former language disagrees,
 Yet sure 'twere right our children's lives to spare.

M E N E L A U S.

Have I no friends? wretch that I am!

A G A M E M N O N.

Thou hast,
 When thou those friends attempt'st not to destroy.

[16] In adding the line *Ου γὰρ ἀσυνέλον το θεῖον, ἀλλ' ἐχει συνέται,* preserved in the writing of Theophilus of Antioch, and Stobæus Tit. 28. I have followed the directions of Heath and Dr. Masgrave; the many conjectural alterations of the latter in this speech being of a more questionable nature, I do not presume to interfere with them, but endeavour to translate, in the best manner I am able, what I apprehend from the concurrence of Aldus and Barnes to be the more genuine text.

MENELAUS.

How will you prove that from one fire we sprung?

AGAMEMNON.

In wisdom would I sympathize with thee,
But not in madness.

MENELAUS.

Friends are bound to share
Their friends' afflictions.

AGAMEMNON.

When by me thou act'st
A generous part, remind me of those duties,
Not when thou griev'st my soul.

MENELAUS.

Are you then loth
To join with Greece in these her common toils?

AGAMEMNON.

Greece hath been stricken by some envious God:
Her frenzy equals thine.

MENELAUS.

In sceptred pomp
You now exult, nor scruple to betray
A Brother's cause: but I will have recourse
To other stratagems and other friends.

MESSENGER, AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS,
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O Agamemnon, monarch of all Greece,
To introduce that Daughter am I come,
On whom you in your palace erst bestow'd
The name of Iphigenia; she arrives
Accompanied by her illustrious mother
Your Consort Clytemnestra, and your son
Orestes. With what pleasure will ye meet
After so long an absence! having finish'd
Their tedious journey, at the limpid fount

They lave their wearied limbs ; but we have loos'd
 The bridles of their steeds, that they may graze
 Over the verdant mead. But to acquaint you
 With their approach was I sent on before,
 For the troops know already : fame hath spread
 Thro' the whole camp glad tidings, that your Daughter
 Is come : the host, with a tumultuous haste,
 Assemble to behold the royal maid.
 The blest are as a public mark expos'd
 To wonder and renown. But some enquire,
 " Is she espous'd, or what are their designs ?
 " Impatient for a sight of his lov'd daughter,
 " Did Agamemnon, our illustrious king,
 " Send messengers to fetch her : " others cry ;
 " For her ere Hymen waves his kindled torch,
 " They to Diana, who in Aulis reigns,
 " Present the Nymph : to whom shall she be join'd
 " In wedlock ? " for th' initiatory rites
 Bring canisters, and crown your heads with flowers.
 Be it thy care t' arrange the bridal pomp,
 O Menelaus, let the chearing flute
 Thro' each apartment sound, and dancers move
 Their active feet : for with its orient light
 This morn auspicious to the virgin dawns.

AGAMEMNON.

'Tis well. But O retire : for all beside,
 If fate befriend, will we conduct aright.

Exit Messenger.

What shall I say ? ah miserable me !

[17] With thine own woes, thou wretch, thy plaints
 begin.

How

[17] The following passage in the *Hecuba*, *ἐμαυτὴν λέγω λεγόμενα*, *ἑκάστην* v. 736. is a mode of speaking similar to what the Poet here makes use of, and the context clearly shews that Agamemnon, according to Carmelli's interpretation, speaks of himself by the term *ἐμαυτὴν*. It is necessary to premise thus much in support of the genuine text ;

How am I shackled by the galling yoke
 Of dire necessity ! o'er all my craft
 Fortune with mightier wisdom hath prevail'd.
 But what a privilege belongs to those
 Of humbler stations ! they with freedom weep,
 And speak of their afflictions : but the man
 Whose birth is noble, feels at once the weight
 Of all these evils : thro' each stage of life
 Aw'd by the voice of others, we are slaves
 To a vile rabble. Shame withholds the tear
 Just starting from these eyes ; again o'erwhelm'd
 With griefs unnumber'd, blush I that my mourning
 Is thus conceal'd. Enough : but in what terms
 Shall I accost, or how receive my Wife,
 How teach these eyes to greet her ? for she adds
 To those afflictions I already feel,
 By coming uninvited : yet 'tis just
 That she a much-lov'd Daughter should attend,
 At her espousals, and consign the maid
 To a fond bridegroom's arms : but here alas,
 She my perfidious conduct will discern.
 As for this wretched Virgin (but why call
 The destin'd Wife of Pluto by that name ?)
 How do I pity her ! methinks I hear
 The suppliant uttering these reproachful words,
 " O Father, wilt thou kill me ? may thyself,
 [18] " May they thou lov'st experience such espousals."
 Meantime Orestes, by his Sister's side,
 With inarticulate expressive notes,

text ; as Grotius, Mr. Heath, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, have all four attempted to undermine it by their conjectural alterations.

[18] Alluding to the fate of Agamemnon and his concubine Cassandra, which is predicted more at large, with all its concomitant circumstances of horror, in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, v. 1116—1334. the Trojan Captives of our Author, v. 357—362. 445—461. and in Lycophron, v. 1099—1119. by the inspired Cassandra herself.

214 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

For he is yet an infant, shall exclaim.
How did the son of Priam, Paris, cause
My ruin, for his Bride when he presum'd
To seize on Helen! thence these woes I date.

CHORUS.

Such pity, as from foreign Dames is due
To the afflictions of a King, I feel.

MENE LAUS.

Give me your hand, O Brother.

AGAMEMNON.

Take my hand;
For I submit: thou triumph'st; but my lot
Is misery.

MENE LAUS.

By our common Grandfire's shade,
I swear, by mighty Pelops, and by Atreus
Our Father, that to you I in plain terms,
The real dictates of my heart will speak,
And banish all disguise. When I beheld
Your streaming tears, compassion bade me weep,
And change my former purpose: now no more
A foe, to your opinions I accede,
Advise you by no means to take away
Your Daughter's life, nor to my interests give
Such preference: for 'twere not just that you,
While I am blest, should groan, and that your children
Should breathe their last, while mine yet view the Sun.
What can I wish for? may not I elsewhere,
If wedlock be my purpose, gain a Bride,
Selected from the noblest Grecian maids?
But shall I lose a Brother justly dear,
My treacherous Consort Helen to redeem,
And for the wicked thus exchange the good?
As youth and inconsiderate rashness prompt
I acted erst: but take a closer view
Of these transactions, and am now convinc'd
What horrors wait the murderer of his Children.

Again,

Again, while pondering on our kindred ties,
 I feel compassion for this hapless Maid,
 Who in the cause of my perfidious wife
 Is doom'd to bleed: for what hath she to do
 With Helen? let the host, disbanded, leave
 These shores of Aulis: but no longer weep,
 O Brother, and from these fraternal eyes
 Cease to call forth the sympathising tear.
 If the responses of the Gods, which claim
 Your Daughter's life, affect you, let not me
 In these have any share; for I, to save
 The Virgin, my own interests will forego:
 But anxious to repeal the harsh decree,
 Am I affected by a virtuous cause,
 And to a natural love for him who springs
 From the same Father, owe this sudden change.
 Such is the temper of the man, whose soul
 No vicious habits warp, he ever yields
 To the most wise suggestions.

CHORUS.

Generous words
 Are these which thou hast spoken, and most worthy
 Of Tantalus, Jove's Son: thou wilt not shame
 Thy great progenitors.

AGAMEMNON.

O Menelaus,
 I praise thee; the concessions thou hast made
 Transcend my expectations, they become
 A Brother.

MENE LAUS.

Love and Avarice have dissolv'd
 Many fraternal ties: my soul abhors
 Such bitterness 'twixt those of the same house.

AGAMEMNON.

But me in such calamity hath fate
 Involv'd, that my own Daughter I must slay.

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MENE LAUS.

Why slay her? who can such constraint impose?

AGAMEMNON.

The whole assembled armament of Greece.

MENE LAUS.

They cannot, if to Argos you send back [19]
The host.

AGAMEMNON.

From them, thus far have I conceal'd
All that hath pass'd: but this I cannot hide.

MENE LAUS.

What mean you? shrink not thro' immoderate fear
Of a base rabble.

AGAMEMNON.

Calechas will unfold
This oracle to all the Grecian Chiefs.

MENE LAUS.

If he die first, he cannot; and with ease
Might we dispatch him.

AGAMEMNON.

The whole race of Seers

[19] Brumoy interprets this as spoken of the sending back Iphigenia; and Mr. Markland, whose notes on the two Iphigenias bear strong marks of being written more hastily than those with which he favored the public eight years before on the Suppliants of Euripides, proposes οἶκος in the stead of Ἀργος, which he harshly calls "absurd:" but Argos, as Dr. Musgrave observes, is here, and in a variety of other places in Euripides, made use of as synonymous with all confederate Greece. In Homer we meet with a still more striking instance of the unrestrained signification of the word Argos, or rather of its being reduced to a mere expletive; Πελασγικόν Ἀργος II. L. ii. v. 681 being the appellation given to the district of Pelasgia in Thessaly: at the same time it is observable, that our Tragic Bard has marked out the city of Argos (which, according to a Passage in the Archelaus, preserved among his Fragments, was before the reign of Cadmus inhabited by the Pelasgians, whom Eustathius speaks of as a wandering nation, scattered over all Greece) by the very same term of Πελασγικόν Ἀργος, which occurs both in the Orestes and Phœnissæ.

Are

Are mischievous, and ever thirst for power.

MENELAUS.

A worthless and unserviceable crew.

AGAMEMNON.

Perceiv'st thou not my thoughts ?

MENELAUS.

How should I guess

What you declare not ?

AGAMEMNON.

By the subtle seed [20]

Of Sisyphus are these responses known.

MENELAUS.

Ulysses cannot hurt us.

AGAMEMNON.

With each art

And various wile that gains the fickle throng
Is he endued.

MENE-

[20] Some of the antient writers have asserted, that Anticlea was pregnant by Sisyphus at the time of her being given in marriage to Laertes; and accordingly Sophocles in his *Philoctetes*, and Euripides in his *Cyclops*, as well as in the passage before us, call Ulysses the son of that celebrated robber: but when we recollect that Sisyphus was Grandfather to Bellerophon, whose son Hippolochus was father to Glaucus, and his daughter Laodamia, mother to Sarpedon, two of the heroes who were opposed to Ulysses in the Trojan war; it will perhaps be more reasonable to conclude, that Ulysses acquired the appellation of Σισυφειον σπέρμα merely from his resemblance to Sisyphus in being κερδιστος ανθρως "the craftiest of men" which is the character Glaucus in Homer gives of his ancestor Sisyphus *Iliad* L. vi. v. 253. Abbé Banier, struck no doubt with the great distance of the times in which Sisyphus and Ulysses flourished, has in his dissertation on the Argonauts, *Académie des Inscriptions*, Tom. ix. mem. p. 83. attempted to prove, that he was his Great grandson: but when Ulysses, in the *Odyssey* of Homer, beholds Sisyphus tortured in the infernal regions, he neither attempts to hold any conference with him, nor shews that interest in his sufferings which was due to one of his ancestors, but immediately passes on to Hercules, by whom he is accosted. Indeed the above-mentioned treatise of the French Academician exhibits a pedigree swarming with errors the most obvious: the name

M E N E L A U S.

Ambition, hateful pest,
Engrosses his whole soul.

A G A M E M N O N.

Think then thou seest him
Stand up amidst the Grecian host, to publish
Those oracles which Calchas hath devis'd,
And how I rashly promis'd that my Daughter,
The victim whom I now refuse, should bleed
At Dian's altar: he the troops will rouse
To mutiny, and, having slain us both,
Bid them bring forth and sacrifice the virgin.
If to the Argive shore I speed my flight,
Greece will invade me with confederate strength,
O'erthrow those walls the Cyclops rear'd, and lay
My country waste. Wretch that I am! such woes
Surround me. To what straits am I now driven
By the relentless Gods! O Menelaus,
Prevent one great addition to my pangs,
By hastening thro' the ranks, lest Clytemnestra
Learn my resolves e'er I have offer'd up
The maid to Pluto; wretched tho' I am,
Hence I shall spare full many a needless tear.
But keep strict secrecy, ye foreign Dames.

Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I.

Thrice blest whom Venus warms with temperate fire,
name of Sisyphus's Father is there called Autolychus, instead of
Æolus; and Homer's Autolychus, there distinguished by the title of
Autolychus *the second*, is said to have been son of Sisyphus and
father to Laertes, Ulysses' father; whereas the God Mercury was
the reputed father of Autolychus, who is said by Pausanias to have
been in fact, son to one Dædalus; and that Autolychus was the
father not of Laertes, but of Anticlea the wife of Laertes and mo-
ther of Ulysses, is a fact well known to every man in the least
degree conversant with Homer and the mythological writers.

Instructing

Instructing them their transports to controul,
 Nor pass the limits of chastis'd desire :
 Wild frenzy triumphs in the human soul,
 When Cupid with malignant joy
 Sends forth his double arrows to destroy ;
 To make man's life more blest the first hath power,
 From the same quiver flies in evil hour
 The second shaft, and gives the deadlier wound :
 O lovely Goddess, never, never shed
 Such horrors o'er my peaceful bed,
 Let gentle Graces hover round,
 And holy Loves their sheltering pinions spread ;
 Be each too rapturous flame suppress'd,
 While the soft passions glow within my breast.

II.

The genius and the manners of mankind
 Oft vary : Virtue still unchang'd remains ;
 By education's aid, the ductile mind
 At length that great accomplishment obtains.
 By Wisdom are her votaries taught
 Humbly to think and act as heroes ought :
 Hence shall their well-earn'd fame in blooming prime
 Display its laurels unimpair'd by time.
 Just is their title to immortal praise
 Who follow Virtue, she in calm retreat
 Confines her female votaries' feet,
 Whence the forbidden with ne'er strays :
 But manly souls with warlike ardor beat,
 Tempt each diversified emprise,
 And bid their towering cities reach the skies.

III.

Thou left'st, O Paris, each associate Swain,
 Rear'd with whom midst Ida's grove
 Thy heifers thou didst feed,
 Hymning the wild Barbaric strain,

While with Olympus strove [21]
 Thy mimic Phrygian reed :
 There brows'd thy lowing herds unheeded by,
 O'er the steep mountain's side,
 When each rival Deity
 The palm ordain'd thee to decide ;
 Hence to Greece thy steps did roam,
 To Lacedæmon's ivory dome :
 When Helen met thy piercing eyes,
 Love's warm suffusion ran thro' every vein,
 Thou too didst feel the thrilling pain,
 Aghast with motionless surprise.
 So Discord rais'd her vengeful hand,
 And madness fir'd the Grecian land,
 Ships float, and javelins gleam around,
 To level Ilion with the ground.
 Exalted are the transports of the great !
 Behold the royal daughter of the King,
 Fair Iphigenia, my illustrious Queen ! [22]
 And Clytemnestra of Tyndarean line !
 Lofty the parent stems from which they rose
 To such high fortunes : like the Gods supreme

[21] The Olympus here spoken of was a native of Mysia, and a disciple of the Satyr Marsyas, well known by his unsuccessful contest with Apollo : Ovid introduces him bewailing the disastrous fate of his master, with tum quoque *clarus* Olympus ; honorable mention is made of him by Plato, Plutarch, and other writers : we moreover learn from Hyginus, that his superior skill in playing on the flute, obtained him a prize at the games celebrated by Acastus son of Pelias.

[22] Here the expression of " my Queen " must be considered as a mere title of respect, and not taken so literally as to imply that Chalcis, or any part of the island of Eubœa, was at that time subject either to Agamemnon or Achilles, to whom the Chorus (mindful of the secrecy enjoined them) here affect to consider Iphigenia as on the point of being married : for we find by Homer, l. ii. v. 536—545. that Elephenor, son of Chalcodontes, was at the time of the Trojan war king of Eubœa, from whence he sailed with a squadron of fifty ships under his command.

They

They rule this nether world, and on the poor
 Shower portions of their wealth. Here let us stand,
 Prepar'd to greet the Queen, Eubœan nymphs,
 As from her lofty chariot she descends,
 And in our hands receive her lest she fall.
 By your assiduous courtesy remove
 The fears which Agamemnon's royal Daughter
 May haply on her first arrival feel.
 Nor with confusion nor in clamorous strains,
 Let us, who are but strangers in the land,
 Abruptly to these Argive strangers speak.

CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A favourable omen I derive
 From your benignity, and words whose sound
 Is most auspicious: hence I entertain
 Some hope that to blest nuptials I conduct
 The Virgin. From the car those treasures bring
 Intended for her dower, and in the tent
 Deposit carefully: with tender foot
 And delicate, my Daughter, leave thy seat;
 But O receive her in your youthful arms,
 Descending from the chariot, and for me
 That I with safety may alight, perform
 The same kind office: but let others stand
 Before those coursers whom no words can sooth
 If startled: lift Orestes from his seat,
 For he is yet an infant. O my child,
 By the rough motion of this vehicle
 Sleep'st thou o'erpower'd? wake at this lucky hour,
 Wake to thy Sister's hymeneal rites.
 For by affinity, thou nobly born
 Wilt be connected with a mighty kinsman,
 The Son of Thetis equal to the Gods.
 My Daughter, now draw near, and take thy place,
 O Iphigenia, at thy mother's feet

That

That there, thou to these foreign dames may'st shew
How great my happiness. But hither comes
Thy much lov'd Sire; accost him.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I run,
(My Mother, be not angry at the question)
And clasp my Father to this throbbing breast?

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA,
IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Agamemnon, my much honour'd lord,
We come obedient to your high behest.

IPHIGENIA.

With eager step at length I fain would rush
And throw these arms around my dearest Sire,
For what I wish for is the sight of thee;
Let not this raise thy anger.

AGAMEMNON.

O my Child!
Indulge these transports: for of all my race
To me thou ever hast been most attach'd.

IPHIGENIA.

After a tedious absence, with delight
Thee, O my Father, I again behold.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee too thy Father—every word thou speak'st
Equally suits us both.

IPHIGENIA.

All hail, my Sire!
To fetch me hither was most kindly done.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I know not whether to assent
Or contradict thee.

IPHIGENIA.

How disturb'd thou look'st,

Tho'

Tho' here thou seest me at thy own desire.

AGAMEMNON.

A General and a King hath many cares.

IPHIGENIA.

Devote the present hour to me—; forget
Each weightier business.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou, and thou alone,
Art now the object of my anxious thoughts.

IPHIGENIA.

Clear up that clouded brow then, and with looks
Of more complacency behold thy Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Trust me, I feel the joy thy presence gives.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet from those eyes why streams the frequent tear?

AGAMEMNON.

Because our separation must be long.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Sire, I know not what thou mean'lt.

AGAMEMNON.

By talking so discreetly on this subject,
Thou wound'st my soul more deeply.

IPHIGENIA.

I would utter
The wildest language, could this give thee joy.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I am not able to restrain
My tongue : yet thy behaviour I commend.

IPHIGENIA.

Stay with thy children, O my Sire, at home.

AGAMEMNON.

There would I stay for ever : but what grieves
My soul is this, that I have not the power

Such

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Such wishes to effect.

IPHIGENIA.

Curse on the spear
And Menelaus' sufferings.

AGAMEMNON.

Others first,
Are they ordain'd to ruin, having prov'd
My bane already.

IPHIGENIA.

What a length of time,
Hast thou in Aulis' haven been detain'd !

AGAMEMNON.

There is a something still, which doth prevent
My sailing hence, with the confederate host.

IPHIGENIA.

O say, where fame relates the Phrygians dwell ?

AGAMEMNON.

Where would to Heaven that Paris, Priam's son,
Had ne'er abode.

IPHIGENIA.

When thou thy Daughter leav'st,
Is thine a distant voyage ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou art bound
For the same port with thy afflicted Sire.

IPHIGENIA.

Would it were decent for us both to fail
In the same bark !

AGAMEMNON.

What means this strange request ?
Thou too shalt fail, and have abundant cause
Not to forget thy Father.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I take
This voyage with my Mother, or alone ?

AGAMEM-

AGAMEMNON.

Alone, from both thy parents torn by fate.

IPHIGENIA.

Mean'st thou to place me in a foreign realm?

AGAMEMNON.

No more : a bashful virgin must not learn
All these particulars.

IPHIGENIA.

My Sire, with speed
Return from Ilion's coast, return triumphant.

AGAMEMNON.

I first must offer up a victim here.

IPHIGENIA.

But it behoves thee to consult the Priests
Before thou enter on this sacred rite.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou too, for near the lavers thou must stand,
Shalt know the whole.

IPHIGENIA.

Must I in choral dance,
With my young comrades, round the altar move?

AGAMEMNON.

Thy lot, by far more enviable than mine
I deem, because thou understand'st not aught
Of what we are transacting. But now enter
These doors, and to thy virgin train appear.
The kiss thou gav'st, and that right hand, embitter
Our parting : from thy Sire wilt thou be absent
For a long season. O ye heaving breasts,
Ye cheeks, and golden tresses, of what woes
To us hath Troy and Helen been the source !
But I can speak no more : for the swift tear,
E'en while I yet embrace thee, from these eyes
Forces its way. Retire into the tent.

Exit Iphigenia.

VOL. II.

Q

O pro-

O progeny of Leda, I entreat
 Thy pardon, if false tenderness o'ercome
 My better judgement; now I am bestowing
 Our Daughter on Achilles; sent indeed
 With happy prospects to a distant realm:
 Yet deeply the parental heart it wounds,
 When to another house the Sire consigns
 His children, nurtur'd with incessant care.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am not thus insensible, nor prompt
 To censure you: myself no doubt shall feel
 An equal pang, with hymeneal rites
 When from these doors I lead the virgin forth.
 But custom at this season bids me check
 My sorrows. I have merely heard the name
 Of him, to whom our Daughter is affianc'd,
 But wish to learn his country and descent.

AGAMEMNON.

Beauteous Ægina, from Asopus sprung.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say to what favor'd mortal or what God
 Was she in wedlock join'd?

AGAMEMNON.

Imperial Jove
 Compress'd the yielding maid, and was the Sire
 Of Æacus, Oenone's king. [23]

CLY-

[23] This island, situated in the Saronian bay, is in Pindar Isthm. Od. 8. v. 45. and Ovid Met. L. 7. v. 472. call'd Oenopia: but Lycophron, most of the geographical writers, and Pindar himself in three other places, concur with Euripides in giving it the name of Oenone; it afterwards received that of Ægina, from the Princess here mentioned, and is so called in Homer's catalogue of the Grecian ships, where its troops are included in the Argive division under the command of Diomedes, which seems as if the island no longer remain'd subject to Peleus after he had left it, in order to establish himself in Thessaly. Strabo represents it as having undergone a variety of revolutions, and mentions the Argives among the nations by whom it was successively inhabited. The questions here asked

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What son
Inherited the realms of Æacus?

AGAMEMNON.

Peleus ; and Peleus wedded Nereus' Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To him surrendered by the God her Sire,
Or did he seize her 'gainst the will of Heaven?

AGAMEMNON.

By Jove himself th' espousals were ordain'd ;
And he to whom belong'd a Father's right,
To Peleus gave the Nymph.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where did he wed her ?
Mid'st Ocean's waves?

AGAMEMNON.

On Pelion's sacred cliff
Where Chiron dwelt.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That mount, which we are told
The Centaurs' race inhabit?

AGAMEMNON.

There the Gods
With banquets celebrated Peleus' marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But did his Mother Thetis, or his Sire,
Train up Achilles?

asked by Clytemnestra, which relate to the paternal ancestors of Achilles, do not strike me as shewing the inconsistency or want of memory here objected to by Barnes ; as it was very possible for Clytemnestra to have heard that the Goddess Thetis, Daughter of Nereus, was the mother of Achilles, but at the same time to be an utter stranger to the whole history of his father Peleus, and the ancestors of that Monarch.

AGAMEMNON.

[24] Chiron, awful sage,
Lest profligate examples should corrupt him.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chiron was wise ; and still more wise the Father,
Who for his offspring such instructor found.

AGAMEMNON.

Such is the man whom for our Daughter's Husband
I have mark'd out.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No despicable choice :
But in what Grecian city doth he dwell ?

AGAMEMNON.

Beside Apidanus in Phthia's land.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he the tender virgin thither lead ?

AGAMEMNON.

Be that the care of him who shall possess her.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May every bliss attend them. But what day
Have you appointed for the nuptial rite ?

AGAMEMNON.

When full-orb'd Cynthia darts propitious beams.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Have you yet slain the customary victims
[25] To her who o'er the genial couch presides ?

A G A -

[24] Chiron was Son of Saturn and the nymph Philira, one of the Daughters of Oceanus: the God being surpris'd in this amour by his Wife Rhea, transformed himself into an Horse, and fled with great precipitation ; hence proceeded the mixt form of the child. See Apollonius Rhodius, L. 3. v. 1235—1245. and Virgil Geor. L. 3. v. 93. Pausanias, in the nineteenth chapter of his fifth book, writes, that Chiron after his death was found worthy of being received among the Gods.

[25] " Clytemnestra means Juno, called Ζῳγία, of whom Apollonius Rhodius in his Argonautics

" Ἡγν τε Ζῳγίη Διὸς εὐρείης. L. 4. v. 96.

Juno

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AGAMEMNON.

I on this very business am intent ;
It shall be done.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will you the nuptial feast
Celebrate next ?

AGAMEMNON.

When I have offer'd up
Such victims as th' immortal Gods require.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But where shall we the womens' banquet hold ?

AGAMEMNON.

Here at the Argive ships.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well, if we must ;
Yet may it prove auspicious.

AGAMEMNON.

Wife, thou know'st
Thy duty : to my will compliance yield.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What means my Lord ? for I am wont t' obey.

AGAMEMNON.

Myself will to the Bridegroom's arms—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall aught
That might become a Mother to perform,
Be done without me ?

AGAMEMNON.

'Midst the troops of Greece
Consign the Princess,

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where shall I meantime
Be station'd ?

Juno the nuptial Goddess, Wife of Jove.

"The same expression occurs in Nonnus and Dionysius Halicarnassensis." BARNES.

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AGAMEMNON.

Go to Argos, and take care
Of our young virgin race who there remain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving my Daughter? who shall bear the torch?

AGAMEMNON.

Be mine the welcome office, to illumine
Her Hymeneal rite.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No antient usage

[26] Gives sanction, and you know't would be unseemly.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee it becomes not freely to converse
With the licentious inmates of a camp.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

It well becomes a Mother to dispose
Of her lov'd Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Neither should her Sisters
Be left alone at home.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In their apartment,

[26] Without extending our researches any farther than the writings of Euripides, we find much variation in regard to the person by whom the nuptial torch was to be borne: in *Phœnissæ* v. 346, and the Scholiast which I have there quoted, such office is represented as belonging to the mother of the Bridegroom. Clytemnestra here asserts that it suits her best as mother to the Bride. Such employment was unsuited to Thetis, the mother of Achilles, on account of her being a Goddess: but, notwithstanding what is here said of antient custom, we find the nuptial torch borne also by men, for the messenger in the *Helen*, an attendant of Menelaus, v. 728—730, says he now renews the union of Menelaus and Helen, having formerly borne the torch at their espousals; tho' it is very evident that Leda, Mother to the Bride, was not then dead; as that very Tragedy, v. 135, and 201, mentions her being supposed to have put an end to her own life, thro' grief at her Daughter's flight with Paris.

They

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They strictly are confin'd.

AGAMEMNON.

Obeſy.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Foreſend,

Saturnia Queen of Argos. Go, bear rule

Abroad; domeſtic empire ſhall be mine.

I will conduct my Daughter's bridal pomp.

Exit Clytemneſtra.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas in vain I came; now all my hopes,

Are fruſtrated. I would have ſent my wife

Far out of ſight. Fallacious I deviſe

Schemes to impoſe upon my deareſt friends,

And am in every artifice defeated.

But now with Calchas, holy Seer, I go

To ſearch into the curſe impos'd on Greece,

'Tho' grateful to Diana, yet to me

Moſt inauſpicious. Every wiſe man ought

To cheriſh a complying virtuous dame,

Beneath the nuptial roof, or live unwedded.

Exit Agamemnon.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I.

Where Simois' limpid current glides,

The fleet of Greece ſhall ſpread war's loud alarms,

Fraught with brave chiefs, and with victorious arms:

Phœbus in vain o'er Illion's walls preſides.

Where ſam'd Caſſandra, frantic thro' deſpair,

Adorning her diſhevel'd hair

With a verdant laurel wreath,

In ſtrains prophetic, am I told,

Doth dark futurity's events unfold,

As o'er her ſoul the powers of inſpiration breathe.

Q 4

Each

II.

Each Phrygian youth shall take his stand,
 On turrets which o'erlook th' embattled field,
 Borne o'er the deep, when Mars with brazen shield
 In barks whose prows menace the hostile strand,
 As he draws near to their devoted shore,
 Shall brandish oft the dashing oar,
 Resolv'd from Priam's realms to bear
 That sister to the Sons of Jove,
 That Helen, who betray'd her plighted love,
 Hence Grecian chiefs the targe and vengeful lance prepare.

III.

The rampir'd fortresses of Troy,
 Environing with ruthless joy,
 Shall War's stern God, wide o'er the plain
 [27] Display the sever'd heads of heroes slain :
 Again that city levell'd with the ground
 The virgin choir shall wail around,
 Old Priam's Queen shed deluges of tears,

[27] This inhuman custom of cutting off the heads of slain enemies in order to bear them on spears as trophies, is frequently mentioned both by the ancient Poets and Historians. In Virgil when the detachment which had been commanded by Volscens joins the rest of the Latian forces in their attack on the Trojan camp, they march up to the trenches with loud shouts, displaying the heads of Nisus and Euryalus : and in Nonnus' Dionysiaca, the God Bacchus drawing up his forces previous to their engagement with the Indians, orders the heads of the foes they had slain to be brought forth and planted on the summit of mount Tmolus, as omens of victory,

Δυσμένων δὲ καρῆναι κομισαίης συμβόλα νίκης

Τρωλὸν εἰς ἡγεμονίᾳ πεπαρμένα μαρτύρι θυρώ. L. 27. p. 273.

Ed. Lubini.

La Cerda, in his note on the former of these passages, has collected a multitude of other instances, which it would be superfluous to recite. For the substitution of *παλιν*, instead of *πολιν* in next line, we are indebted to Barnes, who is followed by Reiskius, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Muirgrave : Euripides is supposed to refer to the former destruction of Troy by Hercules.

And

And Helen grieve for having left her lord.

Ne'er may the joys of me and of my race

Be blasted by such fears

As shall the pallid face

Of Lydia's wealthy dames o'erspread,
Who with the Phrygian matrons in accord
Shall utter o'er their looms this lay ;

"From the wretched captive's head,

"Who comes to shear my braided locks away,

“ While I bewail in plaintive strains

"The ruin that o'erwhelms my native plains,

" Thro' her who from that bird did spring,

Graceful with towering neck, if fame

"A true report convey,

"That Jove transform'd became

" A Swan, upborn on founding wing

"When Leda yielded to his flame?"

“ Or haply the fantastic Muse,

“ From whom these amorous tales began,

"Such shameful legend forg'd, with impious views

"I impose on the credulity of man."

ACHILLES, CHORUS.

A C H I L L E S.

Where is the leader of the Grecian host ?

What servant will relate, that here in quest

Of him, Achilles, Peleus' son, attends

Before the gates? For in Euripus' gulph

On terms unequal is the fleet detain'd ;

Some of our countrymen unwedded leave

A solitary mansion, on these shores

To sit inactive ; others having wives

[28] Who yet are childless ; not without the will

Of

[28] Here the printed text seems by no means to stand in need of Dr. Musgrave's proffer'd assistance:—nor can there be any room to doubt that the circumstance of men newly married, leaving **their Wives** by whom they had not yet any children, is mentioned

234 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Of Heaven, the Greeks have with such zeal equipp'd
This armament. To speak what justice prompts
With firmness, is my province : for themselves
Let others their peculiar wants express.
I from the regions of Pharsalia come,
From Peleus' house, and on Euripus' banks
Waiting for a propitious breeze, restrain
The Myrmidons, who with incessant plaints
Assail me ; " O Achilles, on these coasts
" Why loiter ?" and " How long e'er thou direct
" Thy sails for Troy ? Or instantly attempt
" Some martial feat, or lead thy squadrons home
" Nor stay for Atreus' dilatory sons ?"

CLYTEMNESTRA, ACHILLES, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Son of that Goddess who derives her birth
From Nereus ; hearing, as within I sat,
Your voice, from my apartment I come forth.

as an instance of their extraordinary zeal for the cause of their country. Thus, Iphidamus, son of Antenor, is recorded by Homer in the most honourable terms for leaving his Bride in Thrace, and returning home immediately, on hearing, at the very time of his marriage, that the Greeks had invaded Troy ; on his being slain by Agamemnon, the Poet thus celebrates his death.

Ως ο μιν αυθη Πισων Κοιμησαλο χαλκεον υπιον
Οικηρος, απο μηνσης αλοχη ασοισιν αρηγων,
Κερινδης, ης ει χαριν ιδι. Il. L. 11. v. 241.

Which is thus beautifully paraphrased by Pope ;

" Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
" And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
" Oh worthy better fate ! Oh early slain !
" Thy country's friend and virtuous, tho' in vain !
" No more the youth shall join his Consort's side,
" At once a Virgin, and at once a Bride !"

It is well known from Deuteronomy, Chap. 24. v. 5. which we find farther illustrated by Selden, in his Uxor Heb. L. 3. c. 3. that the Jewish laws exempted a man from all employments, both military and civil, for one year after his marriage.

ACHILLES.

ACHILLES.

O sacred modesty ! what female form
Endued with every captivating grace
Do I behold ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No wonder if you know not
Me, whom till now your eyes have never seen :
But I commend the reverence you express
For modesty.

ACHILLES.

Inform me, who art thou ?
Or why to the assembled host of Greece
Dost thou a woman come, and mix with troops
Array'd in glittering mail ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am the Daughter
Of Leda, Clytemnestra is my name,
My Husband, Agamemnon, mighty king.

ACHILLES.

All that was needful, well hast thou express'd,
And with a due conciseness : yet in me
Unseemly 'twere to parly with a woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Strange ! wherefore do you fly ? with mine unite
Your hand, blest omen of the future nuptials.

ACHILLES.

What mean'st thou ? Join our hands ! I fear the wrath
Of Agamemnon, with unlicenc'd touch
Should I profane his Queen.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis sure allow'd ;
Because, O son of the immortal Thetis,
My Daughter you so speedily shall wed.

ACHILLES.

Of what espousals talk'st thou ? with surprise
All stupified I stand. Thy reason sure

Must

236 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Must wander, when this tale thou could'st devise.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How natural at the sight of our new kindred,
To feel confusion when they mention marriage!

ACHILLES.

I never sought thy Daughter for my Bride,
Nor yet by either of the sons of Atreus
To me was such alliance e'er propos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What can this mean? while you with wonder start
At what I say; your words in me create
The same amazement.

ACHILLES.

Thy conjectures form;
Our own conjectures we may both indulge:
For both of us, perhaps, have spoken nought
But what is truth.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A most atrocious insult
I have endur'd, have been employ'd it seems
Thus to propose a mere ideal match,
That ne'er was meant to take effect: this shames me.

ACHILLES.

Some one hath surely sported with us both:
But scorn th' imposture, let it not disturb thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Farewell: for I with stedfast eyes can view
Your face no longer; I am now become
A liar, and have suffer'd grievous wrongs.

ACHILLES.

Accept the same farewell: for I in quest
Of Agamemnon, these abodes will enter.

ATTEN.

ATTENDANT, ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA,
CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Grandson of Æacus, O stranger, stay,
Son of the Goddess, thee I call, and you
Daughter of Leda.

ACHILLES.

Ha ! who opes the doors !
And in what wild confusion doth he call me !

ATTENDANT.

A servant unpresuming : to my station
My temper is adapted.

ACHILLES.

Say to whom
Dost thou belong ; for thou art none of mine,
And I have no connection with the house
Of Agamemnon.

ATTENDANT.

[29] To her family
Before she wedded : with her, as a gift,
Her father, Tyndarus, sent me.

ACHILLES.

Here I wait :
If thou need aught, speak wherefore thou detain'st me.

ATTENDANT.

[30] But are ye two before the gates alone ?

[29] As it appears that the Manuscripts vary, I take the middle course between the τῶνδε τῶν of Aidus and Barnes, and the τῆςδε τῆς of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by reading τῆςδε τῶν, and make use of the interpretation given by Reiskius of παροῖθεν οἰκῶν, by which he understands the antient family of Clytemnestra or Tyndarus at Sparta.

[30] A variety of situations occur in the antient drama, such as occasion Commentators to remind us of the great extent of the Athenian stage, to which our modern theatres bear no proportion, and of those divisions in it which might conceal from sight the performers stationed in a remote part : the reader also must have remarked that at the time of the entrance of this Messenger or Attendant (who, as Mr. Markland observes, is evidently the same person with whom Agamemnon converses in the first scene of this Tragedy, though most editors there call him πρεσβευς, and here δεσπότης) Achilles and Clytemnestra were both retiring, and stood close to the door at a considerable distance from the Chorus, who bore no part in the preceding dialogue.

C L Y.

238 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou may'st communicate thy thoughts as freely
As if we were alone : but come thou forth
From this thy royal master's tent.

ATTENDANT.

O Fortune,
With my precaution join'd, extend your influence
O'er those I wish to save.

ACHILLES.

Thou must explain
Thy speech hereafter : these are words of weight.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In bending suppliant-like to touch my hand,
If thou hast aught of moment to disclose,
Waste not thy time.

ATTENDANT.

Know ye not who I am,
And the attachment I have ever borne
To you, and to your children?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well I know
Thou in my house hast been a servant long.

ATTENDANT.

And that, as an appendage to your dower,
The royal Agamemnon erst receiv'd me?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou cam'st to Argos in my train, and mine
Hast ever been.

ATTENDANT.

E'en thus : and hence more strongly
To you, than to your Lord, am I attach'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thy business, now at length, to us unfold.

ATTENDANT.

The merciless resolve her Sire hath form'd

Is this ; to slay your Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Horrid tale!

Old man, what mean'st thou? thou art frantic, sure.

ATTENDANT.

Smiting the hapless Virgin's snowy neck
With his drawn sword.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah, wretched wretched me!

Hath my Lord lost his reason?

ATTENDANT.

He still thinks

Aright, except in what relates to you
And to your Daughter: here his judgement fails.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, thro' what cause, what Fiend misleads the King?

ATTENDANT.

An oracle, which Calchas hath pronounc'd,
That the confederate armament may fail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Sail whither? wretched me! and O most wretched
She, whom her Father hath resolv'd to slay!

ATTENDANT.

To the Dardanian realm; that Menelaus
His Confort may recover.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is the blood

Of Iphigenia then the price of Helen?

ATTENDANT.

You comprehend the whole: her ruthless Sire
Will to Diana sacrifice the maid.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

With what intent those nuptials did he feign,
By which he drew me hither?

ATTENDANT.

That with joy

You

240 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

You might conduct her as the destin'd Bride
Of great Achilles.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou, my Daughter, com'st
To perish, thou and thy unhappy Mother.

ATTENDANT.

Most piteous wrongs, alas! ye both endure,
And Agamemnon's purposes are dreadful.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am undone: no longer can these eyes
Withhold th' involuntary tear from streaming.

ATTENDANT.

If e'er in bitterness of soul we weep,
'Tis for our Children's loss.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But whence, old man,
Dost thou assert that thou these tidings heard'st?

ATTENDANT.

I, with a second letter, was dispatch'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To countermand, or to enforce those orders
That I should bring my Daughter to be slain?

ATTENDANT.

To countermand: your Lord was then inspir'd
With better thoughts.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But why, since thou didst bear
Such letter, not deliver it to me?

ATTENDANT.

'Twas Menelaus, the detested cause
Of all these ills, who tore it from my hands.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Brave youth, from Peleus and the Nereid sprung,
Hear you this tale?

ACHILLES.

Thy wretchedness I hear,
Nor

Nor th' insults shewn to me can pass unnotic'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

They mean to take my Daughter's life away,
By the pretence of wedding her to you
Beguiling us.

ACHILLES.

Against thy Lord revolts
My soul, nor will I tamely brook this wrong.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I blush not at those knees to fall ; a mortal,
To you who from a Goddess spring, I sue.
Why should I still maintain an empty pride,
Or strive with greater earnestness for aught
Than the deliverance of my dearest child ?
Offspring of Thetis, succor my distress,
Succor a Virgin nam'd, tho' falsely nam'd,
Your Bride ; yet I with flowers adorn'd her brow,
And fancied that I led her to your arms ;
But now I to the bloody altar lead.
On you disgrace will light, if you neglect
To aid her. Ye indeed in wedlock's bands
Were never join'd, yet was you call'd the Husband
Of this unhappy maid. O by that beard,
By that right arm, and your immortal Mother,
Since I am ruin'd thro' your name, assert
The honour of that name. I have no shrine
Except your knees to fly to, not a friend
To cheer me. You have heard the cruel scheme,
Th' audacious treachery, fram'd in evil hour
By Agamemnon : here, you see, I come,
'Midst lawless mariners in mischief bold,
But able too, if willing, to assert
The cause of the oppress'd ; a feeble woman.
Extend your guardian arm, and I am sav'd,
Else ruin waits me.

CHORUS.

Of parental love
R

VOL. II.

Great

Great is the power, and like a magic philtre :
 Inspir'd by nature each fond Mother toils
 To save her offspring.

ACHILLES.

My indignant soul
 Is fir'd by such affronts : tho' no man knows
 Both how to bear affliction and success
 With greater moderation.

CHORUS.

Truly wise
 Are they who persevere thro' every stage
 Of life beneath unbiafs'd reason's guidance.

ACHILLES.

There is a time when we should lay aside
 Each warier thought : but other seasons claim
 Our utmost prudence. From that virtuous man,
 Chiron, by whom my infancy was nurtur'd,
 Simplicity of manners I acquir'd.
 If their commands are just, I will obey
 The Sons of Atreus ; when unjust, refuse
 Each base concession : with a liberal spirit
 So will I act both here, and when at Troy,
 As shall do honour to the God I serve
 Mars the invincible. But as for thee,
 Whose sufferings from unnatural friends arise,
 All the protection that a youth can give
 To thee, by pity mov'd, will I extend ;
 Nor shall the ruthless Father ever slay
 Thy Daughter who was styl'd my Bride, nor cloak
 Such treachery with the sanction of Achilles.
 For tho' I wielded not the murderous blade,
 My name would be th' assassins : yet thy Lord
 Is the true cause. No longer from the stain
 Of shedding guiltless blood should I be pure,
 If, for my sake, and on a vile pretence
 Of wedding her to me, this Maid should perish.
 While Menelaus is esteem'd a man,

Shall

Shall I be far beneath the meanest Greek,
 A thing of nought, begotten by some Fiend,
 Not Peleus' son, if in my name thy Lord
 The Virgin slay. By Nereus, who resides
 Beneath the briny deep, the Sire of Thetis
 Who bore me, ne'er shall Agamemnon touch
 Thy Daughter, nor pollute her spotless veil.
 Plac'd on the limits of Barbarian realms
 Sooner shall Sipylus, whence yon proud Chiefs
 Derive their origin, become illustrious,
 And martial Phthia have no more a name.
 Calchas, that Seer, in bitterness of soul
 Shall carry back again his salted cates
 And lavers. For what species of a man
 Is he who acts the Prophet? some few truths,
 With many falsehoods mingled, he deals forth
 When Fortune aids him: but if she oppose,
 His vaunted science is for ever lost.
 How many nymphs in wedlock vie to gain
 My plighted hand! no empty boasts are these.
 But Agamemnon, haughty King, with scorn
 Hath treated me: he ought to have applied
 For my permission, ere he us'd my name
 His Daughter to ensnare. For to my arms,
 With joy, would Clytemnestra have consign'd,
 And I to all the Greeks surrender'd up,
 The maid; if hence our voyage to the shores
 Of Troy had been obstructed, nor refus'd
 The weal of my brave comrades to promote.
 But now by those two Generals am I deem'd
 A thing of no account, which as they list
 They may respect or slight. My last appeal
 Is to this sword, which ere on Phrygia's coast
 We land, with crimson slaughter will I stain,
 If any one presume with ruffian hand
 To force thy Daughter from me. Be appeas'd;

Thou [27] view'st me like a tutelary God;
I am not yet entitled to that name,
But trust I shall be.

C H O R U S.

This heroic language,
O son of Peleus, well becomes thyself
And thy great sea-born Mother.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

In what terms,
What well-proportion'd terms, shall I express
My gratitude, your favour not to forfeit?
For when encomiums on the good are shower'd,
They feel a kind of hatred to the man
Who, in the praises he confers, exceeds
The bounds of truth. I blush that I have nought
With which your generous friendship to repay
But lamentations, by my private woes
Wholly absorb'd: you never have endur'd
Distress like mine. Yet in a stranger's cause
The virtuous man extends his arm, and lifts

[31] Commentators are frequently most decisive in their language, when they have no firm ground to stand upon: Mr. Markland, after having pronounced that this passage, as it stands in all preceding editions, is *extremely absurd*, ("*stultissima*") through a determination *to give no offence to any one*, has suffered the text to remain, but altered the Latin version, and placed in a note his own reading, which comes apparently unsupported by any authority either printed or manuscript, *μεγιστος ω' γων αλλ' ομως γενησεται*, *maximum est discrimen: sed tamen fiet*. In a subsequent speech of Achilles v. 1003, we meet with *εμοι εστ' αγων μεγιστος*, which probably gave rise to this mutilation of an animated passage in order to make the Hero say the same thing twice over at the distance of scarce thirty lines. Dr. Musgrave does not adopt Mr. Markland's conjecture, but proposes altering *αλλ' ομως* into *ελλος ων*, and on this innovation, which he barely starts as *haud ineptum*, grounds his Latin version *cum non alius finis quam quod ero*. Amidst this difference of opinion, I can by no means hesitate in preferring the vulgar text as by far more worthy of Euripides, and more expressive of the *nihil non arroget armis* of Achilles' character, than either of the suggested alterations.

Affliction

Affliction from the dust. On me bestow
 Your pity, for the woes I have endur'd
 Challenge compassion. Thinking to obtain
 In you a Son in law, I cherish'd hopes
 That were ill-grounded. Iphigenia's death
 Perhaps may prove an omen to destroy
 Your blifs in future nuptials : such a curse
 On you is it incumbent to avert.
 With nobly proffer'd aid began the speech
 Which you as nobly ended : persevere,
 And you will save my Daughter. To your knees
 Shall she a suppliant cling ? 'twould ill beseem
 A tender virgin : yet, if you require,
 She shall come forth, but come with downcast eyes,
 And shame ingenuous. Or shall I obtain
 From you, tho' she appear not, this request ?

ACHILLES.

Let her remain at home : a bashful maid
 The dictates of her modesty obeys.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet must we not extend e'en virtuous shame
 Beyond all bounds, where shame can nought avail.

ACHILLES.

Bring not thy Daughter, lest reproach attend
 Our inconsiderate meeting : for the host,
 Idle and free from occupation, love
 Tales of accurst malevolence to spread.
 The same my zeal, whether ye come as suppliants,
 Or wave your suit : for on a mighty conflict
 Am I resolv'd, to snatch you from your woes.
 Of one thing be assur'd, I ne'er will utter
 A falsehood. When I raise thy groundless hopes,
 May instant death o'ertake me. May I live
 But on these terms, if I the Virgin save.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Heaven prosper each attempt, while you continue

R 3

To

246 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

To be the firm protector of the wretched.

ACHILLES.

Attend to what I urge, that as we ought
We may conduct the plan.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What's this you mean
That now demands attention?

ACHILLES.

Yet again
Let us exhort her Sire to think more wisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He like a coward fears th' assembled troops.

ACHILLES.

Fresh motives o'er those motives may prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cold are my hopes: say, how shall I proceed?

ACHILLES.

Entreat him first, his Daughter not to slay:
If he deny thy suit, to me repair:
But if thou by persuasive words canst gain
His stubborn soul, for me to interfere
Would in that case be needless; she will owe
To thee alone her safety, and my friendship
With Agamemnon will remain entire:
Nor, by the host, if I with reason's aid,
Rather than open violence, prevail,
Shall I be blam'd. Thy wishes thus obtain'd,
Both to thy friends and thee, 'twill be more glorious
To have succeeded, tho' in your behalf
I interpos'd not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Wisely have you spoken:
I'll follow your advice: but if I fail
In my attempt, where shall we meet again?
Wretch that I am, ah, whither shall I go

To

To have recourse to your victorious arm,
My safeguard in distress?

ACHILLES.

I will attend
Ready to guard thee in the hour of need :
But O beware, lest thou with terror smitten
Be seen to wander thro' the camp, and shame
Thy ancestors : for Tyndarus' race, rever'd
By every Greek, no obloquy deserves.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Then be it so : lead on ; I will obey
Your mandates. Sure, if any Gods exist,
Such virtue will most amply be rewarded :
If there be none, our arduous toils are vain.
Exeunt Achilles and Clytemnestra.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

What rapturous accents breath'd around,
When Hymen midst th' enchanting strain
Advancing with his choral train,
Bade Libya's flute, the harp, the pipe resound !
Then up the ridge of Pelion's craggy mount,
Distinguish'd by their streaming hair,
Came the bright Nymphs who haunt Pieria's fount,
The banquet of the Gods to share ;
Oft their swift feet in airy bound
With golden sandals smote the ground,
At Peleus' nuptial rite they sung,
On hills where Centaurs fierce reside,
The charms of Thetis, of th' immortal Bride,
And for the son of Æacus was strung
Each founding lyre in Pelion's grove.
From Dardanus' fam'd line, the Boy
(Minion of cloud-compelling Jove)
Descended, Ganymede the pride of Troy,

R 4

With

With nectar fill'd the goblet high.
 In circling dance, an agile band,
 While Nereus' fifty Daughters on the strand
 Grac'd Hymen's blest solemnity.

II.

Each Centaur snatch'd a sapling pine,
 Around his hardy front was plac'd
 The grassy wreath, he rush'd to taste
 The feasts of Heaven, and Bacchus' rosy wine.
 " Daughter of Nereus, hail ! a light I view."
 The Nymphs of Theffaly exclaim'd.
 Phœbus the tuneful Seer, and he who knew
 [32] The Muses' mystic lore, far fam'd
 For virtue, Chiron sage, foretold
 By name, the chief in combats bold
 Who his Myrmidons shall lead

Into

[32] *Μῦσαι γενναίαις*, rendered by Barnes *Musarum generationes*, here I apprehend signifies *genealogias a Musis decantatas*, that is to say, "the poetic annals or genealogies of Gods and Heroes." Erasmus renders it *mystica sacra sororum Castalarium*. Mr. Markland, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, concur in looking upon *γενναίαις* as a verb instead of a substantive, *Derice pro γεννησέαις*; the first renders it *puies virum*, and the last *creabis*, and they interpret *ἐξαινομαζέειν* *clare dixit*, or *effatus est*: these versions seem peculiarly harsh: but the proposal of Mr. Markland, in which I observe he stands single, to alter *Μῦσαι* into *Μοῖραι*, alleging that the Muses themselves are the speakers, and making them *relate* the prophecies of Apollo and Chiron, is liable to much stronger objections, as Apollo could not with any propriety be excluded from this harmonious banquet of the Gods, even though Juno had not expressly reminded him in Homer that he was one of the guests,

Πᾶσι δ' ἀνδρασθε θεοὶ γαμβ' ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσι
 Δαῖτυ ἔχων φοβηγγα. Il. l. xxiv. v. 62.

And in regard to Chiron, it has already been mentioned by Agamemnon in this Tragedy, that he was the friend of Peleus, and dwelt on this mountain; which renders it almost needless to cite Apollodorus, who informs us that he presented Peleus at his nuptials with the famous spear which his Son Achilles afterwards brought to the siege of Troy, in order to prove that he was one of the Centaurs who attended the festivity. It seems much more consonant both to poetry and probability, that Chiron should expatiate on the achievements of his future pupil Achilles, than that the Muses should continue

Into the wealthy realms of Troy,
And Priam's dome with vengeful flames destroy :
Thus have the Fates' supreme behests decreed.

To him, impenetrable arms,
By Vulcan forg'd, of massive gold,
His Mother, 'midst War's dire alarms
Shall bring, her happy offspring to infold.
Then did the whole immortal Choir,
With tuneful accents to adorn
Great Peleus' and the Nereid's bridal morn,
Accompany the festive lyre.

III.

But deck'd with garlands braided round thy head,
Thou, Iphigenia, shalt be led
By Grecian priests ; and as the heifer, torn
From rocky caves, reluctant meets the blow,
Thy crimson gore shall flow :
Nor pipe, nor shepherd's song at early morn
Awak'd thee, nurtur'd on the plain :
But thro' maternal care with bridal pomp attir'd,
A Bride by each Inachian Chief desir'd,
Thou hither bring'st thy weeping train.
How shall the modest blushes o'er that face
Diffus'd, or in this fatal hour
Thy virtues aught avail,
While impious men engross all power ;
If thus neglected, honor fail,
And violence o'er law prevail ?
Hence, general danger threatens the human race,
Lest the vindictive Gods a sinful world assail.

CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I from these doors come forth to seek my Lord,

to continue to speak, as they do in Mr. Markland's Latin version, and quote the prophecies of Apollo and Chiron, when it is clear that they were both present, and formed part of the guests assembled on mount Pelion. I therefore follow the example of the Aldus edition in placing after the word *φως* a full stop.

Who

Who hence hath long been absent. My poor Daughter
Sheds the big tear, and pours forth many groans
Expressive of her anguish, since she heard
She by her cruel fire is doom'd to bleed,
By Agamemnon : he whom I have mention'd
Draws near, and on his own unhappy Child
Ere long will execute this deed of horror.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter of Leda, at a lucky season
I find thee here without, that I may speak
Apart from Iphigenia, on those subjects
Which in the presence of a timid Bride
Cannot be nam'd with decency.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What business
Doth this occasion to my Lord suggest?

AGAMEMNON.

From her apartment let my Daughter go
Accompanied by none except her fire :
The holy lavers with the salted cakes
Which we must scatter in the lustral flame,
And heifers, that to Dian must be slain,
As victims, ere the nuptial rights commence,
Tinging her altar with their crimson gore,
Are ready.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Tho' in courteous terms you speak,
I cannot name your actions with applause.
Come forth, my Daughter, for full well thou know'st
Thy Sire's designs ; wrapt in thy flowing robe,
Thy Brother young Orestes hither bring.
Obedient to your summons, lo she comes !
Both in her cause and mine I now shall plead.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 251
IPHIGENIA, AGAMEMNON, CLY-
TEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Why weep'st thou, O my Daughter, whence proceeds
That alter'd look? what mean those downcast eyes,
Fix'd on the ground, and cover'd with a veil?

IPHIGENIA.

Ah, how the doleful history of my woes
Shall I begin? they all at once seem present,
Nor know I in what order to arrange them,
Which first, which last to name.

AGAMEMNON.

Why do ye form
One plaintive groupe, expressing in each face
Confusion and dismay?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Lord, reply
With an ingenuous freedom to my questions.

AGAMEMNON.

No counsel on this subject can I need;
I wish to hear them.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you bent on slaying
Our Daughter?

AGAMEMNON.

Ha! what horrid words are these!
Thou ought'st not to suspect that I e'er form'd
Such project. Peace.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To my enquiries give
A more explicit answer.

AGAMEMNON.

Had thy questions
Been proper, I had answer'd as I ought.

CLY-

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To this one point I fix them ; nought beside
Is there for you to speak of.

AGAMEMNON.

Aweful Fortune,
Ye Destinies, and O my evil genius !

CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me, on her, on you, one Demon hurls
This triple wrath.

AGAMEMNON.

In what respect hast thou
Been injur'd ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can you presume to ask ?
This shallow artifice betrays the fool.

AGAMEMNON.

I am undone, my secrets are disclos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Full well I know them all, and am appris'd
Of the designs which you 'gainst me have fram'd.
That silence, and those oft repeated groans,
Amount to a confession ; spare yourself
The labor of a frivolous reply.

AGAMEMNON.

Lo I am mute. I to my woes should add
The want of virtuous shame, were I to utter
Premeditated falsehoods.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Now give ear
To me ; for I will act an open part,
Nor riddles, foreign to my purpose use.
Firstwith this just reproach I brand your name,
By force you seiz'd me a reluctant Bride,
Slew Tantalus, my former Lord, and dash'd
Our infant child whom from my breast you tore
Against

Against the pavement. Jove's illustrious Sons
 My Brothers, on their milk-white courfers borne,
 Wag'd war against you ; but my aged Sire,
 Tyndarus, when vanquish'd at his knees you bow'd
 A suppliant, set you free, and join'd our hands
 Again in wedlock : reconcil'd to you
 And to your house, yourself can bear me witness,
 That from that time, still blameless and still chaste [33],
 I have improv'd your fortunes, that at home
 You might rejoice, and oft as you went forth
 From your own mansions, with success be crown'd.
 Few are the men so blest as to obtain
 Such Consorts ; to the lot of many fall
 They who are worthless. I moreover bore
 To you three lovely Daughters and this Son ;
 Yet me you will inhumanly bereave
 Of one dear child. Should any one enquire
 The cause for which you take her life away ;
 What plausible excuse can you allege ?
 Or shall I utter what you dare not speak ?
 " That Menelaus may recover Helen."
 Glorious exchange ! our children as the price
 Of her redemption, for that wicked woman
 If we should barter, and thus purchase back
 Those we abhor, upon such fatal terms
 To those we hold most dear. But leading forth
 The troops, if me you leave forlorn at home,
 And on the coasts of Ilion long remain ;
 Think you what agonizing pangs will rend
 This heart, when I her vacant chair behold,
 Her chamber uninhabited ? alone
 Shall I sit weeping, and in strains like these
 Bewail her fate ; " My Daughter, thy own Sire

[33] " Clytemnestra had no pretensions afterwards to boast thus
 " of her fidelity. These reproaches shew that she perhaps already
 " repented of it. Her love for Ægisthus, and the murder of Aga-
 " memnon, afterwards avenged the crimes with which she has here
 " been charging her unhappy Husband." BRUMBY.

" Hath

" Hath slain thee, he, alas ! and none but he,

" Nor by another hand. Such is the gift

" He to our house departing leaves behind."

But little more pretext there needs to urge
Me, and the rest of my unhappy Daughters,
To give you the reception you deserve.

I by the Gods conjure you then, forbear,
Either to wrong, or force me to retaliate.

[34] Well, be it so : the virgin you resolve
To sacrifice : but after such a deed

How can you pray to Heaven, what blessings crave
When you have slain your child ? thus basely launching
The bark for Troy, expect you to return
Without disgrace ? But were it just in me
To offer up my vows for your success ?

If we our antient kindness still retain

For murderers, must we not infer the Gods

Want reason ? But when you return to Argos,

Will you embrace your children ? No, you must not.

For who of all the race will bear to see you,

If one of them deliberately you slay ?

To this important question now I come ;

If your sole object be to wield a sceptre,

And lead forth troops to battle, in these words

The squadrons you with justice might address ;

" Is it your wish, O Greeks, to sail for Troy ?

" By lot decide whose Daughter shall be slain."

The hazard then were equal : but not thus

When as a chosen victim for all Greece,

Your Daughter you bestow. Or, to redeem

Her mother, Menelaus should have slain

Hermione, since this was her affair.

But now must I, who have preserv'd your bed

[34] " These lines are extremely animated, full of spirit, indignation, and just reasoning, and worthy of the most heroic of the Daughters of Tyndarus: they may be reckoned among the principal passages of Euripides in this species of writing." MARKLAND.

Inviolatè,

Inviolatè, be robb'd of my lov'd Daughter,
 While she who hath transgress'd shall train up hers [35]
 In Sparta, and become a happy Dame.
 Confute me, if in aught I speak amiss,
 But if I speak aright, our Daughter slay not,
 And you will act a prudent virtuous part.

CHORUS.

Yield, Agamemnon : to preserve our children
 Is laudable, this all mankind allows.

IPHIGENIA.

Had I a voice of Orpheus, O my Sire,
 Could I by magic incantations move
 The stones to follow me, and with soft words
 Sooth every hearer, I would have recourse
 To arts thus powerful; but must now make use
 Of all the eloquence I have, these tears.
 Here round thy knees an humble suppliant clings
 Thy Daughter, for her sake who brought me forth,
 Consign me not to an untimely death;
 For sweet it is to look upon the sun:
 Earth's nether regions force me not to view.
 Thee by the name of Sire I first did hail,
 Me didst thou first call Daughter: on thy knees
 First did I hang, afford, and in my turn
 From thee endearments numberless receive.
 These were the words thou said'st; "thee, O my Child,
 "At a maturer age shall I behold,
 "Adorn the mansions of a happy Lord,
 "Plac'd in such station as my rank deserves?"
 While oft that chin (which now with trembling hands
 I touch) embracing; thus have I reply'd;
 "In thy decline of life shall I receive
 "Thee, O my aged Sire, with filial zeal

[35] The old editions have *υπερβολον*, but *υπερβολον* is, according to Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, the reading of three manuscripts.

" Opening my mansion's hospitable gates,
 " Those cares to recompense, with which thou erst
 " Didst nurture me?" My memory still retains
 Each fond expression we both utter'd then;
 But thou, forgetting all that pass'd, would'st slay
 Thy Daughter. Thee by Pelops I conjure,
 By Atreus too thy Father, and by her
 Who bore me erst, who now again endures
 Pangs that exceeds the pregnant mother's throes,
 To spare my life. For what have I to do
 With the espousals, the adulterous loves
 Of Paris and of Helen? O my Sire,
 To vindicate my doom, why introduce
 Their foul offence? at least one gracious look,
 One parting kiss bestow, that ere I die,
 If my words fail to move thee, I may gain
 These slight memorials of paternal love.
 My Brother, tho' small succor to thy friends
 Thou canst afford, yet by thy tears entreat
 Thy Father, that thy Sister may not die.
 There is a certain sense of others' woe,
 Which even infants feel. My Father, see
 His silent supplication he prefers.
 Revere my sufferings, and thro' pity spare
 My life. We two, both objects of thy love,
 Thy blooming Daughter, and thy tender Son,
 Implore thee by that beard: I, to conclude,
 This one prevailing argument will use;
 Most grateful is it to the human race
 To view the Sun: but in yon realms beneath,
 (Such wish were utter frenzy) none would dwell.
 [36] Better, tho' on the worst of terms, is life,
Than

[36] Altho' these sentiments which the Chorus suffer to pass
 uncensured, are held by some critics to be utterly inconsistent with
 the dignity of a Tragic Heroine; it is not unworthy of observation
 that the Achilles of Homer, both while living, in his reply to the
 Ambassadors sent by Agamemnon, in the ninth book of the Illiad,
and

Than the most glorious death.

CHORUS.

Unhappy Helen,
Thro' thee and thy espousals, 'twixt the Sons
Of Atreus, and their race, great discords rise.

AGAMEMNON.

Both when to give compassion ample scope,
And when to check its tide full well I know.
I for my Children feel paternal love,
Else I were frantic. Tho' my wounded heart
Recoil at such oblation, to withhold
The sacrifice were impious. I must slay
My Daughter. Seest thou not this numerous fleet,
These Grecian Chiefs in glittering mail array'd?
They to the shores of Ilion cannot fail,
Or lay its turrets level with the ground,
If I refuse thee, O my dearest Child,
To offer up: thus Calchas, holy Seer,
Pronounces. With a vehement desire
Are the whole host inflam'd, to launch their barks
Immediately, for that Barbarian coast,
And punish the bold miscreant who presum'd
To bear away a royal Grecian Dame:

and after death, in what he says to Ulysses, who descends into the infernal regions, carries this idea yet farther: I will here only cite the latter of these passages, as being the most concise and most immediately apposite to my purpose.

Βελομένην κ' ἵπταμενος εἰὼν θηπύεμεν ἄλλω
Ἄνδρι παρ' ἀκλῆρω, ὃ μὴ βίοςτος πόλυσ ἐστίν

Ἡ πᾶσιν νεκρῶσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνασσεῖν. *Odyss. L. ii. v. 488.*

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear

A weight of woes and breathe the vital air,

A slave to some poor-hind that toils for bread,

Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead. POPE.

This doctrine is however severely reprobated by Plato, in the third book of his Republic; and the sarcastic Lucian has founded on this very passage of Homer his 15th Dialogue of the Dead, in which he introduces Antilochus, the son of Nestor, arraigning this declaration as utterly unworthy of Peleus' son, the pupil of Chiron and Phœnix.

Those virgin Daughters whom I left behind
 At Argos, will they kill, nor in their rage
 Spare either you or me, if thus I frustrate
 Diana's oracles. Nor yet by force
 Hath Menelaus conquer'd, O my Child,
 Nor have his subtle arguments convinc'd me :
 But Greece prevails, and thee I in the cause
 Of Greece must at the altar offer up,
 Willing or loth : for I to fate must yield.
 Us it behoves, exerting all our might,
 The freedom of our country to maintain,
 For we are Greeks, and will not tamely suffer
 Barbarian slaves to violate our beds. *Exit Agamemnon.*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Daughter ! O ye foreign Maids !
 Soon, hapless Virgin, shalt thou die ;
 See thy relentless Father fly,
 And yield thee trembling to the shades.

IPHIGENIA.

Warbling the same pathetic strain
 With you, my Mother, I complain.
 No more these closing eyes shall view
 The genial radiance of the Morn,
 The Sun his blest career renew.
 From you, alas ! I trace my woes,
 Ye mountains white with drifted snows,
 And Ida's consecrated grove,
 Where, struggling with paternal love,
 Priam expos'd the infant, torn
 From a desponding Mother's breast,
 Abandon'd on the distant heath
 To fate and unrelenting death :
 By Phrygia's wondering tribes carest,
 Hence youthful Paris did obtain
 The name of Ida's, Ida's swain.
 Ah, would to Heaven th' adventurous boy

Had

Had ne'er been destin'd to abide,
Where he the lowing herds with joy
Did as a simple peasant tend ;
Nor seen those limpid rills descend,
Haunted by Nymphs, who on their side
Oft cropp'd the rose's blushing flowers,
And interwove with hands divine
Their fragrant hyacinthine bowers :
Thither the sage Minerva came,
Venus, and Jove's imperial Dame,
With Hermes, whom the Gods enjoin
The Thunderer's embassies to bear ;
(In Cytherea's wanton look,
Love revell'd with triumphant air,
Her pointed spear Minerva shook,
Juno advanc'd with statelier mien
Expressive of the scepter'd Queen)
Their hateful contest to decide,
The power of rival charms to try :
I hence, alas ! am doom'd to die ;
But Greece shall with victorious pride
Extend her streaming banners wide.

C H O R U S.

Diana claims thy sprinkled gore ;
Hence they shall land on Ilion's shore.

I P H I G E N I A.

O Mother, how it wounds my heart,
To see that treacherous Sire depart !
On him, forlorn, in vain I call.
Ah me ! this miserable fate
From that ill-omen'd hour I date,
When Helen sought the Phrygian strand,
And now am I decreed to fall
By my own Father's impious hand.
O that these straits had not detain'd
The fleet for Ilion bound, nor Jove
Over Euripus' gulph ordain'd
No prosperous wind from Heaven to blow !

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

On some, the favor'd few, mild gales
 Cheering their souls doth he bestow,
 And aid them to unfurl their sails;
 But others he forbids to move,
 Compass'd with various griefs around,
 And with necessity's fell train;
 Those from the port their vessels guide,
 Weigh anchor, and the surge divide;
 Moor'd on the coast while these remain.
 Our feeble race with toils abound,
 E'en all who draw their vital breath.
 Shall not these destin'd ills content?
 Weak man, their number to augment
 By searching out new modes of death.

CHORUS.

Anguish and slaughter, Greece invade,
 Thro' Helen, that inconstant fair.
 I pity thee, unhappy Maid,
 And wish that thou, by fate betray'd,
 Such woes hadst ne'er been doom'd to bear.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Mother, I behold a troop
 Of armed men draw near.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And that brave Chief,
 Sprung from the Goddess, whom thou cam'st to wed.

IPHIGENIA.

Open the doors: I would conceal myself.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Daughter, whither fliest thou?

IPHIGENIA.

From Achilles,
 Whom modesty forbids me to behold.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why so?

IPHI-

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 261

IPHIGENIA.

Our hapless nuptials make me blush.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I'll doth such bashful delicacy suit
Thy fortunes: stay, this is no time for coyness.

ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA,
CHORUS.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Leda, most unhappy dame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Too truly have you spoken.

ACHILLES.

'Midst the host
Of Argos, dreadful shouts are heard.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What shouts?

Inform me.

ACHILLES.

By thy Daughter caus'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The words

You utter are of evil augury.

ACHILLES.

Her as a victim loudly they demand.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Doth no man contradict them?

ACHILLES.

To some danger

I also was expos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say what; my friend?

ACHILLES.

Of being crush'd with stones.

S 3

CLYTEM-

CLYTEMNESTRA.

While you protected

My Daughter?

ACHILLES.

'Twas e'en thus.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But who presum'd

To smite you?

ACHILLES.

Every Greek.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Did not your host

[37] Of valiant Myrmidons defend their Lord?

ACHILLES.

They were my first assailants.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my Daughter,

We then must perish.

[37] "The comrades and the soldiers of Achilles bore the name of Myrmidons: this people were natives of Ægina, and followed Peleus into Thessaly; they are said to have been transform'd from Ants, whence they deriv'd their name, into Men, at the prayers of Æacus, whose island of Ægina was almost destitute of inhabitants: others deduce their name from Myrmidon, the son of Jupiter. See Eustathius on Homer, p. 76 l. 38, and p. 320 l. 42. ed. Romæ 1542, and Ovid Meta. l. vii. v. 614." BARNES.

Myrmis is the Greek word for an Ant. Ovid's account of the depopulation of Ægina by a plague, and its being thus filled with a new race, is very diffuse: as for the Hero Myrmidon, as Eustathius calls him, no particulars of his history have occur'd to me; Apollodorus only says that the sons of him and Pisidice, one of Æolus's Daughters were Antiphus and *Actor*. Both my editions, of Romæ 1555, and that of the Hist. Poet. Scriptores, by Gale, print the name of the latter *Acton*, but I apprehend erroneously; Menæceus, the father of Patroclus, being called by Homer the son *Actor*, and Bachet de Meziriac, in his excellent comment on Ovid's Epistles, having shewn that Patroclus was Great-Grandson to Myrmidon, the genealogy standing thus; Myrmidon, Actor, Menæceus, Patroclus.

ACHILLES,

ACHILLES.

With one voice they cried ;
 “ How is the Hero in the Bridegroom lost ! ”

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What answer made you ?

ACHILLES.

Spare my future Wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Just was that plea.

ACHILLES.

Whom by my name her Sire
 Distinguish'd—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And from Argos bade her come.

ACHILLES.

But by their clamorous shouts was I subdued.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The multitude are a dire pest.

ACHILLES.

In spite
 Of their resentment I will aid thee still.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can your single arm resist an host ?

ACHILLES.

Seest thou yon armed warriors ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May success
 Attend your courage !

ACHILLES.

We will yet prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall not my Daughter for a victim bleed ?

ACHILLES.

To this at least I never will consent.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will any of them hither come to seize
The virgin?

ACHILLES.

Thousands, by Ulysses led.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The son of Sisyphus?

ACHILLES.

E'en he.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thus acting
Thro' his own zeal, or by the troops ordain'd?

ACHILLES.

They chuse him to an office which he fought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Most execrable choice, with human gore
Thus to pollute himself.

ACHILLES.

But I shall curb

His ardor.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he seize and drag her hence
Altho' reluctant?

ACHILLES.

By her auburn hair,

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How then must I proceed?

ACHILLES.

Still firmly clasp

Thy Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By such means can she be sav'd?

ACHILLES.

ACHILLES.

[38] This, and this only, must at length decide.

IPHIGENIA.

Listen to me ; O mother, I perceive
That groundless zeal against your Husband fires
Your inmost soul : but think not to attempt
What cannot be achiev'd. The generous zeal
Of this heroic stranger, claims our praise :
Yet ought you to beware lest you excite
The wrath of an ungovernable host,
And by a conduct whence to us accrues
No benefit, our kind protector cause
To perish. But, O Mother, what resolves
I on deliberating more calmly form
You now shall hear. I fully am resolv'd
[39] On death : but wish with glory to expire,
And banish all resentment. Ponder well

Whether

[38] "The literal translation is, "*But the matter will come to this,*" which Achilles speaks, either laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, or casting a look on the soldiers that attended him ready armed for an engagement." BARNES.

[39] Brumoy's remarks subjoined to this Tragedy in his *Theatre des Grecs*, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his note on "*sibi constet*" in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, furnish defences of Iphigenia's character from the charge of inconsistency preferred against it by Aristotle in his *Poetics*, which it is so easy for the reader to have recourse to, that instead of making any extract from them, I will lay before him much the same arguments expressed with more brevity by a Critic of the sixteenth century. "Euripides is here so far from deserving censure, that he ought rather to be extolled to the skies for his prudence : for if he had represented Iphigenia firm and intrepid, when the tidings of her being to die were first brought to her, he would by no means have observed decorum, for he would have given such an instance of valor in a maid as is hardly to be found in Regulus, Codrus, and the Decii. Virgins are naturally timid, and consider nothing as more bitter than death. Euripides therefore does right in representing Iphigenia as timid at first : but afterwards she prefers the weal of the Greeks to life itself. What then ? the entreaties of her Father, necessity, the preservation of her friends, and glory, all combined together, had such influence
" over

266 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Whether I speak aright : to me all Greece
 Thro' its assembled states with eager eyes
 Looks up, on me the fleet's auspicious voyage,
 On me depends Troy's overthrow : no longer
 From happy Greece shall these Barbarians rend
 Our noblest matrons, but with blood atone
 For Helen's rape, the foul offence of Paris,
 I, from these shameful outrages, by death
 Will rescue Greece, my name in future ages
 Shall be renown'd for having sav'd my country.
 Nor must I be too much attach'd to life ;
 For as a common blessing to each Greek,
 Not to yourself alone, you gave me birth.
 With lifted shield shall Myriads rush to battle,
 Shall Myriads ply the sweeping oar, t' avenge
 Their injur'd country, act with dauntless courage
 Against the foe, and perish in the cause
 Of Greece; while I, to save a single life,
 Them in their glorious enterprise obstruct ?
 O where were justice then ! who could reply
 To such an argument ? I now proceed
 With one of equal force ; nor shall this Chief
 For me encounter the whole Argive host,
 Nor madly perish in a woman's cause :
 For one such brave man's life is of more worth
 Than females numberless : But if Diana
 Hath claim'd me as a victim at her shrine,
 Shall I, weak mortal, thwart the will of Heaven ?

" over her." Fr. Luifini Utinensis Comm. in Hor. de Arte Poet.
 f. 54. Ven. ap. Aldi fil. 1554. Mr. Markland, in his note, takes
 this matter in a different point of view, and after expatiating on the
 inconsistency of every character in this Tragedy, Clytemnestra alone
 excepted, infers that the wisest of Poets is entitled to our applause
 for having exhibited, with a moral design, the great levity and ir-
 resolution of the human mind. Some years ago I recollect meet-
 ing with those objections of Aristotle revived in a book called " E-
 lements of Criticism" written by Henry Home, Esq. Lord Kames,
 one of the Lords of Session in Scotland ; but the arguments of the
 Stagyrte did not seem, in their new form, to carry with them any
 additional strength.

That

That were impossible. I here for Greece
Yield myself up spontaneously: transpierce
This breast, and lay the towers of Ilion waste.
Such, such shall be my monuments, my children,
My nuptial trophies, and my lasting fame.
Greeks o'er Barbarians ever should bear rule,
For these are abject slaves, those free-born spirits.

CHORUS.

Most noble is thy conduct, generous maid,
Tho' Fortune and Diana prove thy foes.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Agamemnon, were the Gods
Inclin'd to make me happy, they would crown
My vows with such a Consort. Greece I deem
Happy in thee, and thee in Greece: for well
Hast thou express'd thyself, and as becomes
Thy country, since thou hast forborne to thwart
The mightier will of Heaven, that bids thee bleed,
Well weighing what exalted virtue counsels,
And what severe necessity enjoins.
More eagerly than ever, now I wish
To gain thee for my Bride, now I have mark'd
The generous soul, for thou art truly great.
Yet, O reflect! for still would I redeem,
Would bear thee hence to Phthia, and appeal
To my immortal Mother, to attest
What grief will rend this heart, should'st thou forbid me
To save thee by encountering Greece. O think,
How terrible is death.

IPHIGENIA.

Without respect

To any, I these sentiments unfold.
Enough [40] already hath the Dame who springs

[40] For the alteration of *απρη* excellit, into *απρη* sufficit, the reader is indebted to Hardion, the acuteness and ingenuity of whose remarks on Euripides leave every admirer of the Tragic Bard the greatest cause to regret their not being more numerous. See Acad. des Inscriptions. tom. vii. hist. p. 187. This correction has been adopted by Reiskius, Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

From

268 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

From Tyndarus, by her charms, the bloody strife
Excited. In my cause thou shalt not die,
Nor lift the slaughtering blade. If in my power,
O let me save my country.

ACHILLES.

Of thy sex
Thou most heroic, nought can I object
If such thy steadfast purpose, for thy views
Are noble. To what end suppress the truth?
But thou may'st yet repent. As an assurance
That I am ready to perform my promise;
This troop I near the altar will arrange,
Nor stand a calm spectator, but protect thee
From being slain: and haply when thou seest
The lifted falchion, thou of my advice
Wilt then avail thyself: nor shalt thou perish
Thro' thy imprudent zeal; for I will lead
These hardy warriors to Diana's temple,
And in its precincts wait till thou arrive.
Exit Achilles,

IPHIGENIA.

Why, dearest Mother, are those eyelids moist
With silent tears?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I have sufficient cause
To make me sorrowful.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet, ah desist!
Nor thus intimidate me, rather yield
To my request.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, what request thou mean'st?
Thee, O my child, I never will offend.

IPHIGENIA.

Cut not the flowing ringlets of your hair,
Nor put on sable robes.

CLY.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why speak'st thou thus?
When I have lost thee, ought I not to mourn?

IPHIGENIA.

Me wilt you never lose: for I am sav'd,
And bright renown thro' me shall you obtain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet, why didst thou assert that I thy death
Must not bewail?

IPHIGENIA.

Because o'er me no tomb
Shall be erected.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is not death esteem'd
A passport merely to the silent grave?

IPHIGENIA.

The [41] altar of Diana, sprung from Jove,
Will serve me for a monument.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thee
I yield, for thou, my Daughter, well hast spoken.

IPHIGENIA.

Happy myself, and to my native land
The greatest benefactress.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What behest
To thy lamenting Sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENIA.

Array them not in fable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But send'st thou
No fond remembrance to assuage their grief?

[41] "Iphigenia prophetically utters this ænigma, the meaning of which is, that she shall be borne away by Diana to be the Priestess of her temple in Tauris."

BRUMBY.

IPHIGENIA.

270 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IPHIGENIA.

Health to the Virgins ! breed Orestes up
With a maternal tenderness.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Embrace him,
For ye shall meet no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Thou, far as reach'd
Thy power, dear Brother, didst assist thy friends.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Can I do aught at Argos for thy sake ?

IPHIGENIA.

Hate not my Sire, your Husband.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

There remains
For him, a dreadful conflict to endure
On thy account.

IPHIGENIA.

Most loth he in the cause
Of Greece, devoted me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ungenerous craft
He us'd, and such as ill beseem'd the race
Of Atreus.

IPHIGENIA.

Who will lead me to the altar,
Ere I am dragg'd by my dishevell'd hair ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Together will we go.

IPHIGENIA.

The Gods forbid !
You speak unwisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thy robes I'll cling.

IPHIGENIA.

By me advis'd, stay here ; for to my fame,

And

And yours, your absence will far more conduce.
 Let one of these attendants on my Sire
 Conduct me to Diana's sacred mead,
 Where as a chosen victim I shall fall.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Depart'st thou, O my Child?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thither bound,
 Whence fate ordains that I shall ne'er return.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving thy Mother?

IPHIGENIA.

'Twas a doom, you see,
 Unmerited.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Desert me not; stay, stay.

IPHIGENIA.

I will not suffer you to shed a tear. *Exit Clytemnestra:*
 But, O ye gentle Virgins, in sweet notes
 My hapless fate recording, chaunt the praise
 Of Dian, Daughter to imperial Jove.
 Thro' every rank, command the Grecian host
 From inauspicious language to abstain.
 The cannisters make ready, let the flames
 Be kindled to consume the salted cates
 Us'd in lustrations; let my Sire's right hand
 The altar touch: for e'en in death I bring
 Health to my country, triumph to its arms.

Lead me to blast the pride of Troy,
 Braid the victorious wreath, and spread
 Its vivid honours round my head;
 With lustral drops bedew the ground.
 In a wild dance of festive joy
 Surround yon sacred fane; surround
 The altar, and in choral strain
 O celebrate Diana's reign:

Diana,

Diana, Goddess ever blest.
 For I a victim shall expire,
 Since thus the Destinies require,
 Fulfilling at my latest breath,
 While struggling with the pangs of death,
 Heaven's dread oracular behest.

CHORUS.

For thee our eyes in tears we steep,
 Majestic Mother, doom'd to grieve :
 When Dian's temple shall receive
 Her votive train we must not weep.

IPHIGENIA

Ye blooming virgins, lovely choir,
 Unite to hymn Diana's praise,
 For here, o'erlooking Chalcis, blaze
 Her altars; here with fruitless ire
 Impatient of such long delay
 Remains the host in Aulis' bay
 By me detain'd. My natal Earth,
 Thee I invoke. Pelasgia's strand,
 And fair Mycene, whence my birth
 I date, that lov'd and happy land.

CHORUS.

The walls thou nam'st did Perseus rear,
 Assisted by the Cyclops' art.

IPHIGENIA.

From you, from you, ye realms most dear,
 I rose, to Greece a cheering light;
 Nor shrink I from death's lifted dart.

CHORUS.

Thy fame shall flourish ever bright.

IPHIGENIA.

No more, thou blazing lamp of day,
 No more, O Jove's exhaustless fire,
 Shall I behold thy genial ray,

I

But

But in far other mansions dwell.
 Once more, ere fleeting life expire,
 Farewell, Hyperion's beams, farewell.

Exit Iphigenia.

CHORUS.

See the triumphant Virgin go,
 With matchless prowess to destroy
 The fated battlements of Troy;
 For her the lustral stream shall flow,
 The braided wreath her front entwine;
 And soon with drops of crimson gore,
 That issue from her wounded breast,
 Shall she besprinkle Dian's shrine.
 Thy Father, in his trembling hands,
 Sustains the laver, and yon bands
 Eager to reach the hostile shore
 Of Ilion, and its walls invest,
 Expect their Princess in the fane.
 Th' immortal Maid, who springs from Jove,
 Fair Artemis, enthron'd above,
 Let us invoke in choral strain,
 The Grecian armament to speed.
 Thou, who in human victims slain
 Delight'st, thrice awful Queen, the host
 Dismiss, to ravage Phrygia's coast,
 And lay Troy's perjur'd city low.
 May Agamemnon's arms bestow
 On Greece the victor's envied crown,
 And to the happy Monarch gain,
 His [42] brows encircling with renown,
 Trophies for ever to remain!

[42] Barnes defends the Aldus reading of *τεον*, tuum, with great appearance of reason against Scaliger. but both Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave inform us, that the manuscripts concur in *εον*, fuum, according to the conjectural alteration of that able critic.

274 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS:

ATTENDANT [43], CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Daughter of Tyndarus, from these doors with speed
Come forth, O Clytemnestra, and attend
To the important message which I bring.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT, CHORUS:

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hearing your voice, yet trembling with dismay,
Hither I haste, wretch that I am, and dread
That you, my present sorrows to encrease,
Are with more tidings sent of recent woe.

ATTENDANT.

Strange and most terrible accounts indeed
Are those which of your Daughter I would give.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Delay not therefore, but this instant speak.

ATTENDANT.

My lov'd and honour'd Mistress, you shall hear
A most explicit tale: the whole event
From the beginning will I now recount,
If the confusion of my soul affect not
My tongue, ere the strange history I conclude.
Soon as we reach'd the grove and flow'ry mead
Of Dian, where your Daughter was conducted
By a detachment of the Grecian troops,
The host collected instantly around:
But Agamemnon, soon as he beheld
The Virgin at the sacred grove arrive

[43] The circumstances of Clytemnestra's coming forth from her apartment immediately on hearing the voice of this person who seems to have been well known to her, and his familiarity in calling her φίλη δεσποινά, "dear Mistress," induce me to consider him as the Aged Attendant, who on the marriage of Clytemnestra accompanied her from Sparta, and has repeatedly made his appearance in the course of the Tragedy; the printed editions call him Ἀγγέλος, "Messenger;" but Mr. Markland thinks him not the same with the Messenger who comes in v. 414, and proposes adding him to the Dramatis Personæ as a *second* Messenger.

Where

Where she was doom'd to bleed, groan'd deeply, turn'd
 His head aside, then wept and veil'd his eyes
 Beneath his robe: close to her Sire she stood
 And said, "My Father, I with joy attend
 "Thy summons, freely for my native land,
 "And for all Greece devote myself to bleed;
 "Conduct me to the altar of the Goddess;
 "Because Heaven's awful voice hath thus requir'd,
 "Thro' me may ye be blest, thro' me obtain
 "The glorious palm of conquest, and return
 "To your exulting country. Touch me not,
 "For I will bare my neck, resolv'd to fall
 "In silence, and with courage." Here she ceas'd:
 The wondering crowd who heard her, prais'd the spirit
 And valor of the Maid. Talthybius stood
 Amid the host, and mindful of his office,
 Bade the whole camp, from each ill-omen'd word
 Abstaining, with a silent awe attend.
 [44] Upon a golden canister, then plac'd

Cal-

[44] In expressing this word *Καλίστην* calathum by that of *Canister* in English, I have followed the example of Dryden, who renders Virgil's *tibi lilia plenis ecce ferunt nymphae calathis*,

"White lilies in full Canisters they bring."

What more encourages me to do this, and indeed first suggested it to me, is the article *Canister* in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, where this line is produced as an instance of the word's *primary* signification. The reading of *Καλίστην* is supported by the editions of Aldus, Basil 1537, Barnes, Mr. Markland, and, according to Dr. Musgrave, a concurrence of ancient manuscripts; the change of *ισωθεν* into *εξωθεν* occurs in the second Basil edition of 1544, and has been copied by Canterus and others; it seems to have originated from the Latin version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus Basil 1541, where it stands *e vaginis*; *εξωθεν* is revived by Pierfon and Reiskius, the former in his customary strain calls Barnes's defence of *ισωθεν* inepta, and expresses his restoring what is the genuine text, by the words *arripuit et intravit*. Lambinus's explanation of Lucretius's *ferrum celare ministros*, L. i. v. 91, cited by Dr. Musgrave, is, *vaginâ rectum conditumque habere*. Dr. Musgrave, however, proposes reading *ολων* *ισωθεν* *intra molam salis*, and abundantly proves from Homer and Aristophanes that salted cakes were borne on the canisters or baskets here spoken of: but the idea of hiding the sword

276 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Calchas the Seer, the sword, which he first drew,
 Then plung'd again into its sheath, and crown'd
 With braided flowers the lovely victim's head.
 But round the altar of the Goddesses ran
 The Son of Peleus, in his hands he bore
 A canister, and vase with lustral streams,
 Exclaiming, "O thou Goddess of the chase,
 "Daughter of Jove, Diana, who pervad'st
 "With thy resplendent orb the midnight gloom,
 "Accept this sacrifice: the Grecian host,
 "And Agamemnon our illustrious King,
 "To thee devote thy spotless Virgin's blood:
 "Grant an auspicious voyage to the fleet,
 "And that our arms may level Ilion's towers."
 But, fixing on the ground their stedfast eyes,
 Both Atreus' sons, and every warrior stood,
 The Priest now seiz'd the falchion, to the Gods
 His prayers address'd, and mark'd the virgin's neck
 Where best to strike. I felt no common pang,
 And stood with eyes fast rivetted to earth.
 When, lo, a miracle! all heard the stroke;
 But how the Virgin vanish'd, whither went,
 Could no man comprehend. Loudly the Priest
 And the whole host cried out, when they beheld,
 Sent by some God, a phantom strange and wondrous:
 Scarce could they credit what their eyes survey'd.
 A gasping Hind lay stretch'd upon the ground,
 Of the most beauteous and majestic form;
 The altar of Diana with her gore
 Was sprinkled plenteously. O think what joy
 Calchas then felt; "Ye valiant chiefs," he cried,
 "Of the confederate Grecian host, observe ye

destined to pierce the bosom of the Princess, by thrusting it into a
 cake, would very ill suit the dignity of the scene before us, and
 give it a ludicrous air, more resembling Dangerfield's meal tub plot,
 than the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"This

" This victim, which the Goddess to her altar
 " Hath brought, a Hind on the steep mountains bred?
 " This to the Maid, she, left illustrious blood
 " Pollute her shrine, prefers, accepts our homage,
 " Will grant a prosperous voyage, and our fleet
 " Waft to the shores of Ilion: let fresh courage
 " Each sailor warm, repair ye to your barks;
 " This day the straits of Aulis shall we leave,
 " Borne on our passage cross the Ægean deep."
 Soon as the flame Vulcanian had consum'd
 The substituted victim, that the troops
 Victorious to their country might return [45]
 The Seer devoutly pray'd. But I am sent
 By Agamemnon hither to relate
 These tidings, and inform you how the Gods
 Decree, that thro' all Greece he shall obtain
 Immortal glory. I who was both there,
 And saw the whole transaction, can affirm
 Your Daughter evidently flew to Heaven.
 Let grief be done away then, nor resent
 The conduct of your Husband: for by ways
 To man most dark and intricate, the Gods
 Conduct our steps, preserving those they love.
 This one short day hath seen your Daughter doom'd
 To death, and now alive.

Exit Attendant.

[45] By rendering *οὐρα*, trajectory, instead of *reditum* (with the other versions, and conformably to the more obvious meaning of the word), Mr. Markland I apprehend greatly weakens this passage. Calchas has just been foretelling a prosperous voyage, and therefore to describe him immediately after as *merely* praying for *that*, would be an insipid tautology. But his prophetic skill ceas'd with foretelling the conquest of Troy; and the prayer which ensues, like that of Homer's Achilles, in behalf of his friend Patroclus, and Aruns's patriam remeabo inglorius urbem in Virgil, must necessarily turn the thoughts of the reader to the *αἰὲς τύχη* of the Grecian forces predicted by Cassandra in Lycophron, and leave a very strong impression of melancholy on his mind, from the knowledge he has that the vows here offering up proved in a great measure ineffectual.

CHORUS.

What joy to hear
Th' intelligence this Messenger conveys!
He tells us that thy Daughter still survives,
Borne to celestial mansions.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my Child,
What God hath stol'n thee hence? or in what terms
Shall I invoke thee, what conjectures form?
But is not this a specious tale, devis'd
Merely that I no longer may lament
Thy fate?

CHORUS.

Lo Agamemnon, mighty King,
Himself arrives, these tidings to confirm.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

We in our Daughter, O my Wife, are blest:
For she indeed holds converse with the Gods.
But take this tender infant [46], and return
To Argos: for the troops prepare to sail.
And now farewell. No more for a long season
Shall I accost thee, not till I return
From Ilion. Thee may every bliss attend!

CHORUS.

Exulting may'st thou reach the Phrygian shores,
O son of Atreus, and return triumphant
Fraught with the choicest spoils of vanquish'd Troy.

[46] Orestes.

IPHIGENIA in TAURIS.

Castum datura cruorem,
Flentibus ante aras stetit Iphigenia ministris:
Viſta Dea eſt, nubemque oculis objecit, et inter
Officium turbamque ſacri vocesque precantum,
Suppoſitâ fertur mutâſſe Mycenida Cervâ.

OVID.

Κυρη δ' ἔψε μολυσσά μίλαρσιος ἐς χθονά Ταυρων
Φρικία κακοξείνων ἐδιδασκέλο δισμα λιβήλων
Ανερά δαίλευσσα· Καί ἀνδρεφονῶ παρὰ βομῶ
Γνώλον ἀλιπτοίηλον ἀνεζώγησεν Ορεστην.

NONNI DIONYSIACA.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

IPHIGENIA.

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

CHORUS of Grecian Captives, Iphigenia's Attendants.

HERDSMAN.

THOAS.

MESSENGER.

MINERVA.

SCENE, on the Sea shore near Diana's Temple in
Tauric Scythia.

IPHI-

IPHIGENIA in TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

TO Pisa's goal by rapid coursers borne
 Flew Pelops son of Tantalus, and gain'd
 Oeconomaus' lovely Daughter [1] for his Bride;
 From her sprung Atreus, Menelaus' Sire,
 And Agamemnon's. Iphigenia nam'd,
 I, to great Agamemnon, and the Daughter
 Of Tyndarus, Clytemnestra, owe my birth,
 I whom, beside those restless waves, which, vex'd
 By storms incessant, to the azure main
 Euripus rolls, my Father, as he deems,
 Hath for the sake of Helen offer'd up
 A victim of Diana, at the bay
 Of Aulis, where in one confederate fleet,
 He their elected King a thousand ships
 Assembled, that the Greeks around their brows
 Might twine the laurels borne from vanquish'd Troy;
 Prompt to revenge the violated bed
 Of Helen, and display the love he bears
 To Menelaus. But the breezes sunk,
 Nor could his navy sail till he consulted
 The sacred flames, and Calchas in these terms
 Address'd him; " Leader of the Grecian host,
 " O Agamemnon, from this port thy barks
 " Thou shalt not launch till Dian first receive

[1] Hippodamia.

" Thy

" Thy virgin Daughter Iphigenia's blood.
 " To sacrifice the loveliest object born
 " That year, to her whose silver orb illumines
 " The shades of night, thou formerly didst vow.
 " Thy Consort Clytemnestra at the time
 " A Daughter bore, (on me bestow'd the Seer
 " The name of loveliest) her must thou present
 " A chosen victim." Thro' Ulysses' wiles,
 Me from my Mother next did they remove,
 On a pretence that I should wed Achilles.
 When I arriv'd at Aulis, being plac'd
 Conspicuous on the altar, with a sword
 In semblance was I pierc'd. But me by stealth
 The Goddess thence convey'd, and in my stead
 Before the gazing armies left a Hind;
 While me thro' ether's radiant heights she bore,
 And on these Tauric shores ordain'd to dwell
 In realms where a Barbarian Monarch rules
 O'er slaves Barbarian, Thoas call'd, who moves
 Swift as a bird, and from his rapid march
 Derives the name he bears. But me a Priestess
 Heaven in this fane hath station'd, where Diana,
 Its tutelary Goddess, at her feasts
 Delights in customs falsely call'd religious:
 For every Greek who lands upon this coast
 I sacrifice; such is the antient usage
 Establish'd here. Th' initiatory rites
 By me once solemniz'd, the hateful task
 To stab the victim at her inmost shrine
 Belongs to others. Reverential awe [2]
 For her I serve bids me reveal no more;
 Yet I the recent visions which last night
 Produc'd, will to the conscious air proclaim,
 If this may haply some relief afford.

[2] In placing the line, *τα δ' ἄλλα σιγῶ, τὴν θεὸν φοβούμενη*, after the four which usually follow it, I have observed the directions of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, who have thereby improved the context.

My dream was this ; methought I left these shores,
 And dwelt again at Argos, where I slept
 With all my faithful virgin followers round ;
 Earth's surface in a instant seem'd to shake,
 Swift was my flight ; then pausing as I stood
 Without the gates, I view'd the shatter'd roofs
 Of princely domes ; anon the structure fell,
 Torn from its firm supports : one Column seem'd
 To stand conspicuous 'midst the general wreck,
 'Twas all that of my Father's house remain'd ;
 And from it's capital a streaming length
 Of auburn hair devolv'd ; with human voice
 Was it endued. Attentive to that office
 Of slaying strangers, which I here am doom'd
 To exercise, with lustral drops I lav'd
 This Pillar as the victim, and shed tears
 Abundant. I my vision thus expound ;
 The hapless object of these fancied rites,
 [3] Orestes, is no more ; Sons are the Props
 Of their paternal mansion, and they die
 O'er whom my lavers shed their holy dew.
 To none of all my friends can I apply
 This dream, for at the time when 'tis suppos'd
 I died, no son to Strophius yet was born.

[3] The imagery of the Pillar, on which this dream is founded, and the exposition of it, is entirely conformable to the doctrine of Artemidorus L. 2. c. 10. *Κίονες δὲ καθαροῦ πυρὶ καίονται, καὶ μὴ διαφθείρονται, τὰ τεκνὰ σημαίνει τῆ ἰδούσης, ἐπὶ τὸ βεβήκειν καὶ λαμπρύνειν μέλαθρ'· οἱ δὲ συνήκειν, ἢ ὡς οὐρανὸν σημαίνει,* except that the instance produced by the Tragic Poet, is that of an earthquake instead of fire. Hector is in like manner abruptly called by Pindar in his second Olympic Ode, the Column which supported Troy ; and in Lycophron, his sister Cassandra, predicting the death of that Hero, expostulates with the Fates in the following pathetic terms, the close resemblance of which to this passage of Euripides has not pass'd unnotic'd by his commentator Meursius,

Ω δαίμον, οἷόν Κιόν' αἰσώσεις δομῶν,
 Ερεῖσμα Πατρὸς δυσυχῆς ὑποσπασσας ; v. 281. and in v. 1190 she calls her Brother Hector *μεγαθρῶν ἔρμα καὶ Πατρὸς ὀλῆς,*
 The mighty Pillar thou awhile dost stand,
 Both of this house and all thy native land.

Now

284 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Now therefore to my absent Brother's shade
Due honours will I pay : for I such rites
Can solemnize, amidst those Grecian dames
Whom for my menial train the Monarch gave.
But they attend not, thro' some cause unknown,
On me, beneath these roofs where is assign'd
My residence, Diana's holy fane.

Exit.

O R E S T E S, P Y L A D E S.

O R E S T E S.

Beware lest any human foot approach.

P Y L A D E S.

With watchful eyes I all around me look.

O R E S T E S.

To thee, O Pylades, doth this appear
To be the temple of that awful Goddess,
In quest of which, from Argos, o'er the waves
We steer'd our bark ?

P Y L A D E S.

This, if I judge aright,
Must be the spot ; Orestes, sure thou form'st
The very same idea.

O R E S T E S.

And that altar
Yet dripping with the blood of slaughter'd Greeks ?

P Y L A D E S.

Its cornice, see what crimson streams distain !

O R E S T E S.

View'st thou beneath its pinacles those spoils ?

P Y L A D E S.

Trophies from many a murder'd stranger torn.

O R E S T E S.

We with redoubled vigilance our eyes
On every side must turn. Why didst thou utter
Such oracles, O Phœbus, as involve me

In

In fresh perplexities ? Since I aveng'd
 A Father's death, and shed maternal gore,
 Still harrafs'd with fresh rancor by the Furies,
 Who from my native Argos drove me forth,
 Full many an intricate career I ran.
 At length I went, and question'd thee, how best
 To calm the frantic tempest of my soul,
 How end those toils which, wandering thro' each realm
 Of Greece, a wretched exile, I endur'd.
 To distant Tauris then thou bad'st me go,
 Where to thy Sister chaste Diana stands
 A consecrated altar, and thence bear
 That statue of the Goddess, from the skies
 Which fell, as the inhabitants record,
 Into this temple ; that when I by craft
 Or fortune had obtain'd the prize, and conquer'd
 All dangers, I my capture should bestow
 On the Athenian realm ; this sole behest
 Didst thou impose, nor aught beside enjoin :
 And when such arduous task I had perform'd,
 Thy promise gav'st that all my toils should cease.
 Obedient to thy mandate, am I come
 To an unknown inhospitable land.
 Thee I consult, O Pylades, for thou
 With me in the bold enterprise art leagu'd ;
 How shall we act ? thou see'st what lofty towers
 Compass the fane around : its steep ascent
 Shall we explore ? but how conceal ourselves ? [4]
 Can we by levers force the brazen locks
 Whose strength we know not ? if in such attempt,
 By stratagem or violence to gain
 An entrance at the door, we should be caught,
 Our certain doom is death : but ere we bleed

[4] The alteration which I have adopted of *μαθοιμεν*, *sciamus*
 into *λαθοιμεν* *lateamus*, was first proposed by Abbé Sallier, Acad. In-
 script. T. 5, Hist. p. 110. and has been successively made use of by
 Reiskius, Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

Let

286 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Let us by timely flight regain the ship
In which we hither sail'd.

PYLADES.

Flight, O my Friend,
Were a disgrace to which we must not yield,
Nor such hath been our practice. We with scorn
The oracles of Phœbus must not treat.
But let us leave the temple, and conceal'd
In these recesses lurk, which oft are wash'd
By ocean's rising surges, from our ship
Far distant, else might some officious spy
An anchor'd bark beholding, to the King
Haste with intelligence: we then by force
Should both be seiz'd: but when that orb appears
Which guides our footsteps thro' the gloom of night,
Then let us greatly dare, with subtle art
Uniting strength, the statue to remove.
Observe those triglyphs, if a chasm appear [5]
Sufficient to admit us: for midst toils
New courage fires the brave, but cowards shrink
Into mere nothing.

ORESTES.

We in vain perform'd
A tedious voyage, should we measure back
The deep, and leave these shores, while our design
Is unaccomplish'd. To obey the voice
Of Heaven, thou well hast counsell'd. Let us go
Where in some cavern we may lie conceal'd:
For if the oracle he gave should fail
Of its effect, it will not be the God
That is to blame. Now ought we to exert
Our utmost courage: for severest toils,

[5] In Vitruvius's account of the Doric order of Columns, to the frieze of which the Triglyphs belong, his directions are to leave between them an interval whose width is equal to their height: *inter triglyphos relinquendum intervallum tam latum quam sunt ipsi alti*. Ed. de Laet, fol. L. 3, p. 146, Amst. 1649.

To

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 287

To loitering youth no just excuse afford. *Exeunt.*

IPHIGENIA.

Barbaric natives of the shore
Whose craggy rocks hang shelving o'er
The bosom of the Euxine deep,
From each ill-omen'd word abstain,
Nor our solemnities profane.
O thou who tread'st the mountain steep,
Diana, Goddess chaste, thy hall,
Thy fane, above whose topmost wall
Rear'd on high columns we behold
The pinnacle of burnish'd gold;
Subject to the behests of thee,
Thrice awful Queen, who bear'st the key, [6]
With Virgin footsteps I ascend,
From massive bulwarks which defend
Illustrious cities, Grecian towers,
Fair Europe's lov'd and shadowy bowers
Where Ceres crowns the smiling earth,
Auspicious realms which gave me birth,
Torn by inexorable Fate.

CHORUS, IPHIGENIA.

CHORUS.

I come: what new solitudes are these
Which wound your breast, or wherefore to this fane
Me have you summon'd, O unhappy Daughter
Of him who bore to Troy's devoted walls

[6] Wesselingius, by shewing that Diana is elsewhere called *ἄνδρος*, at the same time sufficiently justifies the ascribing this speech to Iphigenia, and obviates the supposed necessity of an alteration in the text if put into the mouth of her instead of the Chorus: the attacks made on the Aldus' reading of *Εὐροπᾶς*; three lines lower are equally unsuccessful. *Ἀπὸ τῆς Ἀσίας Εὐροπᾶς*, *διὰ τὴν Ἑλλάδα*, Europe there meaning Greece, occurs in the Hecuba of our Author. Dr. Musgrave's argument in regard to the Chorus calling themselves in *their* second speech natives of Asia, whence he infers them to have been Ionians, only recoils against himself, as this is a convincing reason against ascribing the present speech to *them* instead of Iphigenia, but not for altering the text.

In that fam'd navy of a thousand barks
Unnumber'd Heroes, the confederate troops
Of Atreus' sons?

IPHIGENIA.

My friends, I am engag'd
In plaints unpleasing, no harmonious sound,
But elegiac notes, for the sweet lyre
Ill tun'd, can I now utter; for, alas!
Domestic griefs have harrow'd up my soul;
My dearest Brother's death I now bewail.
What horrors in my boding dreams appear'd
Just as the pitchy darkness of last night
Gave place to morn's first dawn! All, all is lost!
My lov'd paternal mansions are no more,
The race of Agamemnon is extinct.
What toils have Argos' scepter'd Kings endur'd!
Me of an only Brother, ruthless Fate,
Hast thou despoil'd, and plung'd him in the shades
Of Orcus; for his manes I prepare
These obsequies, this goblet of the dead,
Whose mingled liquors I devoutly pour
Upon the lap of earth; the heifer's milk,
With purple Bacchus' gift the grape's rich juice,
And yellow stores of the industrious bee,
The due propitiatory offerings. Give,
Give to my trembling hands the golden cup
With this libation for th' infernal God.
O son of Agamemnon, thou who sleep'st
Beneath earth's hollow surface, I, to thee,
As now no more, these solemn honors pay:
Accept my duteous zeal; for at thy tomb
My hair I cannot strew, nor shed the tear,
For on these coasts I sojourn, far remov'd
From our dear natal region, where 'tis deem'd
[7] That I, transform'd into an Hind, was slain.

CHO-

[7] On consulting the account of Iphigenia's sacrifice in the preceding

CHORUS.

To you, my royal Mistress, will I chant
 Responsive notes, and Asiatic hymns
 With their barbarian dissonance, awake
 The plaintive Muse, tune the funereal dirge,
 Such as in Pluto's favorite songs resounds
 Where no glad Pæan ever meets the ear.

IPHIGENIA.

Fam'd house of Atreus! ah, my native walls!
 Thou glitt'ring sceptre now besmear'd with blood!
 Who now of all that race of happy Kings
 Is left to govern Argos? Toil from toil
 Arises as Hyperion's rapid steeds
 Each day perform their swift career: the God
 Whose sacred eye illumines the globe, his beams
 Averted, to our woes another source
 Of woe was added, when that Golden Ram
 Caus'd murders and afflictions to abound.
 Soon as those infants (by my Grandfire's hand,)
 Sprung from the seed of Tantalus, were slain;
 With penal terrors arm'd, from inmost hell,
 'Gainst our devoted house, the Fiends arose.
 Her evil genius, in a luckless hour
 Unbound my Mother's zone: the very night
 Of my conception, those stern Goddesses
 Who at the loom of Destiny attend,

ceding Tragedy, the reader will find that immediately after Calchas had aim'd the wound at her breast, the whole Grecian army turned their eyes, and saw a Hind lie bleeding on the ground: the spectators must either have concluded that Iphigenia was snatch'd away by some God, and the Hind substituted as a victim, according to the assertions of the Attendant and Agamemnon, or that she was metamorphosed into this animal and slain under the semblance of a Hind, which must have been the idea of her Brother and those who, in the passage referr'd to by Dr. Musgrave, apprehended her to have perished at Aulis; the alteration he has propos'd in the reading of *αἶμας* "et mea," in the stead of *κίμας* "hinnula," seems therefore to be a needless alteration, and what can only tend to weaken this passage.

Prepar'd afflictions for the child unborn.
 By Grecian chiefs in wedlock was I sought,
 But other fortunes on the first-born hope
 Of Leda's daughter waited; she brought forth
 And nurtur'd me, a victim for my Sire
 To slay, unblest oblation: they convey'd
 In a swift chariot to the sandy coast
 Of Aulis, me, who falsely had been styl'd
 The Bride of Thetis' son, a wretched Bride.
 But now in these inhospitable realms
 Of Pontus, I a stranger dwell, beneath
 Roofs which joy never visited, forlorn,
 Unwedded, childless, banish'd from my country,
 Bereft of every friend, nor can I join
 My voice in choral hymns to Juno's praise,
 Nor on the tapestry with my shuttle weave
 Athenian Pallas' image, and the brood
 Of vanquish'd Titans: for I here am doom'd,
 Unwelcome office, with the stranger's blood
 To glut remorseless Atè, and preside
 At an accursed altar, where with shrieks,
 And piteous tears, the victims wail their fate.
 But now the stranger's sufferings I forget,
 And wail my Brother, my Orestes dead,
 Whom yet an helpless infant at the breast,
 Yet in his Mother's fostering arms I left,
 The heir to thrones he never must ascend.

HERDSMAN, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Behold a Herdsman from the stormy coast
 Of ocean hither comes; he surely brings
 Fresh tidings of importance.

HERDSMAN.

Thou, who ow'st
 Thy birth to Agamemnon, mighty King,
 And Clytemnestra, hear what I relate.

IPHI-

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 291

IPHIGENIA.

With what dire tale these ears would'st thou invade?

HERDSMAN.

Two youths, who in their bark adventurous pass'd
'Twixt the Cyanean rocks, are on these shores
Just landed; welcome victims to our Goddess
Diana, them must we present. The laver
Be it thy office therefore to make ready,
And the initiatory rites commence.

IPHIGENIA.

Whence came they? Of what country are they styl'd?

HERDSMAN.

This only do I know, that they are Greeks,
And nought beyond.

IPHIGENIA.

But canst thou not repeat
These strangers' names, which haply thou hast heard?

HERDSMAN.

Pylades by his comrade one was call'd.

IPHIGENIA.

The other, what name bore he?

HERDSMAN.

This none knows;

We heard not.

IPHIGENIA.

How did ye discover them,
How chance to seize?

HERDSMAN.

Conceal'd within the rocks,
Of yon inhospitable beach.

IPHIGENIA.

What commerce
Have Herdsmen with the sea?

HERDSMAN.

We thither went
To wash our oxen in the briny waves.

U 2

IPHIGENIA.

IPHIGENIA.

Resume thy tale ; say how and by what means
 Ye took them captive, for I fain would hear.
 Tardy they come, nor hath Diana's altar
 Yet thoroughly been drench'd with Grecian blood.

HERDSMAN.

When we had driven our cattle to the sea
 Which flows 'twixt the Symplegades, we reach'd
 The spot where ocean's frequent tides have worn
 A hollow cave, which, to the fisherman
 Who there the murex takes, its shelter yields.
 One of our comrades, seeing there two youths,
 Return'd on tiptoe cautious, and exclaim'd
 With wild astonishment ; " Observe ye not ?
 " Some Powers Divine sit there ! " One more devout,
 Soon as he saw them, with uplifted hands
 In terms of adoration cried ; " O son
 " Of the divine Leucothea, who direct'st
 " The wandering bark, Palæmon, awful lord,
 " Propitious hear our suit : or, O ye twins
 " Whom Jove begot, for haply on this shore
 " Castor and Pollux sit : or do ye trace
 " Your birth from Nereus the illustrious Sire
 " Of fifty Goddesses ? " But vain, and bold
 In his impiety, another, laughing
 At these devotions, said, " Some shipwreck'd sailors,
 " Appris'd no doubt of Scythia's laws, which doom
 " The stranger to be sacrific'd, thro' fear
 " Sit in the cave." We most of us esteem'd
 That he had rightly spoken, and resolv'd
 To seize them as Diana's usual victims.
 But from the rock immediately advanc'd
 One of the strangers : dire contorsions shook
 His head, his hands, and every limb, he groan'd
 Possess'd by raging frenzy, and exclaim'd
 Loud as the hunters, with a shout ; " My friend,
 " My Pylades, look there, from inmost hell
 " She

" She comes, that Dragon comes to murder me,
 " With dreadful vipers arm'd. Yet, yet again
 " A second whose robes stream with fire, her wings
 " Bear pestilential horrors, in her arms
 " She holds my Mother, who, to crush me, hurls
 " Whole rocks uprooted. She, alas ! will slay me.
 " Whither, ah whither can I fly ?" His gestures
 And frenzy varied oft ; now bleating calves
 His voice did imitate, and now the howls
 Of angry dogs ; such sounds they say are utter'd
 By the Eumenides : shrunk up with fear,
 And mute like dying men, meantime we lay ;
 But he his falchion drew, and, like a lion,
 Rushing amid the herd, transpierc'd their flanks
 Thinking he smote the Furies, till the foam
 Of ocean was died crimson with their gore.
 When every Peasant midst his oxen saw
 These dreadful ravages, we all to arms
 Betook ourselves, and blowing the loud shell
 Summon'd the neighboring rustics to our aid,
 Because we deem'd that 'gainst these noble youths
 The force of herdsmen would in combat prove
 Unequal : we our numbers soon increas'd ;
 But our assailant, when that frantic rage
 Which gave him vigor was exhausted, fell ;
 With foam his mouth was cover'd ; when we found
 Such great advantage ours, all took a part
 In the encounter ; from a distance these
 Hurl'd rocky fragments, while those strove with stones
 To smite him ; but the other dauntless stranger
 Tended his comrade, wiping from his lips
 The clammy foam, over his body threw
 His garment to protect him, warding off
 The blows we aim'd, nor spar'd one friendly office.
 Restor'd to reason, the youth started up,
 Observ'd the tempest of assailing foes,
 Aware that ruin was at hand, and groan'd.

294 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

But we desisted not from hurling stones,
 By turns assailing him on every side :
 This dreadful exhortation from his mouth
 At length we heard, " O Pylades, our death
 " Is certain, but with thy uplifted sword
 " Follow my steps, and let us die with glory."
 No sooner we beheld our foes both wave
 Their glittering falchions, than to woods that hang
 Over the topmost promontory's verge,
 In crowds we fled for refuge ; but while some
 Retreated, others press'd upon our foes,
 And smote them : after they had driven these back,
 The party who had first given way, advanc'd,
 And in their turns renew'd the missile war.
 This circumstance was wonderful ; tho' stones
 Hurl'd by a thousand hands flew thick around,
 None reach'd the destin'd victims of the Goddess :
 Then we at length with difficulty seiz'd,
 But not courageously ; for in a circle
 Gathering about them, from their hands with stones
 We beat their swords, and on their knees to earth
 They sunk o'erpower'd and wearied. We conducted
 Our prisoners to the Monarch of this realm.
 He view'd, and sent them hither, that with speed
 Sprinkling their sacred laver o'er their heads,
 The victims thou may'st purify. Exult,
 O virgin, in th' arrival of such guests ;
 For if heroic youths like these oft bleed,
 Greece will be amply punish'd for its guilt
 In having doom'd thee to be slain at Aulis.

C H O R U S.

Thou hast related a most wondrous tale
 Of him, whoe'er he be, the youth unknown,
 From Greece who landed on these Pontic shores. [8]

I P H I-

[8] The term Ποντικῆς, which I have here rendered Pontic shores,
 means the lands wash'd by the Euxine sea, which is frequently
 called

IPHIGENIA.

Enough : go thou, and to the temple bring
The strangers. What remains shall be my care.

Exit Herdsman.

Thou, O my wretched heart, wert tender erst
And merciful to strangers, ever prone,
For thy poor countrymen, when any Greek
Was as the destin'd victim to thy hands
Consign'd, to shed the sympathetic tear.
But now, exasperated by horrid dreams,
Such as persuade me that Orestes views
The solar beams no more, I shall relieve
With sternness all who may hereafter come.
True is that antient maxim, O my friends,
For I am wretched now, and feel its force ;
“ Too oft the soul, embitter'd by distress,
“ 'Gainst those who are more happy than ourselves,
“ Swells with malevolence.” But Jove denies
A favorable wind. No bark, that sail'd
'Twixt the Symplegades, hath hither brought
Helen, the guilty source of all my woes,
And Menelaus, that a just revenge
On them I might inflict, they here should find
Another Aulis to atone for that;
Where, like a heifer, Danaus' race erst dragg'd
Their Princess to the altar : but the Priest
Was my own Father. Wretched me ! that scene
I never can forget. To touch his cheek
How often did I raise my suppliant hands,
Clinging round those paternal knees, and cry,
“ To what unseemly nuptials am I borne
“ By thee, my Sire : admit her Argive Dames.
“ Now my deluded Mother wakes the song
“ In honor of my hymeneal rites,

called by the Greek writers Πόντος, without any distinction, and from them copied into other languages : thus on referring to the word Πόντος. in Stephanus Byzantinus, we find the definition to be, ὁ ἑσθίος, Pontus proprie Euxinus.

" And with shrill flutes the festive hall resounds,
 " While by thy hands I perish. Not the Son
 " Of Peleus, but dread Pluto is th' Achilles
 " Whom thou did'st call my Husband : in that car
 " Hast thou convey'd me to a bloody marriage
 " By treacherous arts." Thro' the transparent veil,
 Beholding, in my trembling arms I caught
 This [9] dearest Brother (Brother now no more);
 But modesty prevented me from using
 A Sister's privilege, and ere I went,
 As was pretended, to the house of Peleus,
 Joining my lips to his: each fond caress,
 Like one who to her Argos might return,
 To a long future season I deferr'd.
 If, hapless youth, thou sleep among the dead,
 By what disastrous fortunes art thou fall'n,
 Striving to emulate thy Father's fame.
 Such casuistry as that with which they charge
 Our Goddesses, I abhor, who from her fane
 Expels the murderer, and e'en him who touches

[9] Τῆτον εἰλομεν is the reading of Aldus, Barnes, Markland, and, I apprehend, of every other edition; nor hath notice been taken of any variation in the manuscripts: but Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave both insist, in very peremptory terms, on the absolute necessity of converting the affirmative into a negative, and reading *οὐτ' ἀνείλομεν*; but for what reason I am unable to discover. Iphigenia, in the preceding tragedy, brings Orestes in her arms when she implores her Father's mercy, (see *Iphigenia in Aulis*, v. 1119 & 1241) and may be supposed to have again hastily snatched him up as she was borne to the altar, but to have refrained from taking a solemn leave of him, or making any mention of her being, not a Bride, but a victim destined to bleed at the altar; when such a multitude of spectators were present. As for the pronoun *οὗτος*, it is indeed defined to be *δεικτικόν*, but frequently refers to a person already spoken of, (which is the case with Orestes, whom his Sister mentions in the commencement of this very speech) with no less propriety than to one marked out as present. Five lines farther, Reiskius, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, all four change *κακῶν* into *καλῶν*, on their own mere conjectures. The privilege of a Translator happily does not extend so far as by any means to authorise him in following such examples, to call Evil, Good, or Good, Evil.

A corse,

A corse, or an abortion, as impure;
 While she herself delights in human victims.
 To mighty Jove Latona never bore
 Such folly. I this rumor too believe not,
 That at the board of Tantalus, the Gods
 On a child's flesh erst feasted with delight.
 Rather the bloody Scythians have transferr'd
 To a celestial Being, their own crimes.
 I deem no God can e'er be thus deprav'd.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. 1.

Cyanean rocks, beneath whose cloven height
 The furious tide impells the crashing mast,
 Where Io stung with wild affright,
 By Jove's relentless Consort, pass'd,
 From Europe driven to th' Asiatic strand;
 Say, whence these youths? left they Eurotas' bank,
 Where reeds o'erspread the meadows dank,
 Or Dirce's holy fount? they land,
 Their hapless voyage to conclude,
 'Midst an inhospitable race,
 Where by yon Maid with human gore imbru'd
 The hallow'd altars reek, and columns sculptur'd base.

I. 2.

These strangers, trusting to the dangerous seas,
 Each oar did surely ply, and dare t' unfold
 Their swelling canvas to the breeze,
 By an immoderate thirst for gold
 Lur'd from their distant homes. Hope, pleasing bane
 Of mortals, with insatiable desires
 To heap up riches, still inspires
 Its votaries wandering o'er the main,
 Who tempt th' unknown Barbarian waste.
 How vain our judgements! some pursue
 Wealth, as the first of blessings man can taste;
 Others, the gilded bait with calm indifference view.

II. 1.

How could their vessel thrid th' impending steep,
 Or by the rocks of watchful Phineus glide, [10]
 Sounding the chambers of the deep,
 And Amphitrite's boisterous tide,
 Where Nereus' fifty Daughters, choral notes
 Attuning, glide in sportive band around,
 Till the bark a road hath found
 O'er trackless ocean as it floats,
 Aided by the southern gale
 Or zephyr, to Achilles' land,
 Where the bold warrior anchoring furl'd his sail,
 And ran with swift career on Leuca's chalky strand.

II. 2.

Might Leda's Daughter Helen (O what joy !)
 Fulfilling this illustrious virgin's prayer,
 Come hither from the field of Troy :
 Then sprinkling o'er her auburn hair
 The lustral drops, should Iphigenia's hand
 Perform its task, and give the vengeful stroke.
 What tidings, if to loose our yoke,
 From Greece some sailor here should land !
 At least, ye flattering dreams, prolong
 Th' ideal moments of delight,
 Such thoughts as these inspire a loftier song,
 My lov'd and natal walls yet dance before my fight.

[10] Phineus was Brother to Cepheus, King of Æthiopia, who exposed his Daughter Andromeda to a sea monster, sent by Neptune to ravage his dominions : Perseus undertook to deliver the Princess, her Father having sworn to give her in marriage to him as a reward : but after he had slain the monster, Phineus to whom his Niece had been previously engaged, attacked him with a band of armed followers. Perseus defended himself with great courage, but finding himself on the point of being overpowered by numbers, lifted up the head of Medusa, which metamorphosed Phineus, and his comrades into the rocks here spoken of, called Sleepless, according to Barnes, from the sound of the waves continually dashing against them.

O R E S

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 299
ORESTES, PYLADES, IPHIGENIA,
CHORUS.

IPHIGENIA.

The victims of our Goddess come, their hands
Secur'd with double chains. My friends be silent :
For the two youths, first-fruits of Greece, approach
The temple. I perceive that herdsman brought
No groundless tidings.

CHORUS.

Aweful Queen, accept
The proffer'd victims, if this city, mov'd
By thy command, did institute such rites
As seem unholy thro' our Grecian laws.

IPHIGENIA.

Enough. On me it is incumbent, first
To see the due solemnities perform'd.
Release the stranger's hands, for they are sacred,
And should be bound no longer. In the fane
Prepare what this emergency requires,
And antient customs authorize. Alas !
What Mother brought you forth ? who was your Sire ?
And had ye any Sister ? if ye had,
How must she weep th' irrepairable loss
Of two such Brothers ? but who knows what fortunes
Hereafter will befall him ? the designs
Of Heaven in thick obscurity are veil'd,
None view what mischiefs, yet unripe, now hang
O'er their devoted heads ; the ways of chance
Are such, as mortals cannot understand.
Unhappy Youths, whence came ye ? from what shore
Far distant, to these regions did ye sail ?
Your absence from your country shall be long,
For in the shades beneath are ye ordain'd
To dwell for ever.

ORESTES.

Whosoe'er thou art,
O Woman, why dost thou bewail, why look

300 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Thus sorrowful at our impending fate?
 Unwise I deem the Man, who, on the verge
 Of Death, by pride attempts to overcome [11]
 The terrors which that awful hour inspires:
 Him too I blame, who wails without a hope
 Of being respited, for he creates
 Two evils out of one; is charg'd with folly,
 Nor lengthens out the coward life he doats on.
 Let Fortune do her worst, do thou forbear
 These lamentations: for in Scythia, well
 We know what victims at the altar bleed.

IPHIGENIA.

But which of you two strangers bears the name
 Of Pylades? I to this question first,
 An answer would receive.

ORESTES.

'Tis he: if aught
 Of pleasure such intelligence can yield.

IPHIGENIA.

Say in what Grecian city was he born?

ORESTES.

O Virgin, will it profit thee to know?

IPHIGENIA.

Had ye one Mother?

ORESTES.

Friendship's sacred ties
 Form all our brotherhood, not those of blood.

IPHIGENIA.

Answer what name receiv'd you from your Sire?

ORESTES.

With truth I *The Unhappy* might be styl'd.

[11] The evident improvement it gives to the construction, induces me to read with Dr. Musgrave *οὐκ*, fastu, instead of *οὐκ*, ploratione, though I do not find it supported by the authority of any edition or manuscript whatever.

IPHIGENIA.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 301

IPHIGENIA.

That's foreign to my question. The whole blame
On Fortune must be charg'd.

ORESTES.

Leave me to die
Unknown, that in the grave I may escape
Each bitter taunt.

IPHIGENIA.

Why grudge to answer me? [12]
Whence do these lofty sentiments arise?

ORESTES.

The blade may pierce this bosom, but my name
Thou canst not slay.

IPHIGENIA.

And will you not reveal
The city whence you came?

ORESTES.

What thou hast ask'd
Is of no service to a dying man.

IPHIGENIA.

But what prevents your granting my request?

ORESTES.

With pride I own that Argos is my country.

IPHIGENIA.

Were you indeed, O stranger, (by the Gods
Speak, I conjure you, speak,) in Argos born?

ORESTES.

Yes, at Mycene, a once happy town.

IPHIGENIA.

But were you banish'd from your native land,
Or by what fortune to these regions borne!

[12] That the first *φθονος* in this speech ought to be *φθονος* was a conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhitt's, which we find by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave is confirmed both by the Parisian manuscripts and one at Oxford.

ORESTES-

302 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

ORESTES.

Mine was a willing yet reluctant flight.

IPHIGENIA.

Will you not answer any of the questions
Which I propose?

ORESTES.

That must I, with the haste
Of one who stands upon the verge of Death.

IPHIGENIA.

By me much wish'd for, you from Argos come.

ORESTES.

To my own bane : but if thou list, indulge
A cruel triumph.

IPHIGENIA.

Troy perchance you knew,
Whose fame spread through the world.

ORESTES.

Ah, would to Heaven
I had not, e'en in dreams !

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis now no more,
As they report, but was by war destroy'd.

ORESTES.

E'en so : nor hast thou heard a groundless tale.

IPHIGENIA.

Did Helen thence to her own house return
With Menelaus ?

ORESTES.

She return'd : the pest
Of one to whom I nearly am allied.

IPHIGENIA,

Where is she now ? me too she erst did wrong.

ORESTES.

In Sparta her first Husband's bed she shares.

IPHIG.

IPHIGENIA.

Hateful to every Greek, not me alone.

ORESTES.

I too have tasted the pernicious fruit
Of her accursed nuptials.

IPHIGENIA.

Speaks Fame true,
When she relates the Grecian host came back?

ORESTES.

A thousand various subjects of enquiry,
How dost thou blend in one?

IPHIGENIA.

Before you die,
Of this intelligence I first would fain
Avail myself.

ORESTES.

Since this desire is earnest,
Propose thy questions, I will answer them.

IPHIGENIA.

There was a Seer named Calchas: from the siege
Of Troy, did he return?

ORESTES.

That Augur perish'd, [13]
As

[13] The account Quintus Calaber gives of Calchas after Troy was taken is, that he foretold the destruction of the Grecian fleet on the rocks of Caphareus, and refusing to accompany his countrymen, who were deaf to his prudent advice, delay'd his embarkation, and staid behind for some time with Amphilochus, younger son of the augur Amphiaraus, the Fates having decreed they should sail to Pamphylia: and Herodotus, speaking of the troops furnished by that country at the time of Xerxes' expedition against Greece, says, they were descended from the comrades of Amphilochus and Calchas, separated from their comrades on their return from Troy. The death of Calchas, which is the principal subject of my enquiry, has been variously represented; Lycophron twice mentions it in his *Caassandra*, v. 426, and 980: from the first of these passages with the assistance of Tzetzes' Greek Scholia, and the Latin annotations of Canterus, we collect, that this famous soothsayer after the de-

304 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

As all Mycene's citizens aver.

IPHIGENIA.

Dread Goddess! but how fares Laertes' son?

ORESTES.

His home he hath not reach'd, tho' yet he lives
As it is rumor'd.

IPHIGENIA.

May he die, and view
His native land no more!

ORESTES.

Thy curses spare,
For he enough already is distress'd.

destruction of Troy came to Colophon, where finding in Mopsus a prophet of superior skill, he *perished* according the Oracle, which leaves us not clear whether he destroyed himself, or merely pined away through chagrin: but in the latter passage, *καρὰν μάλιστα γόσυν-λην τυττός* leads us rather to infer that violence was offered to him by others. The matters in which these two rival Seers are represented as having exerted their science, are of a most trivial nature: Mopsus's triumph being founded on his immediately naming the exact number of figs which grew on a tree loaded with fruit; and the disgrace of Calchas, on his giving an erroneous answer when questioned how many pigs a certain pregnant sow would produce: but Conon in the 6th of his narrations assigns a much more important cause for the fate of our Augur, and says that Amphimachus King of Lycia, having consulted both Mopsus and Calchas in regard to the success of a war in which he was about to embark; the former cautioned him against going forth to battle, and foretold that he would be defeated; while the latter encouraged him by the most flattering predictions of success: but upon that Monarch's being vanquished, such distinguished honors were paid to Mopsus, that Calchas in rage and despair killed himself. It ought however, in justice to that Prophet, to be remembered, that he was subdued by no ordinary antagonist; as it appears from both the passages of Conon above-cited, and more fully from Gronovius's comment on Seneca's *Medea*, v. 652, that this Mopsus (whom some have injudiciously confounded with Mopsus the son of Ampycus, mentioned by Ovid as having been present at the hunting of the Calydonian boar) was begotten by Apollo, and had for his Mother Manto the Daughter of Tiresias, whom we have seen introduced by Euripides in his Tragedy of the *Phœnician Damsels*.

IPHIGENIA.

IPHIGENIA.

Doth yet the Nereid-Thetis' Son survive?

ORESTES.

Achilles is no more, his nuptial rites
At Aulis did he celebrate in vain.

IPHIGENIA.

Most treacherous nuptial rites, as they assert
Who felt them to their cost.

ORESTES.

But who art thou
That speak'st in terms thus accurate of Greece?

IPHIGENIA.

There was I born: from youth's first bloom I date
My sufferings.

ORESTES.

Hence, O Virgin, thy desire
To know what there hath pass'd deserves our praise.

IPHIGENIA.

Where is that Chieftain, whom men term the Blest?

ORESTES.

What General dost thou mean? for he I knew
Was not among the fortunate.

IPHIGENIA.

The son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty King.

ORESTES.

I know not; wave that question, gentle maid.

IPHIGENIA.

No, by the Gods, I cannot: O reply,
And cheer my soul.

ORESTES.

Most wretchedly he perish'd,
And others in his ruin hath involv'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Is he too dead? Thro' what disastrous fate?

306 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Ah me !

ORESTES.

But wherefore groan'st thou for his loss?
To thee was he allied ?

IPHIGENIA.

On his past greatness
I think not without sorrow.

ORESTES.

His dire end
Was this, a Woman smote him.

IPHIGENIA.

Both to her
His Murdrefs, and the slain, our tears are due.

ORESTES.

Be satisfied at length, and ask no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet lives the Wife of that unhappy King ?

ORESTES.

She lives not, by her own Son's hand destroy'd.

IPHIGENIA.

O house, a scene of wild confusion now !
But what could instigate him ?

ORESTES.

To avenge
His murder'd Sire, he took her life away.

IPHIGENIA.

A noble criminal ! there justice urg'd.

ORESTES.

But Heaven with frowns beheld the righteous deed.

IPHIGENIA.

Left Agamemnon any other issue ?

ORESTES.

One Daughter, yet a virgin, nam'd Electra.

IPHIGENIA.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

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IPHIGENIA.

But what! is there no mention made of her
He sacrific'd?

ORESTES.

Nought else, but, with the dead
Now rank'd, that she no longer views the sun.

IPHIGENIA.

Wretched was she, most wretched too the Sire
Who slew her.

ORESTES.

In a worthless woman's cause,
Victim to base ingratitude she fell.

IPHIGENIA.

At Argos dwells the son of its slain King?

ORESTES.

A miserable wanderer, he is no where,
And every where.

IPHIGENIA.

Adieu, for ye are nothing,
Ye lying dreams.

ORESTES [14].

Nor are those Demons, call'd
By mortals wise, less guilty of deceit
Than flitting visions. Dire confusion reigns
As well in Heaven above as earth below.
But this one comfort's left, thro' his own folly
Orestes perish'd not, but from complying
With oracles pronounc'd by mighty Seers:
For that he perish'd, they who know it well
Assert.

[14] The dividing the speech here, and putting the last five lines into the mouth of Orestes, seems to have been first suggested by Mr. Heath, who is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Mulgrave, who observes that Orestes had reason to charge the oracles with falshood, which Iphigenia had not, and that in the Parisian manuscripts the speech is broken, and the three last lines ascribed to Orestes.

CHORUS.

Ah! who our fortunes can disclose,
And those of our lov'd parents, are they dead,
Or do they yet survive?

IPHIGENIA.

Ye strangers, hear.

I will propose a scheme I now have form'd,
Which, if ye both concur, to your advantage
As well as mine may tend; but if we all
In one design cooperate, we shall best
Ensure success. If I preserve your life,
Will you, repairing to the Argive realm,
The message I entrust you with, relate,
And, to the friends whom I have there, convey
A letter written by a captive youth
Who pitied me, nor of my own accord
Thought that I slew him, tho' Barbarian laws
Enforc'd his death, and she whom we adore
Holds murder to be just? I yet have found
No captive born in Argos, if I sav'd
His life, who might return, and to my friends
Dispatch a letter. Therefore you who seem
[15] To spring from no ignoble race, and know
Full well Mycenè and the friends I mean,
Shall be set free, your life no small reward
Obtaining by these trivial services.
But since our city thus decrees, your friend
Torn from his friend, must for a victim bleed.

ORESTES.

In all but this, O Priestess, I approve
What thou hast spoken: it would add fresh weight
To my calamities, should he be slain.
For it is I who steer the bark of woe,
He sails but as the partner of my toils.
Nor is it just to serve thee, on such terms

[15] *δισμενός*, infestus, is here by Dr. Musgrave altered into *δοσ-
μενός*, ignobilis, on the authority of the Parisian manuscripts.

As

As leaving him to perish, while I 'scape
 From danger singly. But be this thy plan,
 To him the letter give, which he shall bear
 To Argos ; hence with thee shall all be well :
 But as for me, let those to whom belongs
 Such office, slay me. There is nought so base
 As he, who when in misery he hath plung'd
 His friends, himself escapes. But with this friend
 Am I united by the strictest ties,
 Nor less solicitous to save his life
 Than view the sun myself.

IPHIGENIA.

How truly great !
 From some illustrious parents sure you spring,
 Inspir'd with sentiments of real friendship.
 May He, that hapless youth who yet survives,
 The last of all my house, resemble you :
 For, O ye strangers, I too have a Brother,
 Whom now these eyes behold not.—This your wish
 Shall be complied with ; *him* will I dispatch
 My letter to convey : but you shall bleed,
 Since with such eagerness you rush on death.

ORESTES.

By what remorseless hand shall I be slain ?
 Who perpetrates so horrible a deed ?

IPHIGENIA.

Myself : for in these expiatory rites
 I by our awful Goddess am employ'd.

ORESTES.

Unseemly function for a blooming maid,
 And such as none can envy.

IPHIGENIA.

But enjoin'd
 By that severe necessity which claims
 Obedience.

X 3

ORESTES.

310 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

ORESTES.

Feeble woman as thou art,
Canst thou uplift a sacred knife to pierce
The manly bosom?

IPHIGENIA.

No; but on your head
Shall I pour lustral waters.

ORESTES.

May I ask
Who slay the victims?

IPHIGENIA.

Station'd in yon fane
Are they to whom such office doth belong.

ORESTES.

What sepulchre is destin'd to receive me
When I am dead?

IPHIGENIA.

The hallow'd fires within
Are kindled, and beneath th' o'ershadowing rock
A cavern gapes your ashes to contain.

ORESTES.

O that a Sister's hand could have perform'd
Such pious office!

IPHIGENIA.

A vain wish, O wretch,
Whoe'er you are, is this: far, far remote
From this Barbarian land your Sister dwells.
But since my native Argos gave you birth,
Far as my power extends, will I omit
No courtesy, but on your tomb dispose
The various ornaments; [16] with oil anoint
Your corse, and pour on your funereal pyre

[16] On the authority, as Mr. Markland informs us, of four
manuscripts, the line

Ἐνθά τ' ἔλαιον σωμα σὺν κατασφίσῳ
is inserted by him and Dr. Musgrave.

The

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 311

The honied spoils collected by the bee.
 But, from Diana's inmost shrine, I go
 To bring my letter. To my charge impute
 No wilful cruelty. With care, ye guards,
 Observe, but bind them not. When, to that friend
 At Argos, whom my soul holds ever dear,
 Those unexpected tidings shall arrive,
 Perceiving by my letter I still live
 Whom he thought dead, what pleasures will he feel!
Exit Iphigenia.

CHORUS.

Brave youth, let me condole *thy* fate, o'er thee
 Soon must the laver pour its lustral stream.

ORESTES.

My fate demands no pity, yet accept
 From me a last farewell, ye foreign dames.

CHORUS.

But on your happier fortunes, we to *you*
 Address our gratulations, for at length
 You to your native region shall return.

PYLADES.

Objects unwish'd-for by a real friend
 Are life or country, if his friend must die.

CHORUS.

Most inauspicious voyage! which, ah which,
 Shall I consider as ordain'd to bleed?
 My soul still doubts to whether of the twain
 These plaints, these tributary tears, are due.

ORESTES.

O Pylades, I by the Gods conjure you,
 Unfold the secret workings of your heart,
 And answer if they sympathise with mine.

PYLADES.

Thy sentiments I know not: thou a question
 Hast ask'd impossible for me to solve.

O R E S T E S.

What Maid is this? with what a Grecian zeal
 Of us did she enquire into the toils
 Sustain'd at Ilion, how the host return'd,
 What had befall'n the skilful augur Calchas:
 Achilles too she nam'd: then what compassion
 For Agamemnon's fate did she express,
 And ask how far'd it with his Wife, his Children!
 This Damsel from some Argive race must spring,
 Or she this letter never would dispatch,
 Nor search into their fortunes so minutely,
 As if the welfare of Mycene's Kings
 Immediately concern'd her.

P Y L A D E S.

But one moment
 Didst thou anticipate me. Thy remark
 Accords with mine: this only hast thou left
 Unnotic'd; when Kings bleed, the great event
 Is known by all, who with attention mark
 Human vicissitudes. But other thoughts
 Demand us now.

O R E S T E S.

Communicate those thoughts:
 Instruction is the fruit of social converse.

P Y L A D E S.

'Twere base in me to live when thou no more
 Behold'st the sun, for we together sail'd,
 And therefore am I bound to share thy death.
 Else, both in Argos' realm, and thro' each vale
 Of Phocis, with the coward's hated name
 Shall I be ever branded. To the many
 (For in the many envious malice reigns)
 When I return alone, I shall appear
 To have betray'd thee, or amid the wreck
 Of thy unhappy house to have contriv'd
 Thy murder, lur'd by th' execrable hope
 That I, thy throne, when wedded to thy Sister,
 Solo

Sole heirs of thy fortunes, might obtain;
 This fills my soul with horror; virtuous shame
 Constrains me now to mix my latest breath
 With thine, at yon dread altar: let the knife
 At once transpierce us, the funereal pyre
 Consume our bodies; for I still have borne
 The title of thy friend, and fear disgrace.

O R E S T E S.

Use more auspicious language: my own woes
 My duty is to bear, nor will I add
 To my afflictions, which are single now,
 Yours which would make them double; for each suffering
 And all that infamy of which you speak,
 (If you, the generous partner of my toils,
 I murder'd, by allowing you to bleed;)
 Were my just portion. It is not amiss
 For me, afflicted by the scourge of Heaven,
 To yield up a diseas'd and wretched life:
 But you are blest, your mansions neither guilt
 Nor sorrow visits: mine at the same time
 Are impious and unhappy. If you scape,
 My Sister, whom on you I have bestow'd
 In marriage, may a race of children bear;
 Hence shall my name continue, and the race
 Of Agamemnon never be extinct.
 Go, live, support my noble Father's house.
 But when you reach the Grecian coast, the realms
 Of martial Argos, I by this right hand,
 The pledge of amity, implore you, heap
 A tomb, and o'er it place the stone, to guard
 My memory; let my Sister shed the tear
 And cut her tresses o'er my vacant grave,
 Relate how by a certain Argive maid
 I perish'd at the bloody altar, sprinkled
 With lustral drops, and as a victim slain:
 Nor e'er forsake my Sister, tho' you see [17]

Your

[17] *ορως* here claims a place in the stead of *πρῶτος*, which seems
 10

314 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Your kindred, and my Father's house, o'erwhelm'd
With desolation. Now farewell for ever !
For I in you the dearest friend have found.
O my lov'd comrade in the sylvan chase,
With whom in early childhood I was nurtur'd,
The faithful partner of my various toils.
But Phœbus, that prophetic God, deceiv'd us ;
Expert in each equivocating art,
He drove me to these distant shores, ashamed
Of his past oracles. I to his guidance
Myself abandon'd wholly, and with zeal
Obey'd his voice, when I my Mother slew ;
But now am I requited with destruction.

PYLADES.

To thee sepulchral honors shall be paid,
Nor will I e'er forsake thy Sister's bed,
O my unhappy friend. The love I bore
To thee, while living, shall become more fervent
Beyond the grave. But the response pronounc'd
By Phœbus hath not utterly destroy'd thee,
Tho' on the verge of slaughter thou art plac'd,
For from great woes great changes oft arise
If Fortune thus ordain.

ORESTES.

No more. To me
'Tis now of no avail that I obey'd
The Delian God's oracular behest :
For lo the Priestess issues from the fane.

IPHIGENIA, ORESTES, PYLADES, CHORUS.

IPHIGENIA *to the Guards.*

Go, and prepare within whate'er is needful
For those who o'er this ministry of blood

to have been a mere blundering repetition of *προδως* in the preceding line, *ερω* being inserted on the authority of a concurrence of manuscripts (as they both inform us) by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave: in the reply of Pylades, twelve lines further, *σε* & *ενηκας* are substituted for *μς* & *ενηκα* on the same testimonies, with the addition of the conjecture of Reiskius.

Are

Are destin'd to preside. These folds contain
My letter : but this one commission more
Have I to add ; ye strangers mark me well :
Under affliction, no man is the same,
As when th' impending terror is remov'd,
And he again grows bold. I therefore dread,
Lest when with safety from these shores he lands
In his own country, he whom I employ
To bear this letter to the Argive realm,
Should be unmindful of that sacred trust.

ORESTES.

What would'st thou have ? what cares perplex thy soul ?

IPHIGENIA.

That he this letter, to the friend I name
At Argos, will deliver, let him swear,

ORESTES.

But wilt thou likewise bind thyself by oath ?

IPHIGENIA.

What act to do, or to abstain from ? speak.

ORESTES.

Sparing his life, that him thou wilt dismiss
From these Barbarian regions.

IPHIGENIA.

Rightly said :
Else how from me these tidings should he bear ?

ORESTES.

But will the Scythian King allow of this ?

IPHIGENIA.

With him can I prevail, and safe aboard
A ship your comrade will myself convey.

ORESTES.

Now swear, my Pylades : but first do thou,
O Virgin, dictate a most solemn oath.

IPHIGENIA.

Engage to bear this letter to my friends.

PYLA-

316 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

PYLADES.

I to your friends this letter will present.

IPHIGENIA.

On this condition, from Cyanean rocks
I vow to set you free.

ORESTES.

But say what God
Wilt thou invoke to witness what thou swearest?

IPHIGENIA.

Diana, in whose temple I possess
This holy office.

PYLADES.

I, Heaven's awful King,
Immortal Jove.

IPHIGENIA.

Regardless of your oath
If you betray me.

PYLADES.

Ne'er may I return :
But if you save me not.

IPHIGENIA.

My native shores
Of Argos may I never live to tread !

PYLADES.

To a material circumstance attend
Which 'scap'd our notice.

IPHIGENIA.

If in this aright
You speak, my former vows will I renew.

PYLADES.

To me this one exemption yet allow,
If aught befall the ship, if in the waves
The letter be ingulph'd, and I escape
With life alone, me from the oath release.

IPHIGENIA.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 317

IPHIGENIA.

My purpose know you not? since many dangers
Attend the many in their mid career,
All that the letter's secret folds contain,
I will in words repeat, that to my friends
You may disclose; we hence shall be secure
From danger, for if haply you preserve
What I have written, tho' in silent language,
Will each particular be hence made known.
But should this letter vanish, swallow'd up
By the devouring billows, if you scape
With life, you will remember my behests.

PYLADES.

Full well have you decided in this matter
As to the Gods and me: but say to whom
At Argos I this letter must convey,
What verbal message to your friends relate?

IPHIGENIA.

Inform Orestes, Agamemnon's son,
That she, his Sister, who at Aulis' bay
Was as a chosen victim offer'd up;
That Iphigenia lives, and sends him this,
Tho' to her friends and to her country dead.

ORESTES.

But, ah, where is she, from the grave return'd?

IPHIGENIA.

Your eyes e'en now behold her. While I speak,
Forbear, and interrupt not. "To the realm
"Of Argos, O my Brother, ere I die,
"Conduct me from these loath'd Barbarian shores,
"And place thy hapless Sister, place me far
"From Dian's altars red with human gore,
"Where I the stranger am ordain'd to slay."

ORESTES.

O Pylades, what answer shall I make?
Where are we?

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IPHI-

318 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

"Else to thy devoted house
 "Will I become a vengeful Fiend, know this,
 "Orestes." Twice have I pronounc'd the name,
 That you may learn 'tis he of whom I speak.

PYLADES.

Ye righteous Gods!

IPHIGENIA.

But wherefore thus invoke
 The Gods on my account?

PYLADES.

No matter; finish
 The tale you have begun: I in that moment
 Was wandering: but O let me question you,
 And we shall trace a series of events
 Surpassing credibility.

IPHIGENIA.

Say how
 Diana, awful Goddess, sav'd my life,
 By placing on her altar in my stead
 A Hind, (which by my Sire was slain, who deem'd
 That in my breast he the keen sword had plung'd),
 And bore me to this land. Such is my message,
 The same too in my letter is contain'd.

PYLADES.

O what an easy oath have you impos'd!
 Sworn to perform an honourable task,
 I will not loiter, but this very moment
 Accomplish my engagement. Here, behold,
 This letter from thy Sister, I to thee
 Deliver, O Orestes.

ORESTES.

I receive
 The acceptable gift: but ere I break
 Its folds, allow me to indulge a joy
 Beyond the reach of language to express.

Thee,

Thee, O my dearest Sister, who art smitten
With such astonishment as equals mine,
I in these arms infold, while with delight
Confounded, I thy wondrous tale have heard.

CHORUS.

Stranger, it ill becomes thee to approach
The Priestess, and pollute her sacred robe
With thy unhallow'd touch.

ORESTES.

My Sister, sprung
From Agamemnon, from one common Sire,
Turn not away from me; thou hast, thou hast
A Brother, tho' thou ne'er could'st have expected
To see him more.

IPHIGENIA.

Are you indeed my Brother?
Will you not cease to boast so fond a name?
In Argos near the Nauplian coast he dwells.

ORESTES.

Thou, hapless virgin, hast no Brother there.

IPHIGENIA.

From Spartan Clytemnestra did you spring?

ORESTES.

To Pelops' Grandson too I owe my birth.

IPHIGENIA.

What say you? can you give me any proof
Of this?

ORESTES.

I can: propose to me some question
Relating to the mansion of our Sire.

IPHIGENIA.

You it behoves to speak, and me to hear.

ORESTES.

Speak then I will: first listen to the tale
Which from Electra I have heard: thou know'st,
O Sister,

320 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

O Sister, what abhorr'd dissention rose
Twixt Atreus and Thyestes.

IPHIGENIA.

Oft I heard,
How they contended for the golden Ram.

ORESTES.

And canst thou not remember that this tale
In rich embroidery erst thou didst express?

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Brother, you a topic start
Which wounds my inmost soul.

ORESTES.

There too the Sun
Turn'd back his steeds.

IPHIGENIA.

My shuttle also form'd
This variegated texture of the loom.

ORESTES.

Yet more, at Aulis, Clytemnestra pour'd
The laver on thy head.

IPHIGENIA.

Full well I know
She did : for luckless were my spousal rites.

ORESTES.

But to thy Mother why didst thou direct
Thy tresses should be borne?

IPHIGENIA.

That in my stead,
For a memorial in the silent grave
Them she might lodge.

ORESTES.

Indisputable tokens
Which these eyes saw, are those of which I speak;
The spear which erst on Pifa's dusty field
Pelops our ancestor, with forceful hand,
Brandish'd,

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 321

Brandish'd, what time he won the lovely maid
Hippodamia, after he had slain
Oenomaus, hangs in th' innermost recess
[18] Of thy apartments.

IPHIGENIA.

You, my lov'd Orestes,
For you still, still the same, are to my soul
Ever most welcome, I again possess,
Our only hope, who from our native land
From Argos, O my dearest Brother, came.

ORESTES.

Once more I clasp my Iphigenia, deem'd
A lifeless shade: tears different far from those
Which mourners shed, and sorrows mix'd with joy
Bedew thine eyes and mine.

IPHIGENIA.

But him while yet
He was a child, him clinging to the arms
Of a fond Nurse [19], at home I left behind.

[18] "As the English reader may possibly not perceive at first sight, all the force of this piece of evidence produced by Orestes, upon which Iphigenia immediately acknowledges him for her Brother; it may be proper to inform him, that the Grecian women, especially virgins, were kept with great strictness and reserve in separate and retired apartments, into which no man, except their nearest relations, such as Fathers or Brothers, were permitted to enter. Orestes therefore, by giving this proof of his having been in Iphigenia's apartment, proves himself to be her Brother in so convincing a manner, that she immediately embraces him, and weeps for joy." WEST.

[19] "Pindar calls this Nurse of Orestes, Arsinoe; but Pherecydes gives her the name of Laodamia: Ægythus slew her son, either thinking that he had caught Orestes, or enraged with the mother of the boy for having secretly removed him. Here it is proper to mark out a gross error of the very learned Benedictus, the Latin translator of Pindar, who calls Orestes a child of three years old at the time he was rescued from death; not recollecting that he was born before the Trojan war, as is evident from Homer Il. L. 9. v. 142, and that Agamemnon was not slain till after the conclusion of that war which lasted for ten years."

BARNES.

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"after the conclusion of that war which lasted for ten years."

BARNES.

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Y

How,

322 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

How, O my soul, beyond the power of words
Blest as thou art, shall I declare thy transports?
Still more than miracles are these events,
And quite surpass all language.

ORESTES.

May we both
Henceforth together lead an happy life!

IPHIGENIA.

An unexpected pleasure, O my friends,
Have I experienc'd, tho' e'en now I dread
Lest bursting from these arms, he to the realms
Of ether take his flight. Ye mansions rear'd
By the fam'd Cyclops, O my native land,
My dear Mycene, I, to you, for life
Am thankful, and the nurture ye bestow'd ;
Since ye train'd up this generous Brother too
To shed new light on Agamemnon's house.

ORESTES.

We in the noble race from which we sprung
Are fortunate, my Sister, tho' our lives
Have been to many grievous ills expos'd.

IPHIGENIA.

This, wretched I experienc'd, o'er my neck
When my unhappy Sire the falchion wav'd.

ORESTES.

Ah me! tho' I was absent, yet I seem
As if I saw thee there.

IPHIGENIA.

Instead of wedding
Achilles, O my Brother, to that tent
Th' abode of treacherous wolves was I convey'd.
Before the very altar tears gush'd forth,
And bitter plaints disgrac'd th' unholy rite :
Alas, how dreadful were those lustral streams !

ORESTES.

The rash unnatural crime my Father dar'd

To .

To perpetrate, I too have wail'd.

IPHIGENIA.

The doom
Which I experienc'd, with paternal love
Was sure most inconsistent.

ORESTES.

From events
Like these, what wondrous consequences rise !
But if, O hapless Virgin, thou hadst slain
Thy Brother, by some ruthless Demon urg'd,
A crime thus horrible had made thee wretched.

IPHIGENIA.

Atrocious, O my Brother, was the deed
I had resolv'd on : from an impious death
How narrowly, alas ! have you escap'd,
From a misguided Sister's bloody hand !
Where, after these miraculous events,
Can we expect an end to our distress ?
What fortune will attend me, or what schemes
Shall I devise, to forward your escape
From these domains, and from impending slaughter,
To our lov'd native Argos, ere the sword
Be with your gore distain'd ? Unhappy youth,
On you 'tis now incumbent to weigh well,
If on dry land, unaided by a bark,
You on the swiftness of your feet alone
Relying, rather ought to hazard life
Encompass'd by Barbarian tribes, and journeying
O'er wilds untrodden : if you strive to glide
'Twixt the Cyanean rocks, their narrow pass,
And afterwards a length of watery waste
Threatens the mariner. Ah me, unblest !
What tutelary God, what human aid,
Or unexpected chance, along the road,
Now deem'd impervious, will direct our flight,
And to us two, of Atreus' princely house

324 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

[20] The only wretched relics, ope some gate
To save us from destruction?

CHORUS.

What these eyes
Behold, and these astonish'd ears have heard,
As truly wondrous, and surpassing all
That fiction can devise, will I relate.

PYLADES.

When friends again with transport view the face
Of those they love, Orestes, it is fit
They in their arms each other should infold :
But check the streaming tear, and rather think
How we a blest deliv'rance may obtain,
And quit with glory this Barbarian realm :
For it behoves the wise man not to flight
His opportunity when Fortune smiles.

ORESTES.

Well hast thou spoken. Fortune will, I trust,
With us co-operate : for the Gods bestow
Their aid on those who with undaunted soul
Exert themselves.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet shall not aught, or check,
Or cause me from my purpose to digress,
Till an enquiry first I make, what fate
Hath overta'en Electra ; for the whole
Of her adventures gladly would I learn.

[20] " Pierſon obſerves that Oreſtes and Iphigenia cannot properly be called the only relics of the houſe of Atreus, becauſe " Electra alſo was yet living : but the ſame inaccuracy adopted by " Sophocles in his Antigone, where he makes that Princeſs, who " had a little before been converſing with her Siſter Iſmene, ſay

Δι' αὐτοῖς ὅτ' ἔτι οἱ κοίρανίδαι

τὴν βασιλείαν μὲν λείπῃ. v. 952

" Look on me Princeſs, ſee the laſt of all

" My royal race." Dr. FRANKLIN.

" admoniſhes us not to be too haſty in altering the text."

Dr. MUSGRAVE.

ORESTES.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 325

ORESTES.

To this my friend in wedlock join'd, she leads
A prosperous life.

IPHIGENIA.

But of what land is he
A native, and whose Son?

ORESTES.

From Strophius, lord
Of Phocis' region, he derives his birth.

IPHIGENIA.

And thro' his Mother, royal [21] Atreus' Daughter,
Connected with our house?

ORESTES.

Thus near in blood,
And the sole friend on whom I dare rely.

IPHIGENIA.

He was not born, when me my Sire consign'd
A victim to the altar.

ORESTES.

No, he was not :
For Strophius long remain'd without a child.

IPHIGENIA.

Hail, O thou Husband of my Sister, hail!

ORESTES.

My more than kinsman, saviour of my life!

IPHIGENIA.

What prompted you to that atrocious crime
'Gainst her who bore you?

ORESTES.

Let us in deep silence
Bury that action : to avenge my Sire.

IPHIGENIA.

But thro' what motive did she slay her Lord?

[21] Anaxibia,

ORESTES.

No more: it were unfit for thee to hear
Thy Mother's shame.

IPHIGENIA.

In silence I obey.
To you, its only hope, the Argive realm
Doth now no doubt with due respect attend.

ORESTES.

The reigns of empire Menelaus holds:
I am an exile from my native land.

IPHIGENIA.

Could he, an Uncle, on our sinking house
Heap such foul wrong?

ORESTES.

No, but the Furies, arm'd
With all their terrors, caus'd me thence to fly.

IPHIGENIA.

By them on yonder beach you was assail'd,
For of your frantic actions on that spot
Have I been told.

ORESTES.

Not then for the first time
This my disease betray'd itself.

IPHIGENIA.

Full well
I understand your meaning, to avenge
Maternal blood, those Goddesses arise.

ORESTES.

They fasten'd on my jaws their gory curbs.

IPHIGENIA.

But wherefore did you land upon this coast?

ORESTES.

At Phœbus' dread oracular behest
I hither came.

IPHIGENIA.

What action to perform?

May

May you declare it, or were you enjoin'd
To keep strict silence?

OR ESTES.

I will tell thee all,
And here begins a tale of endless woe:
Since on my Mother these polluted hands
Aveng'd those crimes which I forbear to name,
Have I, into a tedious exile driven,
And chas'd by Furies, wander'd thro' the world;
'Till I, by Phœbus' edicts, to the realm
Of Athens was directed to repair,
And pacify those Goddesses whose names
We utter not. The sacred judgement seat
Is there, at which Jove erst ordain'd, that Mars,
[22] Whose hands had been defil'd with recent gore,
Should undergo a trial. In that city
When I arriv'd, their hospitable doors
None op'd with zeal spontaneous, to admit
A stranger, whom they deem'd the Gods abhorr'd:
'Till some, more courteous, furnish'd in their hall
For me a separate solitary board,
And underneath the self-same roof abode.
But where I came, all conversation ceas'd,
None would associate with me in their food,
Or drain one common goblet; but to each
In separate portions was an equal share
Of wine administer'd: they all rejoic'd,
But I presum'd not to reproach my hosts,
And griev'd in silence, feigning not to mark
The dire affront, in bitterness of soul
Groaning because I with vindictive hand

[22] Mars was brought to a trial for having killed Halirothius Son of Neptune, who had presumed to violate Alcippe his Daughter by Aglauros: see the *Electra* of our Author, v. 1260. Pausanias, in his *Attica*, describes the spot where this ravisher was slain, as being close to a fountain within the precincts of the temple of *Æsculapius*. We find in *Apollodorus* that Mars was acquitted by the verdict of the twelve Gods who sat in judgement upon him.

Had slain my Mother. Yet have I been told,
 Among th' Athenian people, from my woes,
 An awful ceremony takes its rise,
 [23] (Which still they practice;) where the bowl contains
 An equal quantity [24] with those then fill'd
 For every guest apart. But when I reach'd
 The hill of Mars, my trial to abide,
 One seat I occupied, (the other left
 For my accuser, th' elder-born of Hell),
 And pleaded my own cause. Apollo heard
 How I was charg'd with having slain my Mother,
 Nor scrupled as a witness to appear
 On my behalf, and save me: for the votes
 Prov'd equal, number'd by Minerva's hand.
 Thus by that awful court I from the charge
 Of murder was absolv'd. Such of the Furies
 As acquiesc'd in the decree, resolv'd
 [25] To occupy a temple on the spot

Where

[23] Mr. West observes that this speech may be considered as the legendary account of many civil and religious customs observed at Athens, even in the time of Euripides. Here the Poet seems to forget the character of Orestes, and speak in his own person.

[24] ~~χρηρς~~, the term here made use of, which Barnes renders *libatorium vas*, is in the translations of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, on the authority of Suidas, *quod continet octo cotylas, aut congiarium*; in English, eight Pints, or what is the same thing, one gallon, which would sound like a quantity of liquor far exceeding the proper stint for those who attended a religious ceremony, were we not perpetually reminded, by Homer and other antient writers, that it was customary for large portions of water to be mingled with the wine prepared for the Grecian Heroes, who were by no means addicted to intemperance in their cups.

[25] The explanation I have here made use of is that of Pierson, who in a note on the word *συναμα* in his edition of *Mæris Lex. Att.* p. 352, renders *ἄντρον* *locum ubi suffragia data sunt*, and *τερον*, *templum*: Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave have both followed him; and he in a very satisfactory manner establishes the propriety of the sense he gives these words, by referring to the *Electra* of our Author, v. 1270: the Eumenides of *Æschylus*, where Minerva, from v. 894 to the close of the piece, repeatedly mentions that divine worship should be paid the Furies in a temple appropriated to them at Athens;

Where judgement was awarded : but the rest
 Of their fell Sisterhood, who would not yield
 To this decision, with unwearied rage
 Harrafs'd me as before, till I repair'd
 A second time to Phœbus' hallow'd seat,
 And stretcht before the portals of his fane,
 Tasting no food, swore on that spot to end
 A miserable life, unless the God,
 Who had undone, would save. He with loud voice
 Then from the golden tripod his response
 Pronouncing, hither sent me, to remove,
 And in the blest domains of Athens place,
 The Heaven-descended statue : this behest,
 On which he caus'd our safety to depend,
 Thy furtherance claims : for if we can obtain
 That Image of the Goddess, I from frenzy
 Shall be deliver'd, and with prosperous sails
 Convey thee to Mycene's distant coast.
 But, O my dearest, dearest Sister, save
 Thy Father's house, thy wretched Brother save,
 For I, and the remains of Pelops' race,
 Are ruin'd utterly, unless we seize
 The statue which descended from the skies.

CHORUS.

Some dire resentment of offended Heaven
 Against the seed of Tantalus yet burns,
 And hurries them amidst incessant toils.

IPHIGENIA.

Before you hither came, this ardent wish
 I form'd, that I to Argos might return,
 And, O my Brother, you again behold.

Athens ; and Pausanias, who describes its situation as being near an altar which Orestes on his acquittal dedicated to Minerva. In the *Arcadica* of the same writer, we find accounts of two other temples sacred to the Furies, erected in memory of events which had happened to Orestes at the time of his wandering, stung with frenzy, through the region of Arcadia, previous to his trial at the Athenian Areopagus.

With

330 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

With you conspiring, now I from these toils
 Would set you free, and to its antient splendor
 Restore the falling mansion of our Sire,
 ('Gainst him who would have sacrific'd his Child
 Bearing no enmity,) refrain my hand
 From slaying you, and save our wretched house:
 Yet tremble to think how I can elude
 The Goddess, and the Monarch, when he finds
 A vacant niche where erst the Statue stood.
 To 'scape from death, what plausible excuse
 Shall I allege? but if you could at once
 That image bear away, and with it lodge
 Me safe aboard the ship, such bold exploit
 Were glorious; but, if seizing that, you leave
 Me here behind, I certainly must perish,
 While you, accomplishing your projects, reach
 The coast of Argos: yet I shun no toils,
 Not death itself, if I your life can save.
 For when a man, the heir of mighty thrones,
 Expires, he falls regretted, but our sex
 Are deem'd of little worth.

O R E S T E S.

Let me not add
 Thy murder to the guilt of having slain
 Our Mother, 'tis enough that with her blood
 I have defil'd these hands. I would concur
 With thee in the same generous views, and share
 Either in life or death one common fate.
 [26] For if success attend my bold emprise,

Thee

[26] The original reading of the Aldus' edition *ἢ ἑαυτοῦ ἐν-
 ταιθι περὶ*, *estiam si et ipse hic occumbam*, is so evidently faulty,
 as to give rise to a variety of conjectural alterations: Barnes has
 changed *ἢ ἑαυτοῦ* into *ἢ μὴ*, Mr. Markland *ἢ ἑαυτοῦ* into *μὴ ἑαυτοῦ*; but Dr.
 Musgrave, who justly observes that the sense hereby becomes exact-
 ly

Thee to our native land will I conduct,
If not, lie stretcht beside thee in the grave.
Hear my opinion ; if to chaste Diana
Our project had given umbrage, why should Phœbus
Command me, by an oracle, to bear
The image of that Goddess to the city
Where Pallas is ador'd, or suffer me
Thy face, my dearest Sister, to behold ?
From every circumstance together weigh'd,
I trust that we with safety shall return.

IPHIGENIA.

How can we 'scape from death, and how attain
The object of our wishes ? O reflect,
Whether a voyage homeward on such terms
Be feasible : my zeal indeed is great.

ORESTES.

Shall we be able to dispatch the King ?

IPHIGENIA.

There's danger in the scheme you have propos'd,
For foreigners to slay their royal host.

ORESTES.

But if 'twill save us both, we ought to face
The danger.

IPHIGENIA.

This I cannot do ; yet praise
Your enterprizing spirit.

ORESTES.

In the same,
Suppose thou place me from all eyes conceal'd.

ly the same with *η σε καθανών μενω μίλα* in the next line, has (as appears to me) more happily substituted in his note *εὐ το γέ*, for *καυ-τος*, and rendered this passage *si res hic bene ceciderint*, which at once removes the inconsistency of the antient reading, and the tautology of some later editors who have made injudicious attempts to correct it.

IPH I-

332 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

That we, when darkness favors, may escape.

ORESTES.

Night is the season fit for treacherous deeds ;
But truth prefers the clearest beams of day.

IPHIGENIA.

Priests watch within; nor can we hope t' elude
Their vigilance.

ORESTES.

We utterly are ruin'd !
Alas ! what hope of safety yet remains ?

IPHIGENIA.

A fresh discovery I methinks have made.

ORESTES.

What mean'st thou ? tell me, for I wish to know
Thy projects.

IPHIGENIA.

To deceive them, of your woes [27]
Will I avail myself.

ORESTES.

Sure women frame
Their stratagems with most surprising art,

IPHIGENIA.

That, having slain your Mother, I will say,
You hither fled from Argos.

ORESTES.

Make what use

[27] The reading of *avaias*, *furor*, was so harsh and ill-suited to the context, that Brodæus renders it *culpâ ac crimine*, Carmelli attempts to reconcile him and Barnes, by saying, in his note, *furor* *erant mala ex crimine profecta* : but these palliations are now become needless, as Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave have established *avaias*, *infortunio*, on the authority of three manuscripts : and what follows shews that Iphigenia had not the least intention to avail herself of the *madness*, but of the *misfortunes* of her Brother.

Thou

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 333

Thou canst of my afflictions, if in aught
They serve thy interests.

IPHIGENIA.

Nor is it allow'd
To offer up such victims to the Goddess.

ORESTES.

What cause allege? for I suspect in part.

IPHIGENIA.

That you are still impure, but shall be slain
When sanctified by due religious rites.

ORESTES.

How can this aid us to bear off the statue?

IPHIGENIA.

You will I cleanse in ocean's lustral waves.

ORESTES. [28]

Remains that image yet within the fane,
For which we hither sail'd?

IPHIGENIA.

And must be wash'd,
Since by thy touch polluted, will I add.

ORESTES.

Mean'st thou to bear it to the craggy shore,
Still moisten'd by the foaming surge?

IPHIGENIA.

Where lies
Your ship at anchor.

ORESTES.

Whom wilt thou appoint
To carry it?

[28] The alterations of *Er'* for *Eol'* at the commencement of this line, and *spw* for *spaz*, at the close of the next, which materially alter the sense, and therefore require to be noticed, are adopted on the same authorities with the reading which is mentioned in the note immediately preceding.

IPHIGENIA.

334 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

Myself : for I alone
The sacred pledge may handle.

ORESTES.

In this murder [29]
What share shall we to Pylades assign ?

IPHIGENIA.

He shall be charg'd with having dipp'd his hands,
Like you, in blood.

ORESTES.

These projects, from the King,
Mean'st thou to hide, or with his privy
Carry them on ?

IPHIGENIA.

Him my persuasive words
Shall win, for 'twere impossible to bar
His knowledge of the fact.

ORESTES.

Our bark is ready
With oars well furnish'd.

IPHIGENIA.

To conduct what else
May tend to forward our escape, be yours.

[29] The very needless conjectural alterations which I find here made by Brodæus, Canterus, Scaliger, and Dr. Musgrave, together with the far-fetched interpretations given to this speech by Barnes and Carmelli, induce me to quote the sense in which it is taken by the truly able and ingenious Monsieur Hardion ; *quelle part donnerons nous a Pylade dans, le meurtre dont vous me direz coupable, afin d'avoir un pretexte pour le mener avec nous ? Acad. des Inscriptions. tom. 5. hist. p. 119, 4to. edit. Louvre.* Heath has approved, and Markland followed, this clear and apparently obvious version : the caution with which it is introduced, *on ne doit jamais se permettre de corriger le texte d'un Auteur, que lorsqu'on n'en peut absolument tirer aucun sens*, could not be more needed in 1718, which is the date it bears, than at this day, when the text of antient writers is so frequently debased and polluted by officious editors.

O R E S T E S.

Yet one thing more is needful; these thy Friends
Must keep thy counsels secret. O beseech them,
And arguments most prevalent devise:
For female eloquence hath force to move
The sternest heart to pity. All beside
I trust will prosper.

I P H I G E N I A,

O my lov'd associates,
To you with stedfast hope I raise my eyes,
On you depends it whether I with bliss
Shall be attended, or reduc'd to nothing,
Torn from my country, from my Brother torn,
And this our [30] Kinsman. Thus begins my speech.
Since we are women, prone to mutual love,
And stedfast in the cause of our whole sex,
My schemes divulge not, and with generous zeal
Conspire to aid my flight. The tongue deserves
Great praise when with fidelity endued.
But mark how Fortune, by one single act,
To our paternal regions may restore,
Or visit with immediate death, us three
The dearest friends. But if I hence escape,
That you in our prosperity may share,

[30] The expression of *τρεις τες φιλτατος*, five lines lower, leaves little room to doubt that the word *συγγονος* relates to Pylades, and is properly translated by Barnes cognato; but Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave are of opinion, that it ought to be understood of Orestes, and rendered fratre, in order to effect which, they are forced to alter *φιλας αδελφω*, in the beginning of the line, into *φιλας; αδελφης*, and apply it to Electra. *Συγγενος*, no doubt, signifies either "a Brother" or "a Kinsman," and in the interpretation of ambiguous words, every man is at liberty to choose for himself, without violating the context; but a double alteration, without the smallest authority quoted in its support, merely for the sake of twisting the version according to it, will naturally incur the strongest suspicions of being erroneous.

Hence

336 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Hence will I waft you to the Grecian coast.
 But O, by friendship's plighted hand, those cheeks,
 Those knees, and every fond connection left
 At your own homes, by Mother, hoary Sire,
 And Children, if among you there are those
 Who boast the name of Parent; I implore
 Both you, and you, and all. Reply, who grants,
 Or who rejects my prayer? if ye consent not
 To aid the scheme I have propos'd, myself
 And my unhappy Brother too must perish.

CHORUS.

Take courage; the sole object of thy care
 Be thy own safety, O my dearest mistress:
 The secret which to me thou hast entrusted,
 Shall never be reveal'd: on awful Jove
 I call to witness.

IPHIGENIA.

May each bliss attend
 These generous words! It now behoves you both
 To go into the temple: for the King
 Of these domains will in a moment come,
 To make enquiry if these foreign youths
 Are sacrific'd. Most venerable Goddess,
 Who erst, at Aulis' winding bay, didst snatch
 Thy votary from a Father's cruel arm
 Uplifted to destroy me, now protect
 Both me and these; else will Apollo's voice
 Thro' thee by mortals be no more esteem'd
 For its veracity. But O depart
 With us from these abhorr'd Barbarian realms
 Propitious, and to Athens speed thy course:
 For here it ill becomes thee to reside,
 When that blest city opens wide the gates
 Of holier fanes impatient to receive thee.

Exeunt Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pylades.

CHO.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. 1.

O restless bird, in midway air
 Still hovering round where pointed cliffs arise,
 Thy song, fond Halcyon, to the wise,
 For Ceyx' death, expresses thy despair.
 With wings unfurnish'd, yet to thee
 Justly compar'd for hopeless woe,
 The peopled realms of Greece I long to see,
 Long to attend Diana, who the bow
 On Cynthus twangs, long for the shade
 The palm and laurel's foliage braid,
 Which on the sacred mountain grows
 Luxuriant, and the olive's vernal bloom
 Diffusing o'er the lake a rich perfume,
 Wherefrom the dying Swan th'harmonious cadence flows.

I. 2.

Adown my cheeks stream'd many a tear,
 When rapine's sons, an unrelenting band,
 The turrets of our native land
 O'erthrew with conquering fleet and hostile spear :
 Sold for a price I hither came,
 Where curst Barbarian laws prevail,
 By Iphigenia with indignant shame
 Employ'd in tasks which shuddering I bewail :
 To her whose shafts transfix the hind,
 Here human victims are consign'd,
 And here I still bemoan my wretched state.
 There are who to affliction long inur'd,
 Till fortune change, its burden have endur'd,
 But sorrows after bliss embitter man's hard fate.

II. 1.

Thee, sacred Virgin, from these shores
 [31] An Argive bark exulting shall convey,
 And Pan's shrill flute with rustic lay,

Chear

[31] " In the original it is " a ship of fifty oars : " the first vessel
 Vol. II. Z " of

338 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Chear the bold crew that ply their dashing oars,
 Apollo too, the Seer, shall sing,
 And wake the lyre with magic hand;
 Till 'midst auspicious melody he bring
 Thy vessel to the rich Athenian land:
 Thus shall the jocund nautic train
 For thee divide the azure main.
 In these bleak regions leaving me behind,
 Soon o'er the waves thy prosperous bark shall ride,
 From the tall mast th' extended cordage glide,
 And swelling streamers wanton in the amorous wind.

II. 2.

O that these tardy feet could spring
 To that bright circus of etherial day
 Whence Phœbus darts his ardent ray;
 Yet would I cease my venturous course to wing,
 Soon as I reach'd my native land,
 And mansion, scene of young delight.
 Then haste to mingle with that choral band
 'Midst whom, a virgin, at my bridal rite
 Did I with graceful step advance

" of that size among the Greeks was suppos'd to have been the Ar-
 go, which however Theocritus in his Hylas calls *τριακονταζυγην*,
 " consisting of thirty benches," that is to say, furnished with sixty
 " rowers. They before made use of small skiffs and pinnaces. The
 " Phœnicians first invented these long ships, the first of which that
 " the Greeks had any knowledge of was that of Danaus mentioned
 " by Apollodorus: Euripides, in his Helen, calls a ship of fifty oars
 " Sidonian."

BARNES.

The reign of Danaus was about two hundred years prior to the Ar-
 gonautic expedition: on referring to Apollodorus, I find he repre-
 sents Danaus as the first person who invented the art of constructing
 a ship, *ναυι πρῶτος κατεσκευασε*, but gives no other account of the size
 or form of his bark, than that it was call'd *πεντηκοντορον*, on account of
 its furnishing a conveyance for his fifty Daughters, with whom he
 fled from Egypt to Argos; an event on which Æschylus has founded
 his tragedy of the Suppliants; but with what number of oars it was
 furnish'd does not appear: as for the vessel in which Deucalion and
 Pyrrha made their escape from the deluge, it appears to have been a
 mere raft, in which they were driven at the mercy of the winds and
 waves.

Applauded

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 339

Applauded thro' the mazy dance :
What transports did my gazing mother share !
Wild heav'd my breast the robe's loose folds between,
Scarce were the maiden's downcast blushes seen
While o'er my rosy cheeks devolv'd the streaming hair.

THOAS, CHORUS.

THOAS.

Where is the Grecian Damsel to whose trust
These portals of Diana's awful temple
We have committed ? for those captives yet
Hath she perform'd th' initiatory rites ?
Or do their bodies o'er the kindled flame
Now blaze within the sanctuary ?

CHORUS.

She comes,
O King, and will to thee herself explain
All she hath done.

IPHIGENIA, THOAS, CHORUS.

THOAS.

Why from its basis move
That statue of the Goddess, which ne'er ought
Thence to be borne away, thou royal Maid,
From Agamemnon who deriv'st thy birth ?

CHORUS.

Stay there, my Lord, nor with unhallow'd step
Enter yon precincts.

THOAS.

But what new event,
O Iphigenia, in this fane hath happen'd ?

IPHIGENIA.

Abomination ! thro' religious awe
Thus do I speak.

THOAS.

What mean'st thou by this prelude ?
Be more explicit.

Z 2

IPH I-

340 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

The two strangers brought
For sacrifice, O Monarch, are impure.

THOAS.

Whence learn'st thou this, or is it mere conjecture?

IPHIGENIA.

The image of Diana, with its face
Averted, on the marble basis stood.

THOAS.

Of its own free accord, or by some shock
Of earthquake, from its wonted posture thrown.

IPHIGENIA.

Spontaneously, and clos'd its anger'd eyes.

THOAS.

What was the cause; in yonder foreign youths
Found'st thou impurity?

IPHIGENIA.

To this alone
Can I ascribe what happen'd: dreadful crimes
Have they committed.

THOAS.

As on Scythia's coast
They landed, some Barbarian did they slay?

IPHIGENIA.

From their own home, defil'd with blood they came.

THOAS.

What blood? for I their history wish to learn?

IPHIGENIA.

They smote their Mother with confederate steel.

THOAS.

O Phœbus, e'en among Barbarian tribes
[32] There's no man capable of such a deed.

[32] D'Orville, in his notes on Chariton, is of opinion that Euripides here alludes to the following passage of Herodotus, who, speaking of the Persians, says, ἀποκτείναι υδῖνα καὶ λίσσασθαι τοὺς εὐνοῖα πατρὶα καὶ μητρὶα. L. 1. 137.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 341

IPHIGENIA.

Hence from all Greece were they cast forth with hate.

THOAS.

Is this the cause why from the fane thou bear'st
Diana's image!

IPHIGENIA.

In the pure expanse
Of ether, far from every murderous taint,
To place it.

THOAS.

By what means could'st thou perceive
The strangers were unholy?

IPHIGENIA.

A full proof
This statue of the Goddess gave, which turn'd
Its face away.

THOAS.

Thou, by sagacious Greece
Train'd up in wisdom, canst discern aright.

IPHIGENIA.

But now by a delicious bait they strove
To win my soul.

THOAS.

Pretending that they came
With grateful tidings from the Argive realm?

IPHIGENIA.

Of my Orestes, my dear Brother's welfare.

THOAS.

Doubtless they hop'd that such intelligence
Might lure thee to dismiss them.

IPHIGENIA.

[33] My Sire lives

And

[33] This line has always struck me as a mere wanton falsehood, which has not the least tendency whatever to promote the success of the plot Iphigenia had been forming, it only reflects disgrace on the

342 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS,

And prospers, they relate.

THOAS.

But thou didst yield
Just preference to the rites Diana claims.

IPHIGENIA.

Foe to all Greece, because all Greece conspir'd
To take away my life.

THOAS.

But how dispose
Of these two strangers? speak.

IPHIGENIA.

We must observe
The laws which here are 'stablish'd.

THOAS

Why delay
To use the laver then, and sacred blade?

IPHIGENIA.

By washing I would purify them first.

THOAS.

With water from the limpid fountain drawn,
Or ocean's briny waves?

IPHIGENIA.

[34] The sea removes
Each taint of evil from the human race.

THOAS.

Made holier thus, to Dian shall they bleed,

IPHIGENIA.

And I become more prosperous.

THOAS,

Dashes not

the character of the Heroine, and is therefore justly censurable in a
Dramatic piece.

[34] "It is reported that Euripides formerly travelled with
"Plato into Ægypt, where he fell sick, and the Ægyptian Priests
"cured him by bathing in the sea, which gave rise to this poetical
"encomium on the virtue of its waters."

BARNES.

The

The fudge against the basis of the fane ?

IPHIGENIA.

We must be private : for besides the rites
Foremention'd, I have others to perform.

THOAS.

Conduct the victims wheresoe'er thou wilt :
No wish have I those mysteries to behold
Which may not be divulg'd.

IPHIGENIA.

I next must cleanse
The statue of the Goddess.

THOAS.

If the stain
Of those who slew their Mother, it have caught.

IPHIGENIA.

Else had I never from its pedestal
Remov'd it hither.

THOAS.

Piety like thine
And forethought claim our homage.

IPHIGENIA.

Know you not
What next I must transact ?

THOAS.

Be it thy part
To give directions.

IPHIGENIA.

In strong chains secure
The foreigners.

THOAS.

Why ? whither can they fly ?

IPHIGENIA.

Greece knows no faith.

THOAS.

Away, ye guards, and bind them.

Z 4

IPHIGENIA.

344 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

Then bring the strangers hither.

THOAS.

Thy commands
Shall be obey'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Cast mantles o'er their faces
To screen them from Hyperion's radiant orb ;
And from your train detach some troops to aid me.

THOAS.

Thy steps my faithful servants shall attend.

IPHIGENIA.

Dispatch a messenger, who may announce
To the whole city—

THOAS.

What must he announce ?

IPHIGENIA.

Your strict commands that all at home remain.

THOAS.

Lest they with luckless step the murderers meet ?

IPHIGENIA.

Whence foul abomination would ensue.

THOAS.

Go, and proclaim my will, that none approach
To view the mystic rites.

IPHIGENIA.

The love you bear
This happy realm, surpasses every friend.

THOAS.

Such honours as on me thou hast bestow'd,
Our city to its Priests justly pays.

IPHIGENIA.

But stay you here without the fane.

THOAS.

To me

What office is assign'd ?

IPHIG.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 345

IPHIGENIA.

The sacred dome
Cleanse from pollution.

THOAS.

Thou shalt find it done
At thy return.

IPHIGENIA.

But while the foreign youths
Are from its lofty portals issuing forth—

THOAS.

What must I do?

IPHIGENIA.

Cast o'er your eyes a veil.

THOAS.

Lest I from them contract the stain of murder?

IPHIGENIA.

But if my stay full tedious seem—

THOAS.

How long
Must I remain thus cover'd?

IPHIGENIA.

Wonder not.

THOAS.

Sufficient leisure to thyself allow
For ordering these solemnities aright.

IPHIGENIA.

O may this pious expiation answer
My utmost wish!

THOAS..

With thine my prayers unite.

IPHIGENIA.

Yon strangers from the temple I behold
Advancing, and before them borne in state

The

346 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

The ensigns of our Goddess. New-born lambs [35]
 Have we prepar'd, that with their gushing blood
 We may wash out foul murder's horrid stain.
 Their holy lustre blazing torches shed,
 And all things, that to purify the strangers
 And image of Diana are requir'd,
 Have I made ready : but with a loud voice
 Each citizen I warn to stand aloof
 From this defilement; let Heaven's chosen Priest
 Who with cleans'd hands would offer up his vows,
 The Youth just hastening to his nuptial joys,
 And Matron burden'd with a pregnant womb,
 Depart, on them lest this pollution light.
 O Royal Maid, who sprung'st from thund'ring Jove
 And from Latona, when their bloody stains
 I shall have wash'd away, and offer'd up
 Due sacrifice where thy behests ordain,
 Thou shalt inhabit a pure fane, and bliss
 Hereafter shall be ours : but tho' the tongue
 Express no more, O Goddess, without words
 Can I to thee, and Heaven's omniscient powers,
 Make known the secret purpose of my soul.

Exeunt Thoas and Iphigenia.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

All hail, Latona's race, illustrious pair,
 In Delos' fruitful vales of yore
 Whom that exulting Goddess bore,
 Apollo, for his golden hair,
 And harp's melodious notes, renown'd,
 With her who from the sounding bow
 Sends forth th' inevitable wound :

[35] Orestes and Pylades, tho' young men, could not certainly with any propriety be called νεογνός "new-born." The reading of ἀγνός, instead of ἀστίνος, first suggested by Pierson in his *Verisimilia*, is approv'd of by Reiskius, Heath, and Musgrave.

The

The throes of childbirth thus repaid,
 Not long on the same spot she staid,
 The margin of that lake profound
 [36] Into whose stagnant mass of waters flow
 No springs refreshing : from its craggy strand,
 To a more hospitable land
 She her immortal Twins convey'd,
 Mounting Parnassus' height, where roam
 Young Bacchus and his festive choir :
 Beneath the deep embowering shade,
 With speckled back, eyes darting fire,
 And visage drench'd in crimson foam,
 The Dragon, long, retreat had found,
 Earth's monstrous progeny : a mound
 To screen his foul abode from view
 Of laurel's sacred verdure grew ;
 A sleepless guard, he watch'd around
 The subterraneous Oracles.
 While yet an infant thou didst spring
 In the maternal arms, this foe,

[36] " Pour l'intelligence de ce passage il suffira de ranger les termes dans l'ordre grammatical qui leur convient ; *μαῖνη λιπύσσα κλεινα λοχίῃα ὑδάτων ἀγαλῶν, φέρει νιν ἀπο δειράδος ἐπ' αἰλῆς (εἰς) κορυφῇαν Παρνασσίου.* Par ces paroles le Poëte fait entendre que la mère d'Apollon et de Diane, Latone, quittant les rochers de Delos, île celebre a verité par ses couches, mais qui ne l'est pas par une source pareille a celui de Castalie, transporta ses enfans sur le sommet de Parnasse, consacré a Bacchus et proche de Delphes ou Phebus eut bientot apres un oracle renommé *ὑπὲρ Καταλίας ῥεῖθρων.*" Acad. Infer. Tom. 31 Hist. p. 186.

I have transcribed the above criticism of Dupuy as by far the most obvious and satisfactory explanation I have met with of this difficult passage. Heath's arrangement of the words is in some measure similar: their remarks, however, were either not seen or totally disregarded by our two last editors of this tragedy, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, as the former candidly allows that he does not understand his Author, and the latter has only proposed an alteration of the text, which he seems to have abandoned, it not being inserted in his Latin version which affords a receptacle for most of his conjectural readings.

O Phœ.

O Phœbus, thy unerring shafts laid low.
 Hence didst thou enter those prophetic cells,
 And on the golden tripod, mighty King,
 Thy seat establish; from a throne
 Whence fallhood's banish'd, to make known
 Thy oracles thro every land,
 With inspiration prompt to bless
 That sacred spot [37] my lov'd recess,
 Close to Castalia's tuneful spring,
 The centre of the world, thy altars stand.

II.

When Phœbus with resistless might
 Had cast forth Themis, child of Earth, [38]

[37] Tho' we find Carmelli, Reiskius, Heath, and Dr. Musgrave, all concur in reprobating the word *ἑμῶν*, and furnishing us according to custom with their four different conjectural alterations, I confess myself at a loss to discover in what respect any one of them has improved the text, or what motive they had for making such attempt. From the Chorus' apologizing, v. 179 of the Tragedy, for their Asiatic dialect, Dr. Musgrave is of opinion that they are Ionians; if so, they certainly could not with the natives of the province of Phocis claim any peculiar right in the oracle on mount Parnassus, or call it *theirs* in the same sense as, in the Ion, Creusa's followers, who are Athenians, on seeing the picture of Minerva at the Delphi, exclaim, "my Goddesses." But *ἄλλοισιν ἄλλος θεῶν μέλει*, is a very just sentiment which Euripides puts into the mouth of Hippolytus: the oracles of Apollo were much visited by votaries of both sexes from distant regions, and the Phœnician virgins in our Author's third Tragedy are at Thebes in their road thither; nor hath it the sound even of poetical exaggeration, for an Ionian Dame, sprung from Grecian parents, to express the strongest affection for the cave whence that God dealt forth his prophetic responses. The length of this Ode being too great for one stanza, I very readily comply with Dr. Musgrave's example in making two of it; which, though called in his edition, *Strophé*, and *Antistrophé*, are so very far from according with each other in their measures in the original, that I hope such conformity will be dispens'd with in the translation.

[38] In Hesiod's Generation of the Gods v. 135, we find Themis enumerated among those children of *Οὐρανός* & *Γαῖα*, or Heaven and Earth, who were the elder-born Brothers and Sisters of Saturn or Time.

Her

Her mighty Parent griev'd, gave birth
 To various spectres of the night,
 And dreams which to the mental fight
 Of the bewilder'd sons of men,
 Sleeping beneath some murky den
 Display'd things past, things present, and to come.
 Thus Earth constrain'd Apollo to resign
 Awhile the talent of prophetic song,
 Resenting much her Daughter's wrong;
 Quench'd by her wrath then ceas'd the voice divine.
 His oracles awhile were dumb:
 But hastening to Olympus' choir
 Who wait around the throne of Jove,
 The youthful God besought his Sire,
 From Pythian temples to remove,
 Night's vague responses, and the ire
 Of Earth dread Goddess. Jove benignly smil'd,
 At the arrival of his Child
 Prompted by strong desire
 T' obtain the honours of a God,
 And shrines replete with massive gold:
 Scar'd by the Thunderer's awful nod,
 Each Vision fled, its power destroy'd,
 And man no longer by his fears control'd
 Night's treacherous oracles explor'd,
 For to the honours he before enjoy'd
 Apollo was by Jove restor'd:
 Hence frequent votaries crowd his fane,
 And with implicit awe rely
 On the harmonious Deity,
 Who rouses inspiration's magic strain.

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Ye guardians of the temple, who attend
 Its altars, where is Thoas, Scythia's King?
 Unbar the massive doors, go forth and call

The

350 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

The Sovereign of the land.

CHORUS.

Ha! what hath happen'd?

[39] If without fresh injunctions I may speak.

MESSENGER.

The captive youths are gone, they from these coasts
Escaping, aided by the treacherous counsels
Of Agamemnon's Daughter, bore away
Diana's image in a Grecian bark.

CHORUS.

Incredible the tale thou hast related.
But as for him whom thou would'st see, our King,
In haste but now he from the temple went.

MESSENGER.

Whither? For he must hear what hath been done.

CHORUS.

We cannot tell: but follow him with speed,
And if thou chance to overtake, relate
These tidings.

MESSENGER.

Look, how treacherous the whole race
Of women are! ye too have some concern
In these transactions.

CHORUS.

Thou hast surely lost
Thy reason! for what interest in th' escape
Of strangers can we have? Without delay
[40] Hence to the palace wilt thou not repair?

MES-

[39] The latter part of this speech ought not, Mr. Heath observes, to be construed interrogatively; the Messenger having address'd himself not to the Chorus, but to some persons who minister'd in the Temple, the door of which appears to have been close to the scene of action.

[40] Mr. Heath and Dr. Musgrave's division of this and the next speech, of which I have avail'd myself, is a great improvement to this

MESSENGER.

No, not till some interpreter hath first
Inform'd me, if the ruler of this land
Be in the fane. Ho! loose the massive bars!
To those within the sanctuary I speak:
And to your King announce, that at the door
Laden with doleful tidings I attend.

THOAS, MESSENGER, CHORUS.

THOAS.

What miscreant raises, with unhallow'd voice,
This uproar round Diana's lov'd abode,
And thundering at the gate, spreads an alarm
E'en to its sanctuary?

MESSENGER.

To drive me hence
These women strove, regardless of the truth,
When they denied that you were here within.

THOAS.

From such a fraud what gain could they expect,
Or what was their pursuit?

MESSENGER.

Of what relates
To them I at a future time will speak:
Now hear what claims your more immediate care;
The virgin Iphigenia, the whose office
Was to attend these altars, from the land
Fled with yon captive youths, and bore away
The venerable statue of the Goddess;
Those expiatory rites of which she talk'd
Were mere impostures.

THOAS.

Ha! what's this thou say'st?
What prompted her?

this dialogue; the Chorus well knew that Thoas was within the temple, and wished to send the Messenger to the palace in quest of him, to delay the pursuit of their friends.

MES-

352 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

MESSENGER.

To save Orestes' life;
This haply will astonish you!

THOAS.

What him
Whom Clytemnestra, Tyndarus' Daughter bore?

MESSENGER.

The same, whom at these altars to Diana
She consecrated.

THOAS.

Prodigy of guilt!
How style thee by a more expressive name?

MESSENGER.

Thither awhile your thoughts forbear to turn,
But hear my tale, and after you have weigh'd
Each circumstance with an attentive ear,
Devise what means there are to overtake
These strangers in their flight.

THOAS.

Proceed: for well
Hast thou express'd thyself. So great a length
Will be their voyage, that they cannot 'scape
My vengeful spear.

MESSENGER.

Soon as we reach'd the shores
Of Ocean, where conceal'd at anchor lay
Orestes' bark; to us, whom you dispatch'd
To guard the prisoners, Agamemnon's Daughter
A nod, the signal, gave, to stand aloof,
As if for sacrifice the mystic flame
She now was kindling, and without delay
Would purify the victims: in her hands
Holding the strangers' chains, then from our troop
(Which look'd suspicious), she with them retir'd:
But we, your servants, to her pleasure yielded
That deference, which, O Monarch, you enjoin'd.

To

To make us think her more and more engag'd,
 As she pretended, by the solemn rite,
 After some interval she rais'd her voice,
 And chanted, in Barbaric strains, a form
 Of expiation: when we long had sat
 Waiting for their return, an anxious thought
 Enter'd our minds, left from [41] their chains set free
 Those foreigners might slay her, and escape
 Without obstruction. We, restrain'd by dread
 Of viewing what religious awe ordains
 Shall be perform'd in secrecy, still kept
 Our silent station: till at length we all
 Concurr'd in one opinion, to advance,
 Nor wait for leave to join them. But with oars,
 Like wings stretcht forth, we now beheld where rode
 The Grecian vessel; on its benches rang'd,
 Sat fifty mariners: no longer bound,
 On the high deck those youths exulting stood.
 With poles, some guided from the shelving rocks
 The prow, on its projecting edge some lodg'd
 The anchor, others up the ladders ran,
 And letting down the hausers, threw them forth
 Across the waves, that by their aid, from shore,

[41] The word *λυθεντες* is, I apprehend, improperly rendered by Mr. West, "bursting their fetters": for tho' Sinon, in Virgil, represents himself as bursting his bonds after the performance of certain initiatory rites, the salted eates being prepared, and his head crowned with garlands; it was perhaps the art of the Poet to accompany his tale with circumstances of inconsistency, which would not strike the multitude, but with an accurate observer might conduce to a detection of its imposture: but on the contrary, in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, when Polyxena is borne to the altar, she insists, with great vehemence, on not having her arms confined, that she might die in a manner becoming one who was born free: and in this very Tragedy, v. 468, on Orestes and Pylades (whom she then considers as fit victims,) being first brought to Iphigenia, she directs their chains to be taken off on account of their being sacred to Diana; and accordingly, after the supposed performance of expiatory rites, they are now a second time unbound, according to the religious usages of those times.

354 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

With [42] safety they the Princess might convey,
 But soon as we their treacherous arts perceiv'd,
 Resolv'd to face all dangers, holding fast
 The Maid, and hausers of the ship, we strove,
 With all our might, to sever from the Poop
 Its rudder : in opprobrious words our rage
 Broke forth ; " Why sail ye hither ? from these shores
 " Mean ye to steal the image, and our Priestess ?
 " Whose son, who art thou, and on what pretence
 " Dost thou remove her like a purchas'd slave ?"
 He sternly answer'd ; " Know, I to this Maid
 " Am Brother, and Orestes is my name,
 " The Son of Agamemnon, I but seize,
 " And hence convey the Sister I had lost."
 All this prevented not our holding fast
 The virgin, and our utmost might exerting,
 That to thy presence we might drag them back ;
 For in the hands of neither party gleam'd
 The steely blade ; but we with fists alone
 Encounter'd them, until our batter'd sides
 Felt the superior prowess of those youths,
 And our whole frame was in th' unequal strife
 O'erpower'd and harass'd. We with livid marks
 Disfigur'd, to the promontory fled,
 Some on our heads, and others in our eyes,
 Had bloody wounds, but on that height our stand
 Maintaining, we with greater caution fought,
 And from the rock its shiver'd fragments threw :
 Till archers, mounted on the lofty poop,

[42] Without presuming to decide on this difficult passage, and those various conjectural readings which occur in the editions of Barnes, Markland, and Musgrave, I have endeavored to express what seems to be the meaning of the passage, with as little deviation from the text as possible : the coast appears to have been so rocky, as to make the use of long poles necessary to prevent the ship from dashing itself to pieces by approaching too near ; but the hausers and ladders which were thrown forth, in order to convey Iphigenia on shipboard, furnished some of the Scythian guards and crew of Orestes with a communication betwixt the shore and the ship on which they met and fought.

Thence

Thence drove us with their shafts : a mighty wave
 Meantime roll'd on, and forc'd the ship to land;
 The sailors fear'd a wreck : but, undismay'd,
 Orestes plung'd into the waves, and bore
 His Sister on his shoulders; up the side
 Of the high deck, then by the ladder's aid
 He sprung, and lodg'd her with Diana's image,
 Which from the skies descended, safe aboard :
 While [43] from the vessel's inmost hold burst forth
 A voice; " Ye valiant mariners of Greece,
 " Now ply your oars, now cut the frothy deep,
 " Since each inestimable prize is ours,
 " Crossing the Euxine tide, for which we steer'd
 " 'Twixt the Symplegades our arduous course."
 They dash'd the briny wave with murmuring sounds
 Of exultation. Till it left the port,
 The ship advanc'd; but in the narrow mouth
 Of ocean, by huge billows was assail'd :
 For suddenly did an impetuous wind
 Arise, which drove them backward, they in vain
 The stubborn cordage stretch'd, and undismay'd,
 With perseverance struggled 'gainst the waves :
 But the tide swelling with resistless force,
 Baffled their efforts, and again to land
 Impell'd the bark : then Iphigenia rose
 And pray'd; " O Daughter of Latona, save
 " Thy Priestess, waft me to the shores of Greece
 " From these Barbaric regions, and forgive
 " The theft I have committed : for thou lov'st
 " Thy Brother, and, O Goddess, wilt excuse
 " A deed which rises from a Sister's zeal."

[43] The reading of *Βον τῆς*, instead of *Βον τῆς*, which, according to Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, is authorised by the Parisian manuscripts, appears to me a very forcible inducement for adopting the punctuation and interpretation suggested first by Mr. Heath, who justly observes, that the statue of Diana fell from Heaven, as is mentioned in these very lines, instead of crossing the Euxine sea to reach Tauris.

356 IPHIGENIA IN TAURI S.

The mariners receiv'd the virgin's prayer
 With clamorous Pæans, and their brawny arms
 Extending, plied the sweeping oar, each rous'd
 His comrade's zeal : but to the shelving rock
 Nearer and nearer still their bark approach'd ;
 Some leap'd into the sea, the anchors some
 Bound up with twisted cordage. I, O King,
 Was hither with the utmost speed dispatch'd,
 That I to you these tidings might convey.
 Go then, with chains and gliding nooses arm'd :
 For if the storm subside not, all the hopes
 These foreigners had form'd of an escape,
 Must vanish. [44] Neptune, Ocean's awful King,
 O'er Ilion's friths oft casts his watchful eye,
 But to the race of Pelops is a foe,
 And will yield up, so justice hath ordain'd,
 To you, and to your citizens, the Son
 Of Agamemnon ; ye with him shall take
 His Sister too, unmindful how she 'scap'd
 From death at Aulis, who again is caught
 By that vindictive Goddess she betray'd.

C H O R U S.

Unhappy virgin, Iphigenia, doom'd

[44] The part Neptune acts in Homer directly contradicts what is here said of his animosity to the Greeks, and affection for the Trojans : in the fifteenth book of the Iliad, he insists on Jupiter's demolishing Troy according to the promise he had made ; and in the battle of the Gods, in the 21st, he challenges and reproaches Apollo, who had assisted him in erecting that city, with having forgotten the perjuries of Laomedon, and with his unjust partiality for the descendants of that faithless Tyrant. However, after the terrible disaster the Grecian navy had experienced on the rocks of Caphareus, the Tragic Poet may, in some measure, be justified for here representing the God of the Sea as unpropitious to his countrymen : but in his Trojan Captives, this deviation from Homer seems to have misled Euripides into a much greater impropriety, when he describes Minerva and Neptune as meeting in order to effect a reconciliation of their antient enmity arising from the opposite parts they had acted during the siege of Troy ; tho' in the last mentioned book of the Iliad, they unite to save Achilles from being overwhelmed by the waters of Scamander.

To

To be the partner of your Brother's fate,
How are you fall'n again into the hands
Of Lords most merciless!

THOAS.

O ye who dwell
In this Barbaric region, why delay
Your steeds to bridle, and with swift career
The shore approaching, intercept these Greeks
As from their stranded bark they issue forth,
And, aided by Diana's self, pursue
These impious miscreants with redoubled speed?
Will ye not launch my ships, that, or by sea,
Or with a numerous cavalry, by land,
When we their flight o'ertake, we from the rock
May either dash them headlong, or suspend
Their bodies on the ignominious stake.
But as for you, ye women, to their schemes
Who have been privy, I your guilt will punish
When I have leisure, but am now intent
On greater objects which demand my care.

MINERVA, THOAS, CHORUS.

MINERVA.

Whither, O Thoas, whither, furious King,
Lead'st thou thy squadrons eager in the chase?
These counsels of Minerva hear, desist
From thy pursuit, nor rouse the storms of war:
Since by the dread behests of fate enjoin'd,
By Phœbus' oracles, Orestes came
Reluctant to this land, that he might 'scape
The wrath of the Eumenides, convey
His Sister to her native Argos' coast,
And lodge the statue in my chosen realm [45]:
Thus far to thee, O King, relates my speech:
But as for him thy purpose is to slay,

[45] Athens, as has been repeatedly mentioned: see particularly
v. 90, and v. 978 in Barnes's edition.

358 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Orestes, intercepted by the furge,
 To him e'en now doth Neptune, for my sake,
 A prosperous voyage grant, and waft his bark
 Over the level surface of the main.
 Thou too, Orestes, having learnt my will,
 (For tho' thou art not here, Minerva's voice
 To thee is audible) go, bear away
 That image, and thy Sister, from these shores :
 But soon as thou arriv'st at Athens rear'd
 By hands divine, in the extremest bounds
 Of Attica, near steep Carysthus' mount
 There is a sacred spot known, by the name
 Of [46] Halas, to my people ; there erect
 A temple to receive the Statue call'd
 Tauric Diana ; thus to future times
 Transmitting a remembrance of thy toils,
 And wanderings thro' all Greece, from realm to realm
 Chas'd by the Furies. Hence unnumber'd throngs
 Shall join the choral hymn, and by that name
 The Goddess celebrate. Enact this law,
 That when they meet to hold the solemn feast,
 Grateful for thy miraculous escape
 From sacrifice, the Priest shall o'er the neck
 Of him who personates the victim, wave
 His sword, and draw forth crimson drops of blood ;
 The honors which she claims, in later days
 Thus shall the sacred Artemis maintain :
 But you, O Iphigenia, still must bear
 The key that opes her shrine, doom'd to reside
 On the bleak summit of Brauronia's rocks :
 There, after death, shall they inter your corse,
 And grace your sepulchre with costly robes

[46] The region called, by Strabo and Stephanus Byzantinus, Halas, or Halæ Araphenides, is situated according to what we collect from these authors, and the commentaries of Hollstenius, on the sea-coast in that part of Attica, which borders on the Boeotian territories : the city of Carysthus, in the island of Eubœa, is separated from the Athenian limits by the narrow strith the Euripus, and the name of the mountain here spoken of, at the foot of which Carysthus was situated, is Occha.

Of filken tissue, by those matrons left,
 Who in the pangs of childbirth breathe their last.
 But I on thee, Orestes, must impose
 Yet one injunction more, that thou convey
 These [47] Grecian damsels from the Scythian Coast,
 Mindful of their unshaken faith : for thee
 Did I preserve, when at the hill of Mars
 The votes were equal, and on thy behalf
 Gave sentence : henceforth shall the self-same law
 Prevail, and an equality of votes
 Be deem'd sufficient to acquit the man
 Charg'd with a crime. But far from these domains
 Now bear thy Sister, thou illustrious Son
 Of Agamemnon, and, O Thoas, curb
 Thine anger.

T H O A S.

O Minerva, awful Queen,
 Devoid of reason is the man who yields
 No credence to the Gods' supreme behests :
 But I, against Orestes, tho' he bore
 Diana's sacred image from this land,
 And 'gainst his Sister, all resentment wave.
 For what could it avail me to contend
 With Heaven's resistless might ? let them convey
 The statue to your lov'd Athenian realm,
 And place it in a more auspicious shrine.
 To happy Greece these females will I send,
 As you enjoin, and stay the troops, and barks
 Prepar'd against yon strangers. With your pleasure,
 O Goddess, I comply.

[47] Brodæus supposes that there is a deficiency in the original between this and the following line. Dupuy, in the Acad. des Inscript. tom. 31, Hist. p. 187, and Mr. Markland, have adopted the same opinion, and consider the Goddess as here addressing herself to Thoas. Without presuming to decide whether the authorities of these learned men, or those of Baroes, Brumoy, Mr. West, and Dr. Mutgrave, who think otherwise, ought to predominate, I have chosen to follow the latter for the sake of avoiding a disagreeable break and confusion in this speech, where it did not seem clearly necessary.

M I N E R V A.

MINERVA.

Such [48] conduct claims
 My praise, for stern Necessity prevails
 Both over thee, and the immortal Powers.
 Go, gentle gales, go waft the ship which bears
 The Son of Agamemnon to the coast
 Of Athens: I his voyage will attend,
 My Sister's sacred image to preserve.
 Away, O ye whose every toil's o'erpaid
 By Fate's benignant gifts; for ye with truth
 May be styl'd happy.

CHORUS.

But, O thou, rever'd
 By Gods and mortals, Pallas, thy commands
 Are we prepar'd to execute with joy.
 For tidings most delightful, which exceed
 Our utmost hopes, now vibrate on mine ear.
 O venerable Victory, take possession
 Of my whole life, nor ever cease to twine
 Around these brows thy laureat wreath divine.

[48] In Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave's editions, on the authority of a Parisian manuscript, the line, which usually closes Thoas's speech, is placed at the commencement of that of Minerva, and is thought to be an improvement to the context.



END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

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lofes
erva,